

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1979 • \$2.50

*Sex in
Cinema*

**MASTERS
AND JOHNSON:
THE SECRETS OF
INCREDIBLE SEX**

**CONDOMINIUMS:
HOW YOU ARE
BEING SOLD OUT
IN THE REAL
ESTATE MARKET**

**NORMAN MAILER'S
GRIPPING STUDY
OF GARY GILMORE**





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PLAYBILL

NOVEMBER IS THE MONTH of Scorpio, the sign said to govern the sexual parts, as well as (forgive us) their ups and downs. Few people know more about said parts and the enjoyment thereof than our own mother lode of sexual wisdom, Playboy Advisor and Senior Staff Writer **James R. Petersen**. But Petersen finally met two folks who could take him to school on the subject of human sexual response: **Dr. William H. Masters** and **Virginia E. Johnson**. The celebrated come calibrators are now in their 25th year of research into the human sexual condition, and since we're celebrating our 25th year of celebrating sex, we thought it appropriate to match Masters and Johnson against the Playboy Advisor for a *Playboy Interview*. If you think you already know everything there is to know about sex, read it: You may pick up some handy new information.

And while we're talking about the PLAYBOY family, we should mention that Consulting Editor **Laurence Gonzales'** new novel, *Jambeaux*, will be published this winter by Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich. Naturally, we have an excerpt in this issue.

Speaking of fiction, it isn't easy to separate the same from fact in the fast-moving world of condominium conversions, but **Asa Baber** did it to report on *The Condominium Conspiracy*, illustrated by **Thomas Ingham**. Baber, whose article on the commodities market (*You've Really Got to Be an Animal*) won the 1977 PLAYBOY nonfiction award, says getting people in the condo business to talk about what's really going on was worse than pulling hens' teeth, but "fortunately, there are a few relatively honest souls in the real-estate companies and banks who feel that the whole thing has gotten out of hand, and those few had the courage to talk to me." What they revealed may make you mighty angry, particularly if your apartment building will soon be going condo.

There's room at the top of the photographic world for very few photojournalists, but **David Hume Kennerly** is definitely among them. The 32-year-old Pulitzer Prize winner who served as White House photographer under Gerald Ford has just written his autobiography, *Shooter* (to be published by Newsweek Books), and we have a fascinating excerpt, illustrated with some of Kennerly's favorite photographs.

Since we're on the subject of life stories, we want to remind you not to miss the second installment from our excerpt of *The Executioner's Song*, **Norman Mailer's** biography of Gary Gilmore, coming soon from Little, Brown & Company. It's illustrated by **Marshall Arisman**.

In a humorous vein (perhaps jugular), **Shel Silverstein** is back with a satiric commentary on women's lib called *The Escape*, taken from his new book, *Different Dances*, to be published by Harper & Row. If women's lib doesn't tickle you, how about religion? **Reg Potterton** interviews that madcap band of comedians who call themselves **Monty Python** about their latest film, a religious satire called *Life of Brian*, in *The Gospel According to Monty Python*. If you can't imagine religion being funny, how about sex? Now, that's funny. Particularly the unique sexual adventure **Harry Stein** recounts in *Love on the Line*, illustrated by **Pat Nagel**.

The November fun continues with our roundup of *Sex in Cinema—1979*, critiqued by **Arthur Knight**, who is preparing his own syndicated radio series, *Knight at the Movies*. And, of course, there's *jolie Sylvie Garant*, our Playmate of the Month, who was photographed by Staff Photographer **Richard Fegley**. It was a good month for Dick, who also photographed *Carnival Knowledge*, a preview of a forthcoming television movie made by Playboy Productions, Inc. To round out the issue, we have the second half of *Playboy's Fall and Winter Fashion Forecast*, by **David Platt**, photographed by **Uli Rose**. How's that for a Thanksgiving feast of good reading? Ahhh. Delicious.



GONZALES



KENNERLY



SILVERSTEIN



BABER



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PLATT



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KNIGHT



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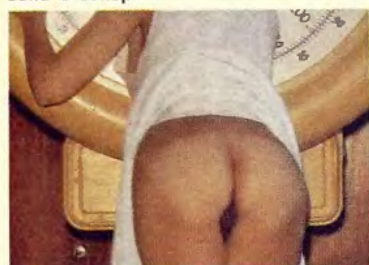
PLAYBOY®

vol. 26, no. 11—november, 1979

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COVER STORY

Los Angeles model Phyllis McCreary posed for Executive Art Director Tom Staebler's camera to create this Harlow spoof for our annual *Sex in Cinema* roundup (see page 174). If you can't find the Rabbit, stop looking at Phyllis and look at the photos. Check the picture of Warren Beatty. If you can't find Warren Beatty, it's because he's half hidden by Paul Newman. See the lipstick marks? Phyllis is a creative kisser; yes, indeed. Chinese say, "Woman who kiss like rabbit all hopped up." (Harlow can you go?)

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The 32-year-old Pulitzer Prize-winning photographer spins a few yarns about his years covering the White House under Gerald Ford and Vietnam. To illustrate the stories, we have some of his best photographs.

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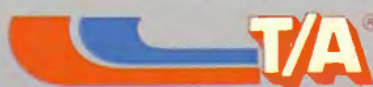
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it

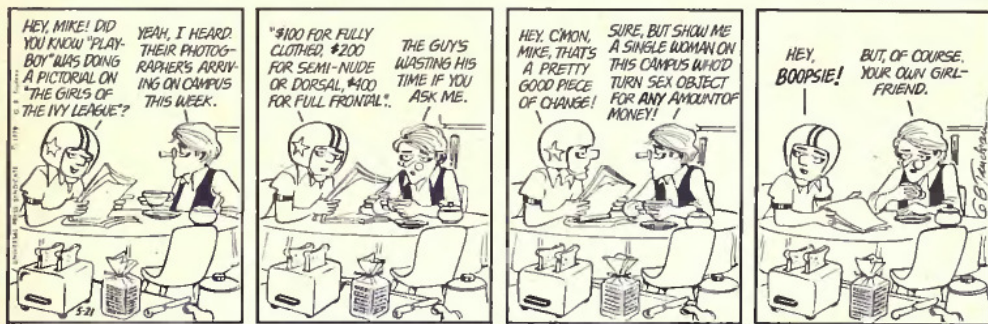


LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL

During the Fourth of July party at the Playboy Mansion West, the tennis court became a roller rink and everybody had a chance to risk bodily injury. At left, upcoming Playmate Victoria Cooke shows us how easy it is, even though James Caan closes in on her. Above, Hef gets into the act with another future Playmate, Liz Glazowski. Hef predicts that Hollywood's newest fad will be converting tennis courts into roller rinks. You read it here first.

DOONESBURY

by Garry Trudeau



THE LAUGH'S ON US

A few months ago, one of our favorite cartoonists, Garry Trudeau, did several weeks' worth of Doonesbury panels on the subject of our September Women of the Ivy League project. No, we don't take ourselves too seriously, and, yes, we do like to laugh at how others see us—especially if they're as funny as Trudeau. Boopsie didn't make the final cut.



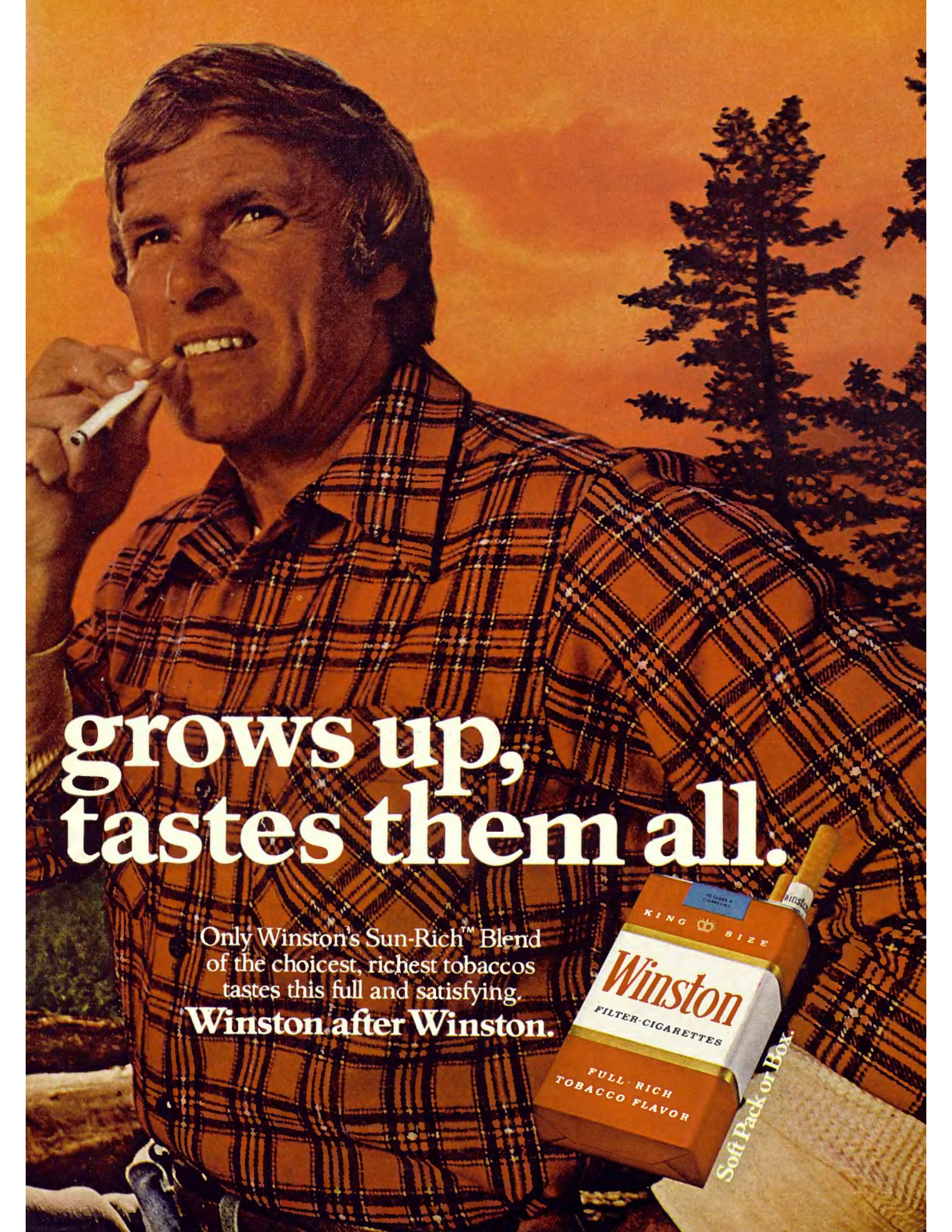
BROAD JUMPER

The Editor of PLAYBOY's Italian edition, Luigi Reggi, takes time out from his magazine duties to win the Milan Indoor Championship long-jump competition. How long was it? A mere 18' 8".

When your taste Winston out-

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A man with short brown hair, wearing a brown and black plaid shirt, is shown from the chest up. He is holding a lit cigarette in his right hand and looking off to the side with a slight smile. The background is a warm, orange-hued sky with a dark evergreen tree on the right. In the bottom right corner, a pack of Winston cigarettes is visible, tilted diagonally. The pack is orange and white, with the brand name 'Winston' in a large, stylized font. It also features the text 'KING SIZE', 'FILTER-CIGARETTES', 'FULL RICH TOBACCO FLAVOR', and 'Soft Pack or Box'.

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY



FOR LOVE AND CHARITY

Bruce Jenner, at left, was certainly feeling his Wheaties during the 33rd Annual Tennis and Crumpet Tournament daylong gala at Playboy Mansion West benefiting the John Tracy Clinic. The clinic, named after Spencer Tracy's son, helps preschool deaf children and their parents adjust to the problems caused by hearing loss. More than \$100,000 was contributed at the event.



Above, Sondra Theodore, Hef and O. J. Simpson survey the celebrity-packed event. Earlier, Hef was honored for his charity work by the clinic at a pair of Playboy Casino Nights. Above right, Jack (Quincy) Klugman does some nonmedical cross-examining as judge Jack Carter looks on. The case was solved out of court.

GERE STRIPPER

Below, May Playmate Michele Drake debuts early next year in *American Gigolo*, which stars Richard Gere. In the movie, she catches his eye by sunning herself without benefit of a top. It all sounds reasonable to us.



IT'S NOT EASY BEING MONIQUE

Being Playmate of the Year is not all glamor and glitter. Here we see Monique St. Pierre giving a soccer ball some good head and giving herself some headache. Chicago Sting mid-fielder Wim van Hanegem and forward Karl-Heinz Granitza take it all lying down.



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STICKS AND STONES

The article *Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones*. . . in your August issue is undoubtedly the worst piece of (so-called) journalism you have ever published. Tony Sanchez, as "an insider," sheds no new light on what is already known. He does, however, succeed in consistently contradicting himself in his exaggerated, overglamorized version of the Stones' past. If that is what he saw as a member of the Stones' entourage, it seems to me that he kept just a few too many of those drugs for himself.

L. R. Ingram
Albuquerque, New Mexico

It's about time someone came out with a decent article on the Stones. Having been an avid fan for the past seven years, I'm really impressed. Thank you, Tony Sanchez, for shedding some light on one of my favorite subjects.

Cheryl Volék
Houston, Texas

After reading the Rolling Stones article, I couldn't help but think of the message I had received in a Chinese fortune cookie earlier in the day. It read: A MAN'S HEART IS NEVER SATISFIED. Now I know why the Stones recorded (*I Can't Get No*) Satisfaction.

Vincent L. Kelly
Woodcliff Lake, New Jersey

Tony Sanchez is to be commended for sharing such a story, and PLAYBOY is to be commended for publishing the best Stones story yet. You've done it again.

Steve Ewer
Reno, Nevada

Wouldn't Sanchez' article have been more aptly titled *Smalltime Junkie Kisses Ass for Seven Years to Support Enormous Ego Habit*? What omnipotence Sanchez must possess to inform us not

only of the time of Mick and Bianca's first sexual union but also that this carnal knowledge was "the best thing they'd known." If Sanchez had ever been busted, it would not have been for drugs but for impersonating a journalist. I implore you not to further litter the pages of this magazine with more of his self-serving, insipid views of life as a roadie.

Greg Carroll
Manhattan Beach, California

NUCLEAR REACTIONS

I enjoyed your August *Playboy Interview* with Edward Teller and I support Dr. Teller's views on nuclear energy and defense. As a health professional, I would much prefer to live in close proximity to a nuclear-power plant than to a coal-fired plant. Despite the overpublicized incident at Three Mile Island, nuclear energy retains the best safety record of any widely used energy source.

Charles W. Higgins, Ph.D.
Bowling Green, Kentucky

Thank you for the Edward Teller interview. It proves that the most dangerous assholes are the ones with brains. Our tremendous level of apathy may have locked us into nuclear energy for a few decades, but Teller's support for the continuous release of low-level radiation ("Low-level radiations have not proved to be harmful") is typical of the irresponsible attitude of all these modern carpetbaggers. My only wish is that modern science keeps Teller alive another 20 years. Just about then, he can begin to use that exceptional mind of his to teach all the deformed children from Harrisburg's Three Mile Island area how to live a normal life.

Nick Rossi
State College, Pennsylvania

I feel that I can speak with authority on this subject, because I am, or, more

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Maserati. If its "Flying Buttress" rear-quarter treatment didn't tip you (Silhouette has air scoops!) Ms. Liberty should have. Factory Lamborghinis are no longer imported. Bufts have to spend small fortunes to make them "U.S. legal!"

accurately, was a nuclear-reactor operator for the U. S. Navy for five years. Navy nuclear reactors are often touted as being the most safely operated, best designed and engineered plants in the world, but from experience, I can tell you that that is not the case. The systems are extremely well designed and that is shown by the fact that there haven't been any major accidents in over 20 years; but my worry is the people who are employed to operate them. I have very severe doubts as to their ability to handle any problem that would not be taken care of by automatic protective features. I have seen procedures violated and preventive maintenance ignored. I have seen logs and paperwork forged and faked by upper-echelon types in order that their careers not be jeopardized, and have seen people put in charge of a job who had absolutely no idea of what they were doing and frequently caused potentially dangerous faults and problems that are not always detected. Potentially dangerous situations are often ignored so the upper officers can impress their commanders by always being ready, when, in fact, they are not. If those kinds of things can go on in "the safest, best-run plants in the world," I shudder to think of what goes on in plants that are not operated so safely.

(Name withheld by request)
Bremerton, Washington

DOWNHILL RACER

Thought you might find interest in this photograph showing the first known practitioner of our national sport. The



skier on the painted rock carving from northern Norway is dated back to the Stone Age.

Stein R. Haukeboe
Harstad, Norway

And we thought we were only 25. How do you sue a troglodyte for trademark infringement?

BLOOD DONOR

Thank you for your interview with Frank Langella (20 Questions, PLAYBOY, August). After seeing him in both the play and the movie *Dracula*, I wouldn't mind giving a donation to the Vampire Blood Bank or to any vampire like him who comes to collect! Ah, romance!

Ann Hall
Yonkers, New York

What I like about your magazine is that you think about us women, too. You always seem to know who the next big



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By 1874, George Dickel had been making his charcoal-mellowed Tennessee whisky long enough to be downright choosy about his charcoal. He wouldn't use wood from any but hard sugar maple trees. And he wouldn't use that unless it was cut in winter. When the sap was down. Because the more perfect he made the charcoal, the smoother it made his whisky.

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sex symbol will be and are one of the first to do an interview with him. I am referring, of course, to *20 Questions: Frank Langella*. He is a big heartthrob to a lot of women! Please do some more on him.

Phyllis Curtis
Tulsa, Oklahoma

For another look at Frank, ladies, see "Sex in Cinema," page 174.

PLAYMATES' TURN

People write to PLAYBOY all the time, thanking you for showing them what is to their eyes the most beautiful girl in the world. Well, I'm Dorothy Mays, Miss July 1979, and I would like to say



something, too. A girl who is accepted as a Playmate goes through a lot of physical, mental, emotional and even spiritual changes within herself. And only those who have dealt with the Playmate experience before can really understand what a girl goes through. They listen and, most importantly, they are sincere and they care about you as a person. For that I would like to thank my PLAYBOY friends. I have never been given such opportunities in my life as I've been given as a Playmate. I've traveled across the country, to South America and Europe. I've met with authors, artists, politicians, actors and musicians. I've been afforded the chance not only to represent PLAYBOY but also to represent myself. And so from me to you, thank you, Hugh Hefner, and thank you, readers, and thank you, Ma.

Dorothy Mays
July 1979 Playmate

I have been meaning to send you a note for some time, so please excuse the delay. I want you to know that I was very happy with my photo layout and



have received nothing but good feedback from my family and friends. Working with PLAYBOY has been a very pleasurable experience and each day I



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am discovering that the rewards are greater than I ever expected. I'll look forward to working with you again.

Louann Fernald
June 1979 Playmate

MORE BRASS THAN GOLD

Congratulations on another innovative piece of journalism. I refer to the Peter Ross Range article on the greatest athlete of our time, Bill Rodgers (*Going for the Gold*, PLAYBOY, August). Here is a man who is devoting his daily life to winning the marathon in 1980, yet receives next to nothing in monetary compensation and is barely recognizable to our average so-called sport fan. It is sheer hypocrisy, and degrading, that we will pay a couple of bozos millions to get in a ring and beat on each other. Range gives great insight into just what an amateur athlete is up against in the great U. S. A.

Greg Hesslau
Jackson, Michigan

I have nothing against running, but how dare Bill Rodgers put himself in a league with a pro-football quarterback who has to have leadership, confidence, knowledge, poise, extreme skill and agility, not to mention a hell of a good arm, when all Rodgers does is run? Even the running strategy he brags about sounds about as complex as a good head fake in the W.F.L. Bradshaw, Staubach or any other N.F.L. quarterback probably has more coordination in his left toe than Rodgers has in his whole body. Contrary to his beliefs, football is a sport, along with track and field. Running is merely an event.

Wayne Vinkavich
El Paso, Texas

If that supercilious Bill Rodgers outlasts Namath and does intend "running over his grave," I think Joe is cagey enough to get buried at sea.

Joe Cassidy
Poughkeepsie, New York

STRATTEN DOLL

Dorothy Stratten is the most beautiful and sensuous woman I have ever seen in your magazine. I was in love when I saw her in the Great Playmate Hunt, and seeing her as the August Playmate is a dream come true.

George Lenard
Joliet, Illinois

If all our imports looked like Dorothy Stratten, no one would mind a trade deficit. She has my vote for Playmate of the Year.

S. D. Fisher
Spokane, Washington

Three cheers for your August Playmate, Dorothy Stratten! At long last, we have a Playmate of our very own! There hasn't

been a Canadian Playmate in a long while. Is this what PLAYBOY calls foreign affairs?

Glenn St.-Germain
London, Ontario

Wait till you see this month's gatefold, Glenn.

Being born and bred a Californian, I think I can safely say that I have seen some of the most beautiful women on earth. But *never* in my 21 years has any woman taken my breath away as Dorothy Stratten has. She left me totally devastated!

Jeffrey W. Robinson
San Francisco, California

I tore out the centerfold and taped it to my rec-room wall. I've been subscribing for years and I've never lost control like this. If Dorothy Stratten is being mass-produced, please send a dozen C.O.D.

Ron Miller
Charleston, South Carolina

Sorry, Ron. A beauty like Dorothy can hardly be duplicated, much less



mass-produced. Fact is, we thought we were lucky just to find one.

CHEEK TO CHEEK

There were several pleasing aspects to your August issue.

Paul Sullivan
San Francisco, California

Nearly does a reader get to the bottom of things so quickly, Paul. Butt we appreciate your enthusiasm.

REDESIGNING FEMALES

In reference to your advice to D. T., Buffalo, New York (*The Playboy Advisor*, August), I do not consider the position of my clitoris (the normal position) to be "the major design flaw in the female body"! Do you consider the fact that the male is not equipped with an extension

to his sexual organs (which could stimulate the clitoris during intercourse) a flaw in his physical design? That is absurd!

Bambi Mayer
Grand Prairie, Texas

I take it that the *Advisor* is aware of other "minor" design flaws that were too numerous to mention. It therefore seems ironic that your magazine contains so many explicit photos of this "flawed" anatomy.

Mary A. Latham-Lynn
Granada Hills, California

The "Advisor" could have pointed out one more flaw: the occasional misplaced "funny bone" in some female readers.

LOTS MORE LOVING

Thank you for *Another Loving Look* (PLAYBOY, August) at lovely-looking Candy Loving. It is definitely PLAYBOY photography at its delightful best, of one of PLAYBOY's loveliest women.

Dave Daniel
Bagdad, Arizona

Thanks to Arny Freytag, whose superb photography of Candy Loving produced the perfect eyegasm. Welcome back, Candy.

Constella M. Mullin
Grenada, Mississippi

I can hardly wait until you publish your 1980 Playboy Calendar: I want to see more of Candy Loving in another loving pose—every day for a month!

Lynn Wulf
Denver, Colorado

FUTURE SHOCK

I had mixed feelings when I read the comic strip *Tom Morrow*, by Christopher Browne (PLAYBOY, August). It is humorous, but as the mother of a breast-fed three-month-old daughter, I felt I should say something about this subject. For a long time, the female breast has been regarded as a sexual organ. Granted, in a sense, it is—it produces pleasant sensations when stimulated, and in her wisdom, Mother Nature has made anything that ensures survival of the species pleasurable, be it sex or breast feeding—and magazines such as yours have added to this attitude, though I don't condemn it. But as the benefits of breast feeding become known to more mothers, and as more are choosing this natural method of feeding their children, then it's hoped that we will change our attitudes a little so that the sight of a nursing mother will, as it was in the past, be a natural thing.

Janice Mumford
Thornhill, Ontario

We're looking forward to it, Janice, and we promise not to get turned on. Honest.



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PRESENTS...

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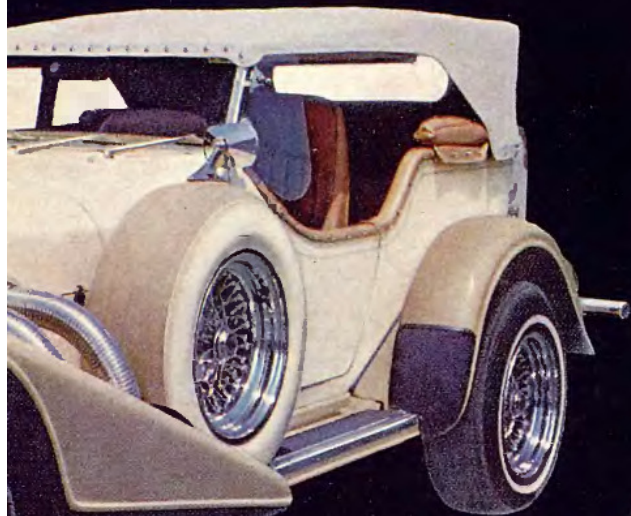
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"Woman Leaning on Elbows"
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Here's an ode to modern-day education. During a poets' conclave in Rome, a young woman snatched a microphone away from such men of letters as Yevgeny Yevtushenko and Allen Ginsberg and intoned: "I mean, you know what I feel, I mean, why can't I say something, you know, my things, my feelings, my story, you know." Freethinkers near the podium, pushed to the limits of endurance, took the microphone away from the aspiring artiste and exiled her from the stage. She's probably working on the script of *Gilligan's Island III* right now.

SATURDAY-NIGHT SAVIOR

During the Sixties, atonal rocker David Peel tried to make a rock star out of the Pope via the album *The Pope Smokes Dope*. Despite its catchy title, the LP stifled. But times change and, these days, the Pope is a bona fide disco star across Europe.

In Italy, the latest number-one song to shake the country is a tune called *The Wojtyla Disco Dance*—Wojtyla being the Pope's Polish surname. The toe-tapping ditty sold over 30,000 copies in its first two weeks of release. Penned by disc jockey Freddie van Stegeren, the song does not exactly advance the cause of world peace but does offer such sprightly lyrics as "He's the groove, he's the man/The new Pope in the Vatican" and "If you go to the *discothèque*/Shout 'Wojtyla' and stay awake." The song got instant air play on every station in Italy except one—the station owned by the Vatican.

THE BORE OF A LIFETIME

Every man seeks that one impossible dream: that single unfulfilled goal that, should it become a reality, would be the achievement of a lifetime. For Albert Einstein it was developing the unified field theory. For Wernher Von Braun it was launching the nation into the space race. And for 70-year-old Robert Gillham

it was the creation of the perfect hot dog for cheese freaks.

For 27 years, Gillham has worked on an invention that, in his opinion, will lead to the era of the wonder wiener. Not long ago he finished his task and patented his invention: a coring device that allows furter fans to stuff their hot dogs with their favorite cheese or other filling. Gillham, a former cheese salesman, was inspired in his boring task by frustrated cheese-dog lovers across the land who constantly complained that, during the preparation of their favorite meal, the cheese would burn to a crisp before the hot dog was ready. In the future, their lives will be happier, thanks to the fertile mind of Robert Gillham.

One small step for man, one exceedingly cheezoid step for frankkind.

SCHOOL OF HARD YOKS

Networks are always in search of good comedy scripts. The problem in Hollywood right now, however, seems to be that there just aren't enough imaginative scriptwriters to go around.

So dire is this predicament that Co-

lumbia Pictures Television has been holding free classes in Manhattan to teach professional East Coast writers how to make it in videoland. Dubbed "Laverne and Shirley 101" by some classroom cutups, the course proved so attractive that over 400 applicants applied for its 76 spring-semester spots. The response was so overwhelming that a summer semester was hastily concocted. The first group of sitcom students was let in on the inside dope of the TV biz by such teachers as Peter Stone, author of the Tony-winning play *1776*, the Oscar-winning film *Father Goose* and numerous television productions.

Outlining the comedy scene for potential punsters, Stone stressed the importance of *characters* to a viewing audience . . . sort of. "Start out with them getting into trouble," he revealed. "That's what comedy is: getting into trouble. Then some surprise will come in and unravel it. Your plot isn't going to knock anyone out. Get a one-sentence thing and that's what you build your show upon."

Students were then hipped to the four kinds of comedies currently "in" on the three networks: the provincial series (confined to a geographical area), the domestic opus (just plain folks in the family setup), the squad-room series (they're zany, they're irreverent, they're a mob) and the lascivious show (they're zany, they're irreverent, they're in lust).

Once done with comedy, students briefly encountered the other entertainment forms offered by the tube as described by teacher Stone: the miniseries—"There's an awful lot of trash done as miniseries, but most of anything done in any business is trash"; the hour-long series adventure—"Pure plot"; TV movies—"A good place to learn how to write movies"; and the TV special—"Six or eight of these are done each season and three or four are worth watching."

During the seminar, TV-or-not-TVers



gathered some grim statistics on their future in the medium. Each year, there are 2000 sitcom pilots penned. Only 300-400 are actually commissioned as scripts. Of those, only 100 are ever taped and, of that 100, only a dozen are actually aired. Of that dozen, two or three make it to series form, with one usually emerging as a winner.

The graduates of the first semester took such foreboding figures in stride, however. Jack Heifner, author of the off-Broadway hit *Vanities*, told *The New York Times* that he was quite excited about his newfound almost-career. "The course really did make me watch television closer to discover why some things are successful." Heifner is now working on pilots for both a sitcom and an hour-long adult adventure series.

Playwright Gloria Gonzalez is also planning a pilot, reflecting, "They really hammered through that you have to watch a lot of television and you have to like it."

No one is quite sure how many of the school's grads will actually go out to Smog City and launch the next *Mork & Mindy* or *All in the Family*, but the odds are good that, after such intense professional coaching, not many of them will run out and pen the next *Supertrain Meets Turnabout in the Battle of the Network Stars at Delta House*.

For anyone out there counting, Sonny Bono and his divorced wife, Cher, set an all-time divorce-court record when their "I'll get you, babe" property settlement was recently continued for the 77th time during the past five years in a Santa Monica court. Their careers should last that long.

I DREAM OF JEANSIES

Broadway has had its share of flops this past season, but next year it's sure to get a well-deserved kick in the pants via the arrival of the musical opus *The Legend of Levi Strauss*. Slated to open in January, this fictionalized biography will take the blue-jean guru from the East Side of New York to the gold fields of California in a search for good vibes and Sta-Prest denim. Bernard Wiesen will produce and "whistleable" tunes will be penned by Oscar winners Robert B. and Richard M. Sherman, who handled similar chores for umbrella tycoon *Mary Poppins*. Gee, with Levis on Broadway, can a TV series on B.V.D.s be far behind? Tonight at eight: *Selected Shorts*.

BARBARINO'S BLOOZE

Is John Travolta a broken man? "Da," says an article in Russia's *Literaturnaya Gazeta* by Yuri Borovoi, who writes that fame in the depraved West is not only fleeting but downright damaging as well.

In a piece on Travolta, illustrated with a picture of the star as a puppet suspended over Hollywood, Yuri claims that John has made enemies of a great many movie critics because of his recent bomb, *Moment by Moment*, which co-stars Lily Tomlin.

"Only one joy is left to him," states Yuri compassionately, "the childish habit of gluing together bright-colored model airplanes."

Wait until Yuri hears about Tomlin's connect-the-dots books!

CHECKING IN

Deborah Harry of Blondie is the most successful Bunny since Lauren Hutton. We asked Glenn O'Brien to ask her about that and related matters.



PLAYBOY: How did you like being a Playboy Bunny?

HARRY: It's a great job for a girl who wants to make a lot of money and doesn't know what else to do. I didn't last that long. I think it's a great company for a woman. I had to work hard and really hustle, but if you stick it out, it's probably one of the few corporations in America where women can actually work their way up.

PLAYBOY: Were they strict with you?

HARRY: There were a lot of rules. I never had any problems. They protect you a lot. I only worked there nine months and I was just getting in the position to work nights—I wasn't good enough to work Friday or Saturday, but the girls who worked those nights were making a lot of money. You have to work very, very hard. You're very carefully inspected before you go to work. You can't have any runs in your stockings, you have to have nail polish on, your make-up has to be a certain way, your hair has to be a certain way. I never had any problems.

PLAYBOY: Who's your favorite sex symbol?

HARRY: Brooke Shields, definitely. We have a song on our album called *Pretty Baby*.

PLAYBOY: Do you think she's an adult?

HARRY: Yeah. Kids are adults now whenever they're ready.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite form of loafing?

HARRY: Watching TV. And lying in bed. And watching TV in bed.

PLAYBOY: Who's your favorite saint?

HARRY: Brian Jones.

PLAYBOY: What else have you done for a living besides being a Bunny and a chanteuse?

HARRY: I was an instructor at a health spa, and I was a secretary and I worked in the first head shop on the Lower East Side. Peter Max did posters for it before he was famous.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about flying saucers?

HARRY: I've given up looking for them. I'm going to let them come to me. I love reading the UFO literature, but most of it is so crazy—I just read an article about how UFOs are causing cancer. I think I saw one over the West Side Highway a long time ago. My father was driving me somewhere and there was a lot of traffic and I saw these red lights that seemed to be hovering over the cars and then all of a sudden it just popped into a billboard and disappeared.

PLAYBOY: Do you exercise?

HARRY: I like swimming. And fucking. I'm attracted to skate-boarding. My boyfriend Chris [Stein] exercises in his sleep, tossing and turning. He does about a mile and a half every night.

PLAYBOY: Were you ever caught fucking?

HARRY: Yeah, twice. Once in a phone booth and once when I was fucking in my house. My father caught me.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever performed behind the Iron Curtain?

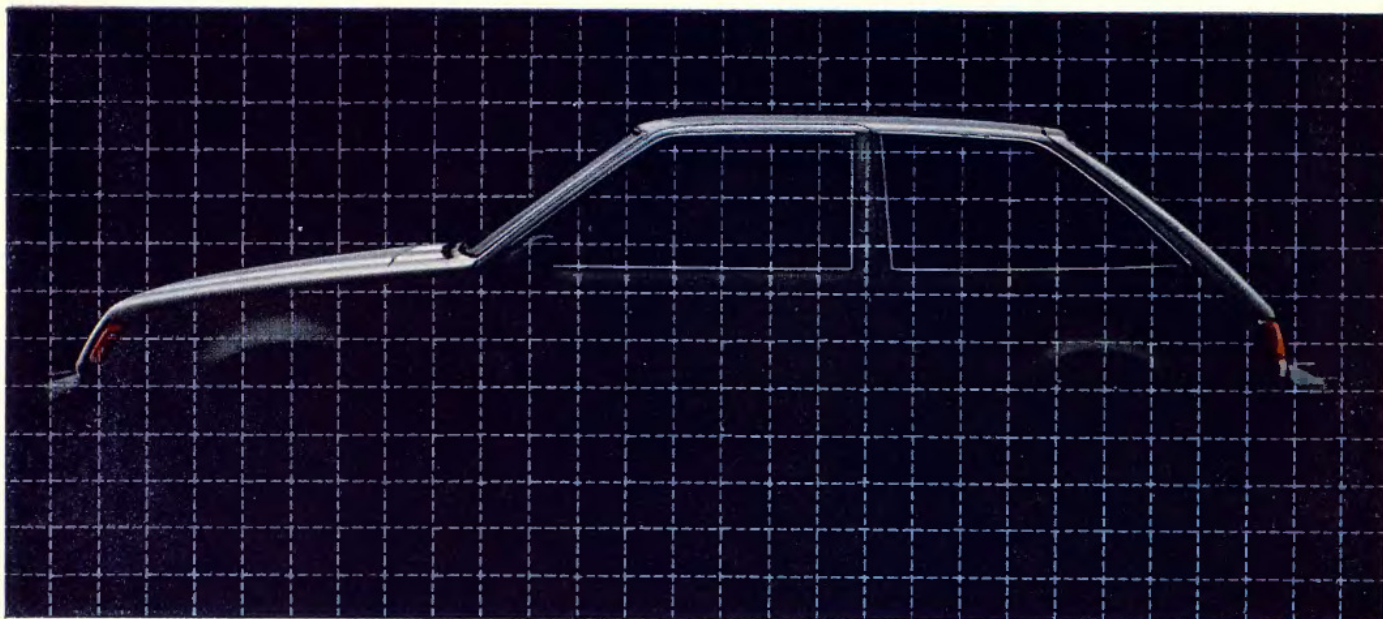
HARRY: No. I did do a radio interview with a Hungarian girl for *The Voice of America*. Actually, we've been getting very pro-American. Was it General Patton who said maybe we should have kept marching East? Maybe he was right.

PLAYBOY: What's the most interesting place you've played?

HARRY: Bangkok. As an emerging nation, Thailand's got this incredible ancient culture colliding with capitalist decadence. It's like the wild West. They have tons of oldie American records there—and radio stations that play them. They really like girl singers there, because most of their music is in higher registers. Thailand is dramatically split between the rich and the poor. You see women construction workers with shovels tearing up the streets with their babies in baskets next to them. They make about \$20 a month.

PLAYBOY: Are you political?

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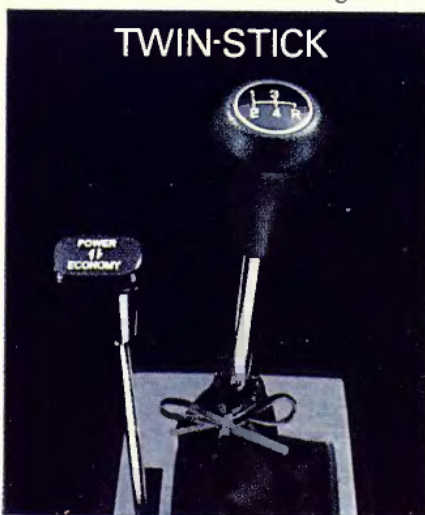
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stringent the emissions regulations are, as in California, the tougher it is to get good MPG.

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REDNECK SEX ADVICE

This manuscript arrived with a note that read: "I'm tired of PLAYBOY's bleeding-heart attitude toward sex. You guys are so inundated with 'scientific' information and liberal jargon that you have forgotten there are still real men left in the world." We present this document without editorial comment.



Every man (and even an occasional woman) has some kind of sexual problem, but even those who are willing to try to deal with them are usually stymied by the vast outpourings of well-meaning but ineffectual writers and therapists who counsel the supplicants as if they were seeking the True Path rather than a good, old-fashioned screw—or an occasional blow job in southern Indiana. So let us examine some of the more frequently asked questions and try to deal with them in a logical, straightforward fashion.

I HAVE NO TROUBLE MEETING GIRLS, BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO BREAK THE ICE.

This is a common problem and there are some rather simple solutions to it. Many men will go to a bar, strike up a conversation with a good-looking woman, take her home, have a drink and then not know how to bring up the subject of sex. No sweat. Slip her 30 grains of pentobarbital sodium dissolved in a glass of wine and she won't care if you decide to drive the Dixie Limited through her.

WHAT IS THE BEST METHOD OF BIRTH CONTROL?

There are many opinions about this. Some people like the pill, others prefer diaphragms or I.U.D.s. However, the surest, safest and cheapest method is to screw women you don't know. Preferably women too high on hair spray to remember your name or what city you came from.

WHAT IS THE PROPER KIND AND AMOUNT OF FOREPLAY?

Naturally, foreplay is a very personal thing. Each person will need different techniques as well as different lengths of time to become properly aroused before the actual sex act. But a good rule of thumb is that foreplay should last anywhere from

six to eight seconds. As to the matter of technique, you should vary your strategies so that sex doesn't become routine. For example, one night, you might want to remove her clothes if you have time. Another night, you might just want to lift her skirt. A third variation is to

have her hang around with no clothes on at all and then, when you decide it is time for foreplay, bend her over a chair or other handy piece of furniture. Don't be afraid to experiment.

I'VE HEARD THAT THERE ARE "SEX" FOODS. WHAT ARE THEY?

White bread, Twinkies, Zingers, hamburgers, French fries, R.C. Cola and moon pies.

I CAN'T STAND GOING DOWN ON A GIRL. IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME?

Absolutely not. Only selfish, greedy women nag their men to do things like that. If she wants that sort of thing done to her, tell her to take a ride on an English saddle sitting backward. If that doesn't work, give her the pink slip.

MY GIRL DOESN'T LIKE TO GO DOWN ON ME. WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Slap the shit out of her. If she still doesn't put out, get her a taxi immediately, as it will be obvious that yours is only a superficial relationship.

MY BACK AND STOMACH GET TIRED WHEN I AM BALLING. IS THERE AN EXERCISE FOR THIS?

Yes. Have your girl get on top. Lie completely still and have her move up and down until you reach climax. Then tell her to make you a drink. Drink it. Then hit the showers.

MY WIFE WANTS TO HAVE AN "OPEN" MARRIAGE. I'M NOT SURE WHAT TO DO.

Open marriages are fine and healthy. They give couples a sense of trust in each other's love. Just be sure, however, that she's locked in before you go out. If you think she might try to escape or use the phone, handcuff her to the drainpipe in the bathroom.

I HAVE A GIRLFRIEND AND WE MAKE LOVE A LOT. BUT OCCASIONALLY I SEE A MAN WHO I THINK IS REALLY ATTRACTIVE AND I BECOME AROUSED. WHAT GIVES? AM I HOMOSEXUAL?

No, you are queer.

HARRY: Yeah, but we're not politicians. I'm a humanist. We get mad at all those English critics' accusing us of being capitalists. That's so off the wall. Things are fucked up all over and we deal with it the only way we can.

PLAYBOY: Do you think facial hair is funny?

HARRY: I don't think about it much. Chris has a heavy beard and has to shave all the time and he hates it, so I feel sorry for him. But I wouldn't kiss him if he had a beard. And I wouldn't have been attracted to him in the first place if he'd had one.

PLAYBOY: What's the perfume you're wearing?

HARRY: Tabac Blond, by Caron.

PLAYBOY: Do you think masturbation is harmful?

HARRY: Not if you do it right. I don't hold it against anyone.

MALE-CHAUVINIST APES, BEWARE!

The good folks who run the Empire State Building wanted to promote monkey business for New York tourists but wound up driving a local politician ape instead. The skyscraper's administration learned the hard way that nothing is as easy as it seems these days when it placed an ad for two men to don gorilla suits and play King Kong on the building's observation deck. The Kongs' job would entail entertaining tots by passing out balloons and generally making with the monkeyshines.

The requirements were simple: Applicants had to "fit into a standard King Kong costume," be able "to perch on a high stool in a shady corner for long periods of time" and answer kiddie-coined questions like "Hey, are you really King Kong?" without smacking the brats silly.

Trouble reared its hairy head when Robert Shaw of the State Division on Human Rights spotted a blurb about the ad. He filed a complaint stating that the job description was biased against females. Not only that but the applicants' height and weight requirements (between 5'9" and 5'11" and 155 to 175 pounds) for the gorilla suit discriminated against "Asians and Hispanics who are smaller and don't weigh as much." Geez. Is nothing sacred? Can you imagine Queen Kong? Kung Kong? Chico Kongez?

Yes, but can she type? A Boca Raton employment agency advertised for a secretary, one of whose functions would be "substantial pubic contact."

REMEDIAL BIOLOGY 101

"I always thought that menopause meant a pause between men."—Shelley Winters.



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MOVIES

Except for biographies or battle dramas on the epic scale of *Patton*, there are not many good movies about World War Two. One would have to dig into the archives, back at least a couple of decades, to find any war film equal to John Schlesinger's *Yanks*. This is the kind of nostalgic, atmospheric, richly romantic story that probably could not—or would not—be told until time had healed the deeper wounds of war. Schlesinger, who made his reputation here with such stunning, fashionable flicks as *Darling* and *Midnight Cowboy*, waited just long enough to go back to his British roots and bring forth *Yanks*.

Yanks is a beautiful visual evocation of the wartime era, but much more than that. Set in the months before D day, the Colin Welland-Walter Bernstein screenplay describes what happens in a small English village when the GIs take over "as if they own the place." One crusty old-timer aptly sums up the problem: "Makes ya wonder, don't it? What women see in 'em." On that cue, Schlesinger introduces Richard Gere—living up to his earlier high promise—as Matt, the Army cook who falls in love with a reluctant, soon-to-be-engaged shopgirl named Jean (gifted newcomer Lisa Eichhorn, born in Pennsylvania but British enough for me). Their frustrated romance is played against another relationship between a lonely American officer (William Devane) and an upper-crusty married lady (Vanessa Redgrave) whose husband is off to war. All the acting is superb, from the merest bits to a perfect supporting cast headed by Rachel Roberts, Chick Vennera and Wendy Morgan. Redgrave's radiant intelligence has seldom glowed so warmly, and if the movie world needs a new Monty Clift with an air of contemporary diffidence, Gere steps up as the strongest contender.

Jitterbugging, black markets and racial tension were part of the scene Schlesinger depicts in a vibrant, sentimental period piece, topped by a climactic orgy of fond farewells at the railway station, a big goodbye scene second to none. Considering its unabashed romanticism, *Yanks* approaches sex with civilized caution, the way people used to when guilt, pregnancy and fidelity were more or less common concerns. World War Two was the last great lovely war, of course, fondly remembered by millions, and Schlesinger salutes our vanished age of innocence with honest affection. I'm with him. Hail *Yanks*!

To come across not one but two superior World War Two epics in the same year is little short of phenomenal. The Dutch-made *Soldier of Orange*, based on the



Off-field boogying in *Yanks*.

Yanks: a stunning victory in film making; too many fumbles in *North Dallas Forty*.



North Dallas' Nolte.

memoirs of Erik Hazelhoff Roelfzema—a hero of the wartime Dutch Resistance—packs five years of Nazi occupation and conflict into two and a half hours of memorable cinematic imagery. Aristocratic young wastrels, playing tennis when they hear on the radio that war is declared in 1940, don't take it seriously enough to stop their set. Later, Erik and another friend in tuxedo are riding home on their bikes from an all-night party when bombs begin to fall around them in the town square. The game of war becomes

a game you play for keeps. How Erik and his friends are changed by it is the substance of *Soldier of Orange* (the title's a reference to the royal house of Queen Wilhelmina). One chum is a coward and collaborator, one the son of Fascists, one a Jewish-born boxer who tries to escape to England. Holland's blond, handsome Rutger Hauer, as Erik, manages a finely shaded portrait of a heedless youth maturing to manhood under extreme duress. Hauer shows dimensions as an actor that were not so apparent when he starred in the very controversial *Turkish Delight*, produced by Rob Houwer and directed by Paul Verhoeven, the same team that created *Soldier of Orange*. An enormous success in Holland, this provocative slice of personal history is enlightened, suspenseful, compassionate—though occasional unexpected glimpses of bloody corpses or severed limbs are likely to propel fainthearted folk into the outer lobby.

Guzzling beer, smoking dope, taking heavier drugs as needed. That's how the pros keep going. "Better football through chemistry," quips the hero of *North Dallas Forty*, adapted from Peter Gent's novel. As a former Dallas Cowboy, Gent probably knows the score. He views the game quite correctly as Big Business, with the players mere pawns—expendable items of equipment, good for a certain number of seasons and out on their asses unless they learn to become good company men. That's not exactly a revelation in the world of big-time sports, and *North Dallas Forty* seems more effective as ribald entertainment than as fuel for controversy. Nineteen professional football players (John Matuszak, Harold Jackson, Cody Jones and Steve Riley, to name a few) appear in the movie and have not been sacked by their respective clubs for conduct unbecoming (some of 'em walk around practically nude, too, by golly), which is more than one can say about the same clubs' treatment of their cheerleaders (see *PLAYBOY*, March 1979).

Under Ted Kotcheff's uneven direction, *North Dallas*' high scorer is Nick Nolte, playing a beefy wide receiver with more aches and pains and legitimate gripes than the law of averages allows. As Phil Elliott, the declining grid star, Nolte commands the screen as never before, even with sturdy competition from country singer-composer Mac Davis, in his movie debut as Elliott's teammate Maxwell, and from Bo Svenson—a certified scene stealer as thundering Jo Bob, an incredible hulk. Dayle Haddon and Savannah Smith are the gals in Nolte's life; they have very little to do, and don't

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appear to care a hell of a lot for pro football. Neither does anyone else connected with *North Dallas Forty*, come to think of it, and grudging admiration is the best I can offer in return. This movie runs on negative energy, using locker-room humor to take the pressure off. As if a goose or a gag could transform bad vibes into positive thinking.

Author Joseph Wambaugh, never wildly enthusiastic about previous screen versions of his books, recruited his own production team to make a movie of *The Onion Field*. Produced by Walter Coblenz (whose credits include *All the President's Men*), it's an excellent movie on a thoroughly depressing theme. The story spelled out by Wambaugh is factual, a long saga of criminal injustice that begins when two young police officers are kidnaped by two crooks whom they have stopped for routine questioning on a Hollywood street corner. One of the crooks is an obvious psychopath, and before the long night ends in a dark country field, one of the policemen is dead. What follows is disgrace for the surviving officer, years of self-improvement, legal study and costly courtroom hassles for the killer, who so changes his public image as time goes by that he begins to seem more like the victim than the perpetrator of a ghastly crime. Meanwhile, the cop deteriorates into a psychological basket case, finally dismissed from the force for petty thievery.

Wambaugh wanted relatively unknown actors to portray the two chief adversaries in *Onion Field*, but he chose so well that his stars have risen from anonymity while the writer's back was turned. As the put-upon cop, John Savage matches his impressive performance in *The Deer Hunter* and *Hair*, while James Woods exudes smiling malice in a role light-years away from the Jewish artist he portrayed in TV's *Holocaust*. I can't say that I enjoyed *Onion Field*. Perhaps this movie was not meant to be enjoyable. The applicable adjectives are: angry, compassionate, thought-provoking and well done.

The Academy Awards have eluded him four times, but Al Pacino will certainly get another crack at an Oscar for his performance as a hard-luck Baltimore lawyer in . . . *And Justice for All*. Director Norman Jewison's ironic, entertaining black comedy was created for Pacino, who really moves with it. His street-smart swagger made me forget—well, most of the time—that the screenplay by Valerie Curtin and Barry Levinson occasionally carries the laws of probability somewhere over the rainbow. The law is their subject, of course. *Justice for All* approaches lawyers, courts and our entire judicial system with a net out for nasty little secrets. Before I

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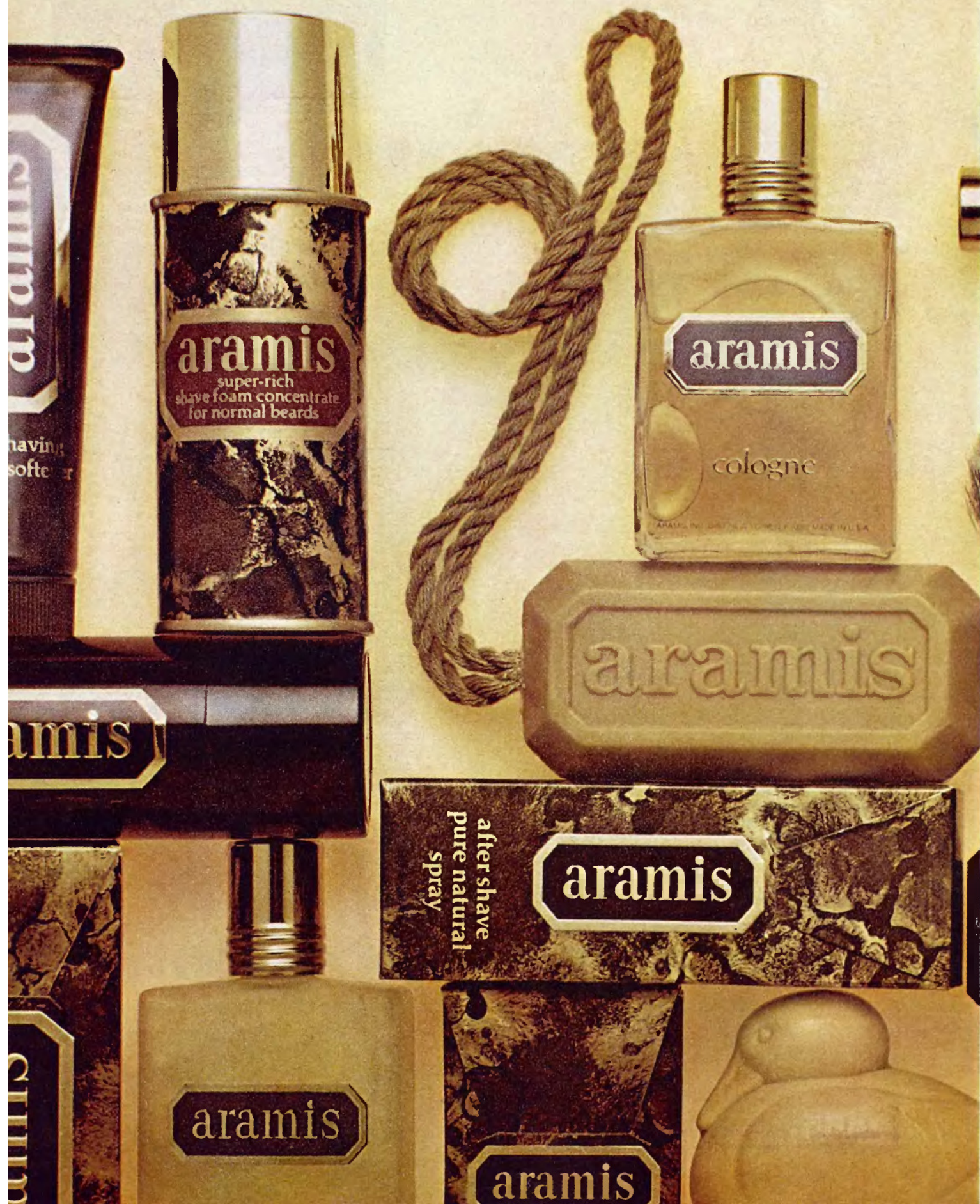
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saw the movie, I had heard it described as a lawyer's *M*A*S*H* or the *China Syndrome* of the legal profession. In effect, it's more like one of those dramatic Men of Medicine exposés where surgical mistakes pile up until the morgue is full, and you leave thinking you'd rather die than check into a big hospital.

Justice for All situates life's little tragedies in the courtroom. Pacino's clients are unusually disaster-prone. One hangs himself, one gets one to five years for driving without a taillight—but that's a long story and a major point of plot. The over-all picture is what matters here. Jewison wisely keeps Pacino at the center of it as a humane young lawyer who regularly visits his grandfather (Lee Strasberg) at a retirement home because the old man put him through school. Otherwise, he's rootless but reaching out to people, particularly the comely counsel for an ethics committee (Christine Lahti) who argues ethics in bed, a law partner (Jeffrey Tambor) whose conscience drives him crazy and a wild, suicidal judge (played dangerously close to outright caricature by Jack Warden). Pacino's nemesis is John Forsythe, as still another weirdo, a stern hanging judge who inexplicably faces a rape charge and demands that Pacino defend him. While Pacino proceeds almost cautiously through the early scenes of *Justice* building his tour de force with several minor emotional warm-ups en route to a courtroom finale that's a zinger, Jewison juggles to keep the film's rather risky structure intact. He does a damned good job of it in an eclectic seriocomic style that reminds us he's the man who made *In the Heat of the Night* as well as *The Russians Are Coming*.

When your parents are about to split, according to the sage 12-year-old protagonists of *Rich Kids*, they take you out to dinner at your favorite restaurant. Later, you're apt to be offered either a dog or ice skates. That's how New Yorkers do things, at any rate, and *Rich Kids* starts clocking points right away when Franny (Trini Alvarado) browses through *The Joy of Sex* and jots into a notebook the precise time that her father creeps home every morning to wake her up for school. Jeremy Levy, as Jamie, her knowing school friend, reminds Franny of the simple truth that homewrecking is an inside job. Jamie's stepfather is a psychoanalyst, his real father a swinging producer of TV commercials who dates stewardesses and lives in a leafy jungle environment replete with water bed and disco. How a couple of overprivileged Manhattan kids unwittingly wreak vengeance on their fucked-up elders is merely the plot of this wise, warm, sophisticated comedy of manners written by Judith Ross (wife of coproducer

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George W. George, whose producing colleague is none other than Robert Altman). Robert M. Young directed *Rich Kids* with a sharp but sympathetic eye for the foibles of grownups in Gotham. While John Lithgow, Paul Dooley, Terry Kiser and Roberta Maxwell share the spotlight, my personal favorite is Kathryn Walker as Franny's muddled mom, who is having an affair with her attorney (David Selby) while he works out the details of divorce. But every performance here earns high marks. An extramarital donnybrook not to be missed, *Rich Kids* has brilliance with a substantial dash of bitters. Like watching people who would know the people in Woody Allen's *Manhattan*—as seen from the seventh grade.

The peculiar premise of *Time After Time* carries Malcolm McDowell to present-day San Francisco on the trail of a Victorian psychopath who just may be Jack the Ripper. McDowell plays science fiction's great granddaddy, H. G. Wells, traveling out of the past via his own time machine. Britain's lean and hungry David Warner is the Ripper, who calls himself Stevenson in this macabre comedy written and directed by Nicholas Meyer. Do I need to remind you that Meyer was also author of that droll Sherlock Holmes parody *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*? In his directorial debut, playing watchdog over his own material, Meyer proves that he can rev up madcap suspense as well as the next fella. Since *Time After Time* is the kind of movie that absolutely requires a damsel in distress, Meyer picked Mary Steenburgen to be Jack's marked woman and Wells's plaything. Looking like a young Jennifer Jones and croaking like the one and only Jean Arthur, Steenburgen fares far better than she did as Jack Nicholson's lady in *Goin' South*, which went nowhere. Here she's a flaky San Francisco chick who couldn't care less about time warps and throat slanders. "A bigger crock of shit I never heard," she grumbles. Meyer's elaborate jape gets out of hand from time to time, as if he could not quite decide whether to make a *real* thriller, a spoof or a valentine edged in black. He was probably trying to do everything at once. Let's give him an A-minus for the attempted triple play, a feverish 100-plus for unbridled imagination.

Just for the record, if it's sheer edge-of-the-seat excitement you want, watch for the seasonal rerelease of director John Carpenter's bloodcurdling *Halloween*. Not previously reviewed here, through one of those flukes of bad timing, this low-budget shocker has grossed over \$35,000,000 while catapulting Carpenter into the winner's circle of hot young directors. Until *The Fog*—that's Carpenter's next five-finger exercise in fun fears—comes along, there is creeping terror to spare in his taut, skillfully crafted drama about

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a masked maniac and some baby sitters. Jamie Lee Curtis (Tony's her dad, her mother is Janet Leigh) plays the small-town girl most likely to survive.

FILM CLIPS

Why Not?: The title in French (*Pourquoi Pas?*) sounded a bit catchier, but writer-director Coline Serreau's impudent uni-sexual comedy is a treat in any language. Sami Frey stars as head of a very workable Gallic *ménage à trois*, keeping house for the boy he loves (Mario Gonzalez) and the girl they both love (Christine Murillo). His two paramours also make it together, which keeps everyone happy, no problem—until Sami brings home a second girl. If three's company, what's wrong with a foursome? Questions like that are answered by Mlle. Serreau with an enchantingly liberated sense of humor about sex. *Eh bien*, why not?

The Last Romantic Lover: Searching for a superior male sex symbol, the *femme* editor (stunning U. S. actress-model Dayle Haddon) of a sexy French magazine announces that the *macho* beauty contest will be judged by "a jury of women and gay men." Gerard Tybalot plays the blue-ribbon stud who's supposed to be a composite of Casanova, Valentino and Warren Beatty. Later, Tybalot whisks Dayle away to the traveling circus he calls home, where they both perform while director Just Jaeckin (remember *Emmanuelle?*) zooms in to take so many pretty pictures you'd think he was shooting a shampoo commercial. *Lover* is romantic, elegant, banal but beautiful.

Down and Dirty: Italian director Ettore Scola steers Nino Manfredi (star of *Bread and Chocolate*) through an outrageous slice-of-life comedy about the totally demoralized poor people of Rome. Brilliant as usual, Manfredi plays the unwashed one-eyed *capo* of a derelict family so oversexed, underprivileged, greedy, violent and vulgar that *Tobacco Road* wouldn't want them passing through on a bus. The movie may disgust you, but Scola's regard for humanity lights up the muck and misery exactly as it was meant to do. There's been nothing quite like it since *La Grande Bouffe*.

The Wanderers: Growing up in the Bronx in the early Sixties, as imagined by director Phillip Kaufman, who adapted Richard Price's estimable novel for the screen, but apparently couldn't decide what kind of movie it ought to be. There are bits of *The Warriors*, a pinch of *American Graffiti*, plus moments of surreal terror that resemble outtakes from Kaufman's own remake of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. Amid the general confusion, watch for newcomer Ken Wahl, who plays Richie and makes every scene he is in look well worth stealing.

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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JENNY, TAKE A RIDE: Mitch Ryder, one of the original Detroit Wheels, was rolling along, working up a good rock sweat at New York's Club 57, when what to his wondering eyes should appear from backstage but . . . a fan who really wanted to show her appreciation. She danced around Mitch some, we understand, humped the bassist briefly, and then bade everyone a beaver adieu as she was carried offstage to cheers from the crowd.



IS THAT OLD WINDOWPANE OR JUST WAXY BUILD-UP? Designer note to everyone who found God and the total cosmic oneness while listening to the Dead or the Airplane and staring down at it, watching it melt: The Fillmore West may be dead and gone, but its floor lives on in souvenir sections at \$25.30 a pop (postpaid) from Bay Area Marine Institute, Pier 66, San Francisco 94107. Just right for the family room.

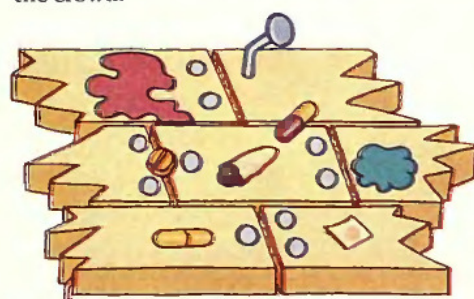


BEST REISSUES OF THE MONTH

(1) Clifford Brown and Max Roach, *Live at the Beehive* (Columbia). (2) *The Essential Jimi Hendrix, Volume Two* (Warner Bros.)—standards plus 8:47 of *Gloria* on a bonus EP. (3) Charles Mingus, *Nostalgia in Times Square* (Columbia)—an uncut classic 1959 session. (4) *Honkers and Screamers, Roots of Rock 'n' Roll, Vol. 6* (Savoy): R&B tenor madness, late-Forties style.

WITH A BULLET!

Rock stardom is about as predictable these days as OPEC oil prices, but if oddsmakers prognosticated on the chances of aspiring rockers, the smart money would be with Louise Goffin. For starters, her *Urbemensch* heredity is undeniable—as the daughter of Gerry Goffin and Carole King, she's history's first purebred second-generation rock-'n'-roller. And Louise has no trouble upholding the family tradition on her debut album, *Kid Blue* (Asylum). The LP showcases her freshness and diversity but really only hints at her potential. In concert, Goffin demonstrates that she's not just another L.A. brown-rice-and-granola singer/song-



Question: What have you been listening to lately?

BARBARA MAN-DRELL: 1. Tony Bennett / *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*. 2. *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* (unnamed rendition). 3. Billy Joel / *Just the Way You Are*. 4. Andrae Crouch / *Through It All*. 5. Larry Gatlin / *I've Done Enough Dyin' Today*.



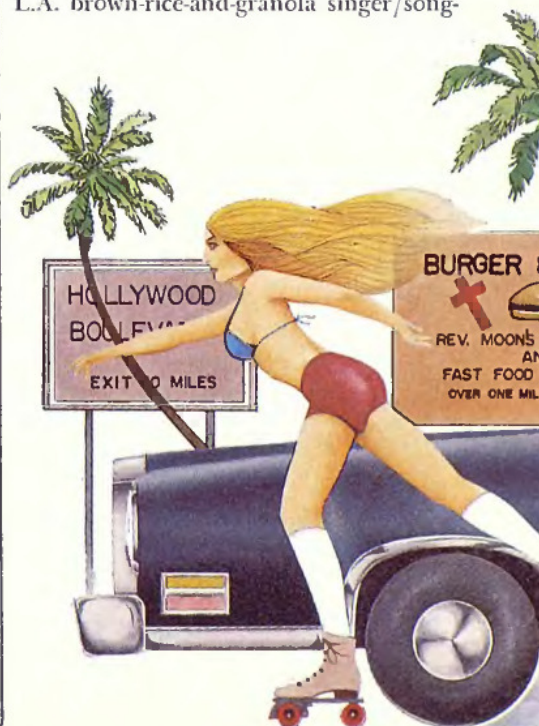
TANYA TUCKER: 1. Suzi Quatro / *If You Knew Suzi . . .* (RSO). 2. *The Oak Ridge Boys Have Arrived* (MCA). 3. The Knack / *Get the Knack* (Capitol). 4. Blondie / *Parallel Lines* (Chrysalis). 5. Waylon Jennings / *Greatest Hits* (RCA).



JOHN ENTWISTLE (bass guitarist, THE WHO): 1. The Who / Sound track—*The Kids Are Alright* (MCA). 2. Supertramp / *Breakfast in America* (A&M). 3. Blondie / *Parallel Lines* (Chrysalis). 4. Boston / *Don't Look Back* (Epic). 5. Joe Walsh / *But Seriously, Folks . . .* (Asylum).



KENNY LOGGINS: 1. *Temple City Kazoo Orchestra* (Rhino). 2. The Doobie Brothers / *Minute by Minute* (Warner Bros.). 3. Pages / *Future Street* (Epic). 4. Tom Scott / *Intimate Strangers* (Columbia). 5. The Police / *Outlandos d'Amour* (A&M).



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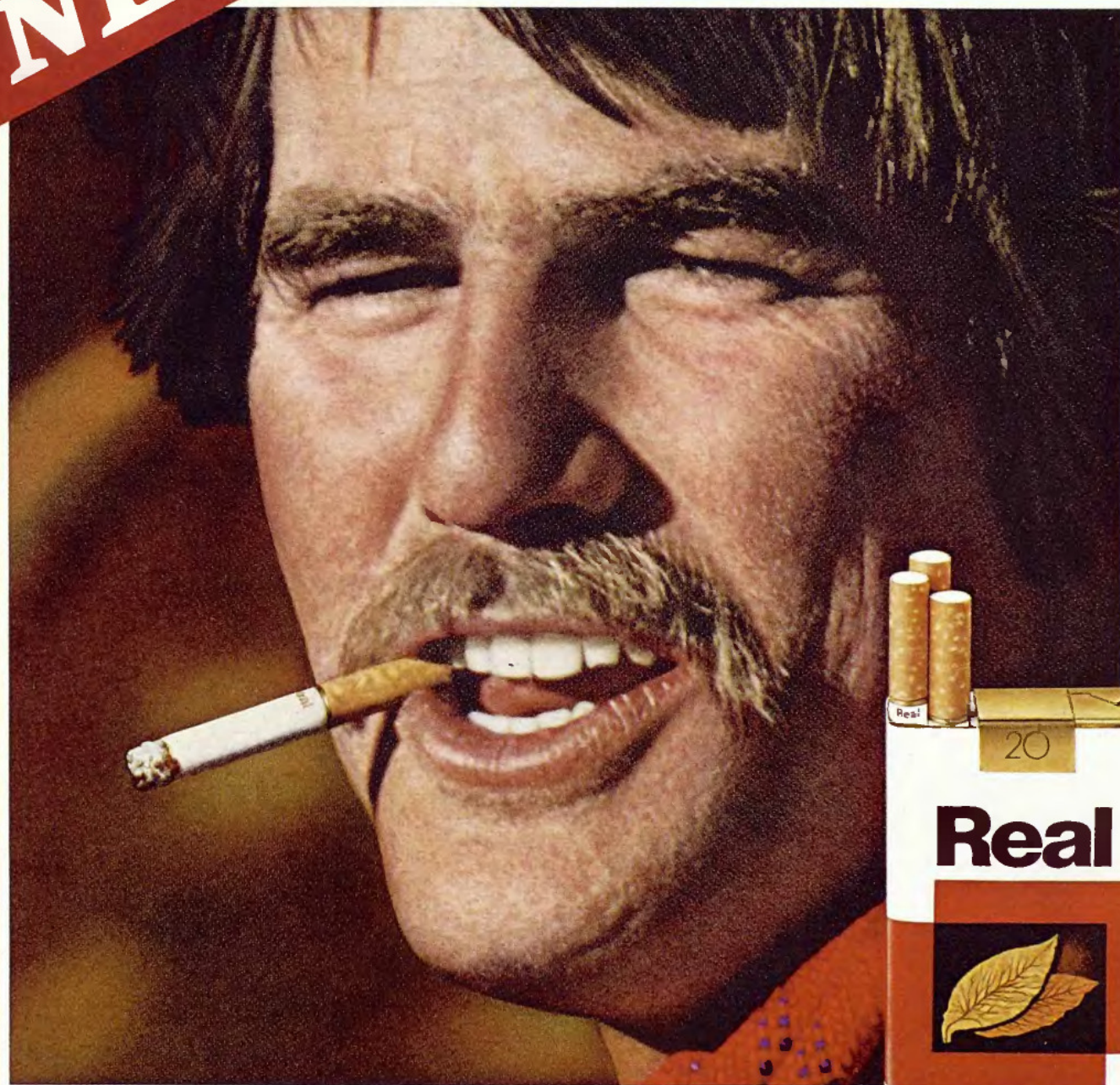
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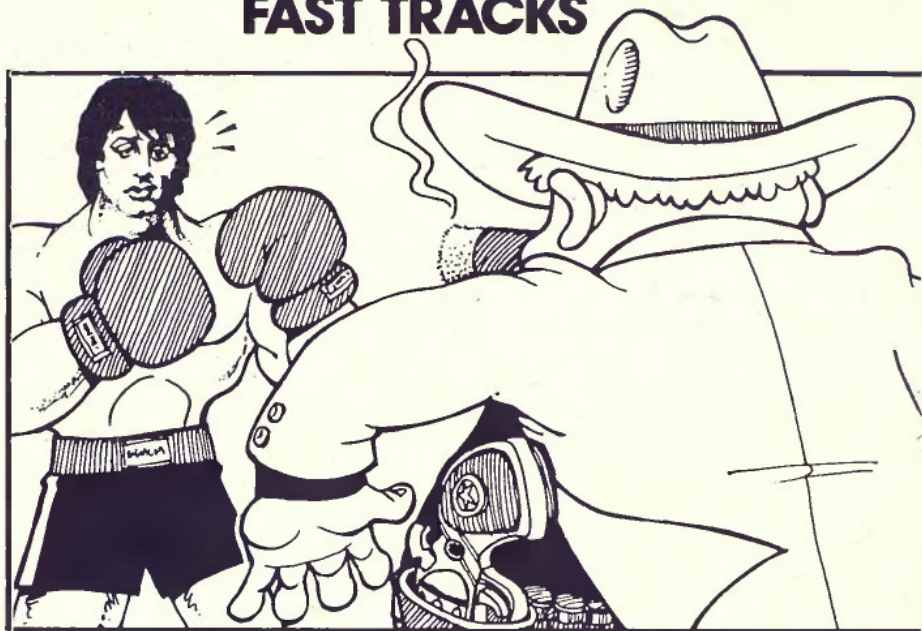
writer. Onstage, she looks more like Springsteen than like her mother. Her show is murderously rocking. "I don't see myself as another passive female singer," says Louise. "I never want to look predictable or safe. When I'm onstage, I figure I'm gonna come off a lot better if I jump into the audience's face. I've seen too many shows where a female singer performs like you're in her living room."

All the bass players seem to be out front this month. Larry Graham, who did much to create the "slapping" style favored by today's funk and soul players when he was with Sly Stone, has a rhythmically powerful set in *Star Walk* (Warner Bros.); the material isn't the best he's had, but the Gospel urgency in Graham's voice would make anything sound important. Bootsy Collins, coming back from a nervous breakdown, offers his patented motormouth madness and leads his Rubber Band through some frantic grooves on *This Boot Is Made for Fonk-n* (Warner Bros.); catch him before he cracks up again. *Do It All* (Buddah) completes the transformation of Michael Henderson, whose bass playing pulled Miles Davis into the 21st Century, into a pop ballad singer; on the other hand, maybe it's just a phase he's going through. Meanwhile, a galaxy of guest stars, from Stan Getz to Jeff Beck, show up on the four sides of Stanley Clarke's *I Wanna Play for You* (Columbia); the music, some of it live, is pretty self-indulgent—lots of bass solos—but mostly entertaining and sometimes brilliant. Finally, Count Basie's current bass man, John Clayton, and his tenor-sax-playing brother Jeff offer a swinging and totally unpretentious set of straight-down-the-middle jazz on *The Clayton Brothers* (Concord Jazz). Thank you, John and Jeff.

Jazz fans have long lamented the fact that the brilliant live performances of the Duke Ellington band of the late Thirties and early Forties were never captured on record. But no more. *Duke Ellington at Fargo, 1940—Live* (available only from Book-of-the-Month Records, Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012) features the greatest of the Ellington bands playing at the peak of its powers. Quite simply, it's the best record the Duke ever made.

The great promise of Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band's strange blending of the foreign and the urban (Old World nostalgia and Third World funk) is very much behind a new album, *Gichy Dan's Beachwood #9* (RCA). It comes as no surprise, then, to discover that Dr. Buzzard's August Darnell has written, co-produced and directed this affair, which sounds as though *Cherchez la Femme* had been recycled for Ricky Ricardo's orchestra. The tropical motif pervades the

FAST TRACKS



RUMOR OF THE MONTH: Our favorite one has the Italian Stallion (a.k.a. Sylvester Stallone) set to play Elvis in Colonel Tom Parker's authorized movie. Although lots of Elvis movies are in the works, this clash of egos should shake the heavens.

NEWSBREAKS: Warner Books has a biography about Jim Morrison and *The Doors* scheduled for next spring; it's called *No One Here Gets Out Alive*. . . . Lisberger Studios in L.A. is preparing two NBC-TV animated specials, *Animalympics*, to coincide with both the Winter and Summer Olympics in 1980. Eventually, it will become a feature film and a sound-track album on A&M Records, featuring music by Graham Gouldman of 10cc. . . . Keep an eye open for Broadway's first marijuana musical, *Mary Jane*, a series of dope-related sketches written and directed by Jonathan Stuart, who spent two years in jail in the Sixties for possession. . . . Beggars Banquet, a British label, is reportedly considering the release of a 45 taken from tapes produced by Idi Amin shortly before his disappearance. The tapes have been described as "primitive." . . . Happy feet get hostile: When Alice Cooper's native-American art store in Scottsdale, Arizona, was fire-bombed, Cooper decided the arsonists might have been angry disco fans who responded to his antidisco remarks. *Let Him Who Is Without Sin Department:* In a symbolic action, 23 people showed up to throw stones across Colorado State Highway 6-24 to protest those gasoline-storage tanks John Denver had installed at his home. The protesters charged hypocrisy on Denver's part, recalling John's own stone-tossing protest against a proposed four-lane highway back in 1975. The energy crisis has gotten everyone a little testy.

RANDOM RUMORS: Barbra Streisand has had two new swimming pools built—one for herself, the other for her

dog. . . . *High Times* says John Lennon is writing his autobiography, which, reportedly, will cover everything. . . . Disputes between an artist and a record company are nothing new, but French singer Catherine Ribeiro had a novel combat technique. Instead of calling in a battery of lawyers, she locked herself inside a Paris theater and refused to eat until Phillips Phonogram agreed to release her album under the title she chose and with the liner notes she demanded. . . . Gary Guthrie, a former program director for radio station WAKY in Louisville, Kentucky, says it was his idea to combine the voices of Streisand and Neil Diamond on the song *You Don't Bring Me Flowers*, and he has filed a \$5,000,000 lawsuit against Columbia Records and CBS for breach of contract. It seems no one has bothered to reward Guthrie. . . . Film maker Billy Friedkin saw a movie short produced by David Bowie and was knocked out by the performance of a beautiful red-haired woman. Trying to find out her identity for a possible screen test, Friedkin was dismayed to learn that the beauty was David Bowie in drag.

REELING AND ROCKING: You want tasteless? We've got it right here. It's rumored that Paramount has signed José Feliciano to play the role of a pilot in a "take-off" of the movie *Airport*. Further, Paramount is trying to sign Ray Charles and Stevie Wonder look-alikes to portray the copilots in the comedy, to be called *Airplane*. . . . A film of Elton John's tour of Russia will be released any time now; it could make up the money John lost on the tour itself.

—BARBARA NELLIS



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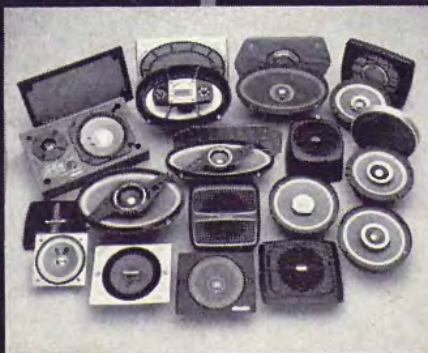
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music, and sometimes the lyrics as well, but the beat is strictly big city. The music may be a little lighter in the melody department than Dr. Buzzard's celebrated second album, but the mix is better; the album glides smoothly from a shipboard seduction scenario out of a surreal Hollywood movie to a rather down-to-earth *Winter on Riverside Drive*, where the livin' seems easy and foot-loose. A high-spirited and fanciful record.

A sip of Wilbert Longmire's *Champagne* (Columbia) is the perfect elixir for anyone in need of some easy-to-listen-to, tastefully modulated jazz with a strong R&B flavor. A guitarist/singer in the George Benson mold, Longmire hasn't had the chance to establish his own style via a series of small-combo albums, as Benson did before he made it big; but it doesn't matter, as he easily rides the crests of the gentle waves created by arrangers Bob James and Jay Chattaway.

Pat Metheny's last LP, particularly the lilting melody and ringing tone on *San Lorenzo*, was a breakthrough for him. With *New Chautauqua* (ECM), Metheny further develops the lyric, romantic side of his distinctly pleasant brand of fusion music. One-man bands (he overdubs electric bass and all four guitars) tend toward self-indulgence, and this is no exception. Still, Metheny makes some of the hippest mood music around.

SHORT CUTS

Ronnie Foster / *Delight* (Columbia): His usual blend of red-hot keyboard solos and lukewarm vocals in the style of Stevie Wonder, who sits in on drums.

Freddie Hubbard / *The Love Connection* (Columbia): A well-balanced, lyrical album with tough keyboard work by Chick Corea and a guest vocal by Al Jarreau.

Bobby Hutcherson / *Conception: The Gift of Love* (Columbia): While his contemporaries worry about the charts, Bobby Hutcherson thinks music; let's all get behind him and push.

Tom Browne / *Browne Sugar* (Arista): Overdone pop/jazz by a young trumpeter who's capable but is being rushed.

Michael Gregory Jackson / *Gifts* (Arista): A gifted guitarist and vocalist combines New Jazz and fusion in an excellent debut LP.

Ron Carter / *Parade* (Milestone): Our favorite exponent of the piccolo bass, with a first-rate quartet, plus horns, makes it sound so easy.

Roscoe Mitchell / *L-R-G* (Nessa): Eight percussionists perform a space symphony that will short-circuit your digital watches.

Woody Shaw / *Woody III* (Columbia): Chuck Mangione is for kids. This is how the Flügelhorn *should* be played.



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SPORTS

Terry Bradshaw *vs.* Ken Stabler. Neck and neck, down to the wire. The Crooner *vs.* The Snake. First one's ahead, then the other. Finally, Bradshaw puts it all together and comes through in the crucial closing moments.

Next year's Super Bowl? Not quite. This year's **PLAYBOY** N.F.L. Coaches' Clutch Quarterback Poll.

As we have done the past two years with pro baseball and basketball, **PLAYBOY** this year surveyed, for the first time, pro-football coaches on the subject of clutch performance. Unlike those in other sports, the football people were highly uncooperative: Out of 28 N.F.L. coaches contacted, only 13—slightly fewer than half—returned their ballots.

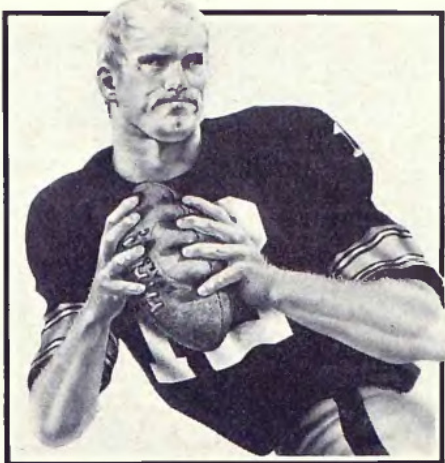
How come? We can only speculate as to the rest, but two teams—the Detroit Lions and the San Diego Chargers—said they would not participate because this magazine last year published photographs of N.F.L. cheerleaders, photographs that had not been previously approved by the teams (December 1978; copies still available). Of all the nerve! We're guilty as charged, of course, and have no regrets at all.

The question we put to the coaches was this: Who among all current N.F.L. quarterbacks is the very best in clutch situations, the money player whom *you* would most want starting for you in a crucial game, with the chips on the line?

Why just a quarterback? Why not a whole team of clutch-player all-stars, as **PLAYBOY** does with its baseball managers' poll (July 1979) and N.B.A. coaches' poll (December 1978)? Simple: numbers. It would be too much to ask an N.F.L. coach to sit down and run through hundreds of names in order to select a 22-man offensive and defensive clutch-player all-star team. So, instead, we took the logical option of targeting on one key clutch position.

The role of the football quarterback is unique in organized sports. The baseball pitcher sets play in motion but is cast in purely a defensive role and is usually governed by the decisions of his catcher. The typical basketball center is dependent on his playmaking guards to control the game's tempo, and his role is largely a reactive one. The quarterback, though, runs the offense, controls the point-making machine—even in those rare cases in which specific plays come off the bench. He is a true commanding force, and the other players on the field—offensive and defensive—have no choice but to react to what the quarterback does, play after play, throughout a game.

A quarterback's ability to perform in the clutch is therefore crucially important. No other player on a football team



Pittsburgh Steelers' Terry Bradshaw.

Quarterbacks: Who's the best in a clutch situation?

can rally the squad if the quarterback is down or off his game, the way one hitter can goose a baseball team or a forward with a hot hand can carry a basketball team. If the quarterback does not have it together, neither the fastest running back nor the quickest end can turn the game around.

Thus, the **PLAYBOY** clutch-quarterback poll.

The results: Terry Bradshaw, Pittsburgh Steelers, four votes; Ken Stabler, Oakland Raiders, three votes; Dan Fouts, San Diego Chargers, Bob Griese, Miami Dolphins, Steve Grogan, New England Patriots, Jim Hart, St. Louis Cardinals, Bert Jones, Baltimore Colts, and Matt Robinson, New York Jets, one vote each.

The responses, though sparse, were interesting on several points:

- Not one vote was cast for Dallas Cowboys quarterback Roger Staubach, despite the fact that Staubach was the N.F.C.'s leading passer last season and led his team into the Super Bowl for the fifth time—two more trips than Bradshaw has engineered. Perhaps the reason is that the Cowboys have failed to win the big one on three of those occasions (while the Steelers have never lost) or that most Cowboy plays are sent in from the bench (and coach Tom Landry deserves some credit for the team's clutch performances). Perhaps the coaches have succumbed to the myth of the "Dallas machine" and see Staubach as just another interchangeable cog. Perhaps. (Other notable non-vote getters: the just-retired Fran Tarkenton, Cleveland's splendid Brian Sipe and Houston's creative Dan Pastorini.)

- The strong showing of Ken Stabler, the only quarterback besides Bradshaw to receive votes from more than one N.F.L. coach. Stabler had a miserable year in 1978, leading the A.F.C. in interceptions (with 30), losing key games with uninspired play and taking the heat for the Raiders' mediocre season. Stabler's Raiders, moreover, have acquired the popular image of a team that consistently blows the big ones, and only a part of that negative baggage can be laid at the doorstep of the long-departed Daryle Lamonica. But Stabler can still get more out of a two-minute drill than a Times Square hooker, and N.F.L. coaches are obviously appreciative.

That leaves Bradshaw. The alleged dummy. The guy of whom it was recently said, "He can't spell cat if you spot him the C and the A." The guy who was so nervous in his first pro-exhibition game, he threw up all over his tight end. The guy who, in his fifth season, was beaten out at starting Q.B. by a serious bozo. Bradshaw, eh?

"When Terry matured," says the very mature Franco Harris, "we matured, too. He struggled . . . and we struggled with him." Maturation came during the 1974 season, when Bradshaw, benched at season's start, went on to guide the Steelers to their first-ever Super Bowl victory and establish himself as the team's number-one signal caller. Since then, the team's fate has been entwined with his: When Bradshaw was hurt (as in 1977), the team flagged; when he was hot (as in 1978), the team was unstoppable.

Last year, in his ninth N.F.L. season, Bradshaw did this: led the A.F.C. in average yards gained per pass (7.92), total touchdown passes (28) and touchdown-pass percentage (28 T.D.s in 368 attempted passes, for a 7.6 percent average); threw 368 times, connected 207 times, for a 56.3 completion average; gained 2915 yards through the air, for an average of 7.92 yards per pass; helped make end Lynn Swann the N.F.L.'s fifth most prolific scorer (11 T.D.s) and back Franco Harris the N.F.L.'s seventh most productive rusher (1082 yards); directed an offense that ranked fifth out of 28 teams in total points scored (356).

All of which was sufficient to produce an A.F.C. championship and the Steelers' third Super Bowl victory, a rout of the highly regarded Dallas Cowboys in which Bradshaw utterly destroyed one of the N.F.L.'s best defenses. Some dummy.

"I'm a good one, but not a great one," Bradshaw has said. The N.F.L. coaches, according to the **PLAYBOY** poll, will settle for that.

—TERRY CATCHPOLE

The blockbuster mentality seems to have grabbed museum directors as firmly as it has the heads of motion-picture studios, and not without good reason. Aside from crowd-control nightmares and the occasional wad of chewing gum plastered to the rump of a Rodin, such archaeological extravaganzas as *Treasures of Tutankhamen* and *Pompeii, A.D. 79* have been a tremendous boon, generating tens of thousands of new museum memberships and walloping gift-shop revenues. Still, the museum moguls have the same problem as their film-industry counterparts: satiating the spiraling expectations of a ravenous audience. So what can top Tut? Probably nothing for sheer media hysteria, but in terms of quality and scope, there is an interesting contender with seemingly unlikely origins: *5000 Years of Korean Art*, which recently began its two-year, seven-city American tour at San Francisco's Asian Art Museum. To follow are visits to Seattle, Chicago, Cleveland, Boston, New York and Kansas City.

This exhibition is as expansive as the title suggests, running the gamut from a neolithic jar to a couple of 20th Century landscape paintings. Between these chronological extremes is a staggering assortment of 345 objects: gilt-bronze Buddhas, shimmering celadon-glazed porcelain, brush-and-ink paintings; gold earrings, necklaces and bracelets that once emblazoned royalty, even some decorative roof tiles. The technical polish and aesthetic refinement of the works will be a revelation to most of us for whom Korea can conjure up only visions of starving orphans and unpleasant incidents along the DMZ; no doubt sensing the opportunity for a triumphant stroke of cultural diplomacy, the government of South Korea has offered up the preponderance of the country's rarest national treasures for this tour.

Korean art is noteworthy for a subdued, exquisitely tasteful sense of color that can

make even Chinese and Japanese art seem brazenly opulent. Which isn't to say that the show is lacking in pyrotechnics; like any blockbuster worthy of the name, *5000 Years of Korean Art* has its superstar artifacts. The most spectacular are several enormous gold crowns only recently excavated from the royal burial mounds that still dot the Korean landscape. Intricately cut from gold sheets, glittering with gold spangles and comma-shaped hunks of jade tied on with gold wires, the antlerlike royal headgear symbolized serious clout.

By the end of the Eighth Century A.D., the powerful Silla dynasty ruled a unified peninsula, controlled the maritime trade of China and Japan and had established a capital city of 1,000,000 inhabitants where ornate, multitiered pagodas were reportedly as numerous as "geese flying in the sky."

After Tut, what? Five thousand years of Korean art treasures.

Included in the exhibition are some Fifth and Sixth Century gray-stoneware vessels, some with a toylike charm—a pair shaped like boats with tiny figures at the helm, for example—others featuring more adult-oriented vignettes. A large jar has a procession of tiny three-dimensional clay figurines parading about its circumference; one of them, with an erect penis as big as his arm, has been immortalized as he contemplates rear entry of a kneeling woman with splayed buttocks. This animated sense of ribald humor, not infrequent in Korean art, is especially noticeable in the paintings, most of which somewhat paradoxically coincide with a series of devastating Chinese

and Japanese invasions in the 16th and 17th centuries and Korea's subsequent vassalage to China.

Although stylistically derivative of Chinese painting, the Korean schools only rarely captured the mystical reverence for nature conveyed in Chinese landscapes. Korean painters seem to have been most comfortable with lively, informal slices of everyday life. A large scroll showing a gesticulating woodcutter chatting with a disheveled fisherman is technically superb, contrasting fine-lined facial details with thick calligraphic strokes. Wrestling matches, dancing ceremonies and casual dalliance have been recorded for posterity, along with a slapstick scene of some women bathing in a creek, unaware that a couple of randy monks have taken a break from their devotions to leer at them from behind the rocks. The painter, appropriately named Sin Yunbok, found these erotic interludes so irresistible that he was expelled from the evidently stuffy official Painting Bureau.

Korea's unique contribution to the art of East Asia isn't primarily in painting, sculpture or architecture, however. That distinction is reserved for Korean ceramics of the Koryo period, a dynastic era that lasted nearly 500 years before collapsing in 1392 A.D. This fine porcelain covered with lustrous grayish blue-green celadon glaze (valued as the color of the Korean autumn sky) has been prized by connoisseurs for nearly a millennium. Koryo celadons are noted for translating complex organic shapes into utilitarian forms. Winepots have been imaginatively sculpted from bamboo shoot or fanciful tortoise, a chrysanthemum blossoms into an incense burner and two roaring lions provide support for a ceramic pillow. All of the celadons have a precision of craftsmanship and elegance of shape that are astonishing; in keeping with the entire exhibition, they simply have to be seen to be believed.

—MICHAEL B. ENNIS

Korean art examples (from left): gilt bronze dragon-head finial, Eighth or Ninth Century; Fifth Century gold-and-jade crown; a late 17th Century painting; 12th Century celadon winepot.



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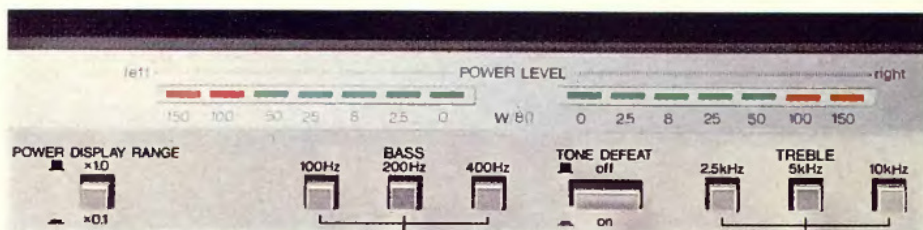


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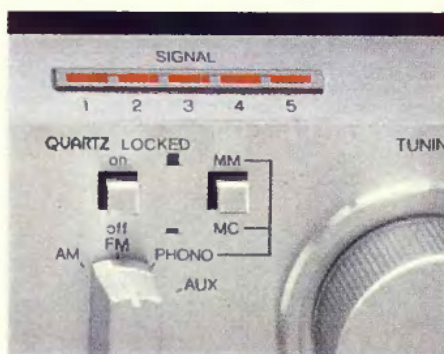
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FESTIVE EVENINGS
OFTEN START WITH RED.

JOHNNIE WALKER RED
THE RIGHT SCOTCH WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE



J. P. Donleavy's latest novel, *Schultz* (Delacorte/Seymour Lawrence), is a bawdy, endearing sexual farce. The hero is an American expatriate turned impresario who works for two English noblemen in a shady theatrical enterprise called Sperm Productions. The showbiz operation is for the amusement of Lord Nectarine and his friend Binky—it allows them to meet, wine, dine and debauch ladies of the theater. Schultz does quite well for himself, thank you, exhibiting a crass indifference to what his British friends call style. When his fellow American Big Al comes across a professional virgin who would not let him, "the celebrities celebrity, enter her, neither by ear nose throat rear or front," he sends the girl to Schultz. The two eventually marry, but not before Schultz makes out like a bandit. One of his conquests, a royal maidservant, takes a few weeks to decide and remarks upon arrival at his door: "Now you can throw a spine electrifying fuck into me." Schultz meditates on his luck: "Jesus my motto used to be don't waste time with women you're not fucking. And here's the gift of the gods arrived because I wasted a minute showing her some attention." There's a message there.

James Baldwin could well be called the black Isaac Bashevis Singer. Singer's initial appeal was as a delightful chronicler of Orthodox Jewish life, but his wider one has always been his portrayal of man's search for God and the mystery of the man-woman relationship. Similarly, Baldwin's early appeal was as a writer of black life, while his recurrent themes of man's search for God and the mystery of homosexuality were virtually incidental to the racial message he was conveying in an atmosphere of upheaval. Now, with the Sixties behind us, it is ironic that the search for God and the question of sexual identity seem to pre-occupy the American mind more than do problems of discrimination, and Baldwin suddenly seems a much more universal writer than he did five years ago. But it is we who've changed, not James.

In *Just Above My Head* (Dial), Baldwin touches on all the themes that have been the fabric of his plots since his first novel, *Go Tell It on the Mountain*. Now, as then, his story revolves in part around a young Gospel singer who gradually awakens to his homosexuality. As in *Giovanni's Room*, he has a European lover for a while, and as in *Another Country*, the agonies, pleasures, wonders and perversities of sexuality (both hetero and homo) are explored to the fullest. There is incest, prostitution, rape, endless horror and an equal dose of fervent passion.

This is Baldwin country, these dark



Schultz: pimping in the limelight.

Theater's the stage for Donleavy's sexplay. Baldwin's arena: the dark recesses of the soul.



Just Above My Head: a soul on fire.

sexual conflicts, acts and frustrations set against a background of racism and the as-yet-unreleased hostility toward whites that produces bitter dialog in his characters and gives them murderous thoughts. Baldwin is still warning America, but in *Just Above My Head* he treats all these things with greater love and more spontaneous poetry than ever before.

Sometimes it seems as though the novelists themselves are trying to kill the novel. With kindness, of course, and

scrupulous regard for all the forms. Take the case of John Barth, who first came onto the scene about 20 years ago with a tight little existential narrative called *The Floating Opera*. There were plenty of critics and readers and fans of the novel who thought that Barth would go the distance as a novelist and produce big and important things. But in the past ten years, he has become more and more dense and obscure, burdened the form with more and more complex devices until, with his new heavyweight *Letters* (Putnam's), he has achieved the goal of the Oxford don who once vowed to write the perfect book—one that nobody would want to read and, if anyone should read it, he wouldn't be able to understand a word of it.

Confusion reigns and one suspects that Barth might just be about some epic joke here. Pity the drudge who tries to make sense of the seven characters writing these letters to one another; letters full of references to Barth himself, characters from his earlier books, historical data from the period between the Revolution and the War of 1812, a lot of weird but unerotic sexual stuff, and just about anything else the energetic Barth brain can find to put on the page. *Letters* is neither a good read nor an important book. Rather a portentous academic exercise. Won't you come home, John Barth?

You don't have to be Jewish to like Philip Roth's new novel, *The Ghost Writer* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), but it might help. The narrator of the novel, Nathan Zuckerman—who bears a strong resemblance to Roth as a young man—pays homage to his favorite writer, E. I. Lonoff, a recluse. During the two days in which the novel unfolds, Zuckerman learns from his adopted spiritual father the need for an artist to be cold-blooded in order to produce good art. Roth paints a vivid picture of Lonoff's crankiness, of his wife's strained patience with her uncompromising husband and of Amy, a former student of Lonoff's who claims to be Anne Frank. The occasion for assembling these people, of course, is to talk about social responsibility, the role of the artist and how to deal with Jewish angst—the guilt of having been spared. The book works, despite its heavy use of symbols and themes, through its language; it reads in an odd way like a very fine translation—which in some ways it is for its non-Jewish readers. A translation that makes some important matters accessible to all of us, which is, after all, the point of literature.

In his long-awaited book about test pilots and Mercury astronauts, *The Right Stuff* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), Tom



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Wolfe takes us back before Sputnik, to deadly places like Jacksonville and Patuxent and Pensacola and Edwards and Nellis Air Force bases, where pilots were trained and aircraft were tested and where, each step along the way, "the world was once more divided into those men who had the right stuff to continue the climb and those who had to be left behind in the most obvious way." We see John Glenn and Gus Grissom and Wally Schirra before they were well known. We read war stories that are fascinating, almost as if we were standing at the bar during Happy Hour, swilling down gossip and bourbon, hearing the scoop from The Right Stuffers themselves.

What Wolfe does best, as usual, is to capture the correct tone, the special details, the humorous and petty and tragic aspects of the space program as it was being born. Above all, he asks elemental questions about the American male's peculiar rite of passage, in which the right stuff—whatever that secret vibration is—determines who wins and who loses. Grissom can "screw the pooch" and blow the hatch and lose his space capsule, but somehow he still has what it takes and is acceptable to the club; Scott Carpenter can do almost everything right on his mission but find himself gently shoved aside because there is something about him that does not inspire his colleagues to think of him as a man with the right stuff.

To use the astronauts' lingo, *The Right Stuff* gives us lift-off and a go configuration for a good read through the window and back again, so check it out, joy boy, or you're a turtle today.

Warning: Don't pick up *The Pope of Greenwich Village* (Seaview) unless you've got the next few hours available, because it's not easy to put down. It's about a colorful bunch of smalltime gangsters, and would-be gangsters, down around Mulberry Street in New York's Little Italy. They do terrible things to the community, and to one another, and they're vicious and crazy, but they're also funny as hell. Novelist Vincent Patrick really knows how to tell a good story, and this book is crammed full of them.

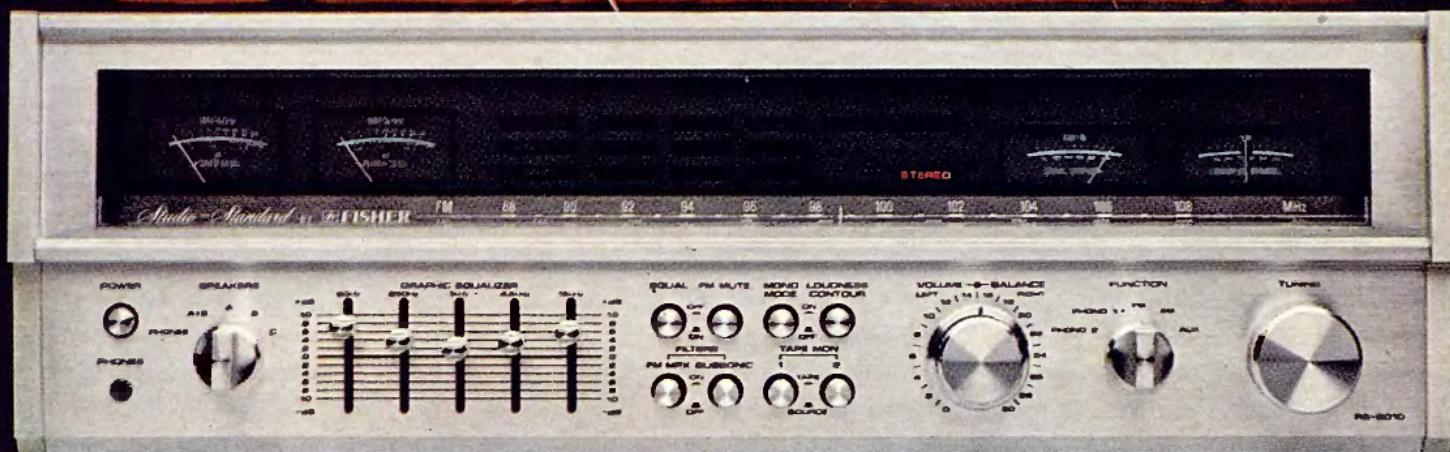
QUICK READS

Gahan Wilson / *Nuts* (Richard Marek): PLAYBOY's favorite macabre cartoonist presents a new collection, based on kids and their endless attempts to figure out the world of grownups. It's wonderful.

Douglas Bauer / *Prairie City, Iowa* (Putnam's): This is a quiet but elegant look at a Midwestern farm community that proves you can go home again.

Gary Cartwright / *Blood Will Tell* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) is another lavish Texas homicide tale that sounds too incredible to be true but is, dear reader. It will hold you from start to finish.

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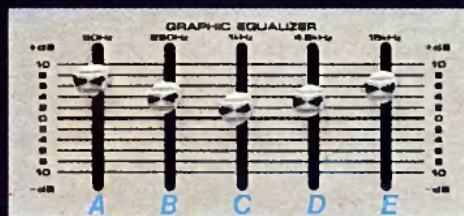
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Listening to a Philadelphia jazz station one cold January afternoon, I got the word that Charles Mingus had died.

Our association went back to the early Seventies, when I approached him about doing an article for *PLAYBOY*. He'd been through some very hard times but had recently staged a comeback, which had gotten the jazz community talking, his friends enthusiastic, and saw him playing once again at the top of his form. We met several times, taped some conversations, and I got to know Charles and his entourage fairly well.

Besides being the premier bassist in jazz, Mingus was surely one of its great composers (and, among his other roles, a notable actor, prophet, lover and paranoid). He was also an outstanding talker, excelling in the "mouth-to-mouth competition," as he put it, that is part of the jazz world. Like his playing, his speech was a rapid-fire mixture of legato and staccato, emotional outbursts and considered opinions. And strong ones. "I listen to classical records, not jazz. Why should I? I played with most of the people." Mingus never minced words about anything, including the capabilities of his fellow musicians. Two themes kept coming up again and again: the need for competition and training to produce skilled musicians and the need for jazz people to know their own traditions.

Some of his best talk was about the musicians he knew and played with and respected. Here is some of that talk, from our 1974 meetings. It's the way I think Mingus ought to be remembered—not as some kind of angry anti-white buffoon (as *Newsweek* portrayed him in its obit) but as a great musician who never stopped learning. I asked him about Eric Dolphy, who was probably the most gifted sideman Mingus ever had.

"In the Sixties, Chico Hamilton got very popular and Buddy Collette had been doing a lot of recording with him, but Chico came to New York, came to Birdland, and Eric was in his band, so I hired Eric—he left Chico's band—and we went to work at The Showplace. And, bam, all of a sudden I never heard nothing like that. I thought he was crazy, man, because he wasn't playing anything like I heard him play before.

"Well, one thing I never do is tell a guy how to solo. I never tell him a solo is wrong, because I don't get blamed for solos. So Eric was always at my house, always looking at my old music, and he found some music I'd written in California, two things called *What Love* and *All the Things You Could Be by Now if Sigmund Freud's Wife Was Your Mother*.

"He said, 'Why don't we play things like this, Mingus?'

"That's written for Buddy Collette.



Charles Mingus, 1922–1979.

Mingus was outspoken, iconoclastic, black and brilliant.

You guys can't play it."

"He says, 'I can't play it as good as Buddy, but I'll take it home and study it and I'll play it.'

"So he took the music out of the book and began to practice it. Out of those two tunes a whole style came. That was probably the greatest band I ever had. And Eric to me was just . . . out.

"Eric never cursed, used loud or boisterous language, never got angry. He was a very quiet person; all he did was blow his horn, took it all out on his horn. The change in his music was this: I guess Eric said to himself, 'If Ornette Coleman can make it, as less of a player, then I might as well do some of the things I want to do and stop playing Charlie Parker.' That's a simple way to put it. Although I don't want to appear to put down Ornette Coleman, because he has fooled a lot of people, I mean he's convinced a lot of people, and to do that you have to have something."

This was pretty mild criticism for Mingus, especially since it was one of his favorite subjects, the pretensions of the so-called avant-garde. He hated the term and refused to be associated with it. He once accused Ornette of being unable to play a straight chorus. Talking about the 1960 Protest Festival at Newport, Mingus had said, "We played *All the Things You Are* and Ornette was lost after the first eight bars." I reminded him of that.

"Well, the point is maybe he's done it so long that he doesn't want to do it anymore, or maybe it's 'beneath him': I'm sure he could say a lot of things. But if a test comes by, man, and you say 'I'm a

jazz musician,' you should be able to play the blues or *All the Things You Are* or *Sweet Lorraine*."

We had once talked about Bud Powell and the other bebop greats, and Charles had a fund of stories. I asked him to repeat the one about Bud and Art Tatum so I could get it straight.

"Actually, Billy Taylor told the story: He, Art Tatum and Bud Powell were on the same bill at Birdland, and Billy said, 'You know my respect for Art and you know my respect for Bud, but there's no comparison as far as technique is concerned.' And there isn't: Art had the technique.

"So one night Bud got drunk, walked up to the bar and told Art: 'You don't play shit; you can't play shit.'

"So Art said to him, 'Well, I tell you what, Bud, you're drunk tonight, but come in tomorrow night when you're sober and I'll play everything you play with my left hand.'

"Well, Billy Taylor is a studious type and he'd been coming in every day, rehearsing, practicing, which is a good idea when guys like Art and Bud are on the same bill. Coming in he heard a piano sounding very sloppy in the left hand. He thought it might have been Art—drunk. Walked in the bar and found Bud Powell, going crazy, banging the piano, trying to get a left hand going.

"Well, he got it going. Six months later, I was in Florida with Art Tatum—I finally got with his trio—and Art stopped me in the doorway of the club, listening to a jukebox, and said, 'Who's that? Who's that? We better go back and find out who's on that record.' It was Bud Powell, who had made an album all by himself with his left hand. He didn't want Art to come in and cut him. That's part of the thing that's missing now, the competition. Everybody's got their own schools, it's all academic. Now it's all mouth-to-mouth competition.

"I don't think it'll change, because it's over, man. Jazz is over. Jazz was born out of guys in big bands, traveling over the world, meeting in places like Billy Berg's in California, Minton's, Kansas City, anyplace they could find a piano or where a club owner'd let 'em play. Jazz was born out of guys who were tired of doing the same tunes show after show, one night a dance concert, the other night a jazz concert, no solos—only a few guys get to solo—just reading it off the paper. And guys got together to play solos, man, to improvise, and improvisation is gone now. There're just a few old fellas left around still doing it, and they're dying out. The avant-garde? I wouldn't even call that soloing.

"Did you ever see Sam Rivers play piano at the Newport Festival? It was in

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the afternoon, and nobody was there, I'm glad of that. He just bangs the keys, hits a lot of fast notes in the high register and tells the bass player to solo. It's percussion, but don't anybody think he's a piano player. Cecil Taylor? We assume *he* knows something. Sue [Sue Graham Mingus, his manager] keeps telling me I should go to Sam Rivers' school and places like that for sidemen, but there's no sidemen there for me and no place I can go to find 'em except to the old ones I already know.

"When I was a kid, I was real snobbish about anybody who didn't study with Lloyd Reese or go to a conservatory or couldn't answer some of the questions we learned, like 'What's the supertonic chord of B-flat?' 'What's the relative minor of A?' We had a gig at Jefferson High School to play with Roy Eldridge and a couple of older guys. And I remember I used to think Roy Eldridge had a cocky attitude.

"Well, I walked in to him and said, 'What's the relative minor of B-flat?'

"He looked me over. 'I'm gonna tell you something, nigger. You young punks out here, I'm running into you every time I turn around. You don't know nothing about me, you don't know about your own people's music. I bet you never heard of Coleman Hawkins, I bet you never listened to him, I bet you can't sing one of his solos. You come in here and ask me if I know what the relative minor of B-flat is. How do you know I don't know the supertonic chord?'

"I said, 'What?' I wasn't that far yet.

"Yeah, I might know what that is."

"So that was a jazz musician, man, and I was born into that and into the competition on the bandstand as to who could *outtalk* the other guy. But that's all these guys do today—they can talk their asses off. The average avant-garde musician, man, read his articles. They don't make much sense, they don't tie together, they skip all over the fuckin' place, like the music. And they make up new terms, don't stick to the musical language we're used to. So I'd just like to say that Roy Eldridge's statement still lives with me today. 'You young punks, you don't even listen to your own people, do you? You better get out and learn something about your own people.'

"Our people today are so separated, man. When I was just in Chicago, I heard a young kid who could play, and I don't understand how he could learn to play that good, because the odds are so much against him: rock 'n' roll, rhythm and blues. Like John Faddis—where'd he come from? But there should be something or some way to support a guy like that, because he's a freak, a freak of nature. It's almost impossible to raise one of those. It's impossible to see how the music goes on. I hope it doesn't die, man, because that music is very important."

—JOHN GOODMAN

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★ COMING ATTRACTIONS ★

DOL GOSSIP: Chevy Chase, along with Rodney Dangerfield and Ted Knight, will star in *Caddyshack*, to be written, produced and directed by *Animal House* writers Doug Kenney and Harold Ramis. The \$6,000,000 production, involving the crazy world of country-club golf, will be shot in Florida. . . . *Saturday Night Live's* Michael "Mr. Mike" O'Donoghue not only has sold a script called *Planet of the Cheap Special Effects* to United Artists but is negotiating a multipic deal with Paramount. . . . The remake of *The Jazz Singer*, starring Neil Diamond in the title role, will be somewhat updated, so that



Chase

O'Donoghue

Neil can sing pop songs instead of the older tunes featured in the Al Jolson original. Neil will play the son of World War Two immigrants; will they also change his religious faith from Orthodox to the more liberal Reformed Judaism? . . . Columbia Pictures will produce a film version of the old comic strip *Alley Oop*, assuming they can find the right actor to play the lead. . . . Paul McCartney will star in *Band on the Run*, a movie about a rock star who escapes from the pressures of the music scene by hiding out with a band of unknowns. . . . Plans are already under way to turn Neil Simon's films into TV series. *The Goodbye Girl* is first; *California Suite* and *The Cheap Detective* may follow. . . . George Hamilton will star in a comedy take-off of *Zorro*, to be called *Zorro—the Gay Blade*. And we thought the original *Zorro* was a comedy take-off of other action films.

MAIL CALL: It was inevitable. When playwright David (*Sexual Perversity in*



Mamet

Nicholson

Chicago) Mamet got his first few big breaks on the New York theatrical scene, I knew

it was only a matter of time until Hollywood discovered him. After all, he's got an ear, as they say, for dialog. Director Bob (*Five Easy Pieces*) Rafelson seems to think so, anyway; he has just hired Mamet to write his first movie script—for Lorimar's remake of the classic 1946 John Garfield-Lana Turner film *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, starring Jack Nicholson in the Garfield role of the young man who murders for love.

BRICKMAN SOLO: Speaking of debuts, Woody Allen's co-writer Marshall Brickman recently wrapped his first movie directorial effort, *Simon*. The story of a New York college professor who is convinced he's actually a visitor from outer space, *Simon* stars Alan Arkin and Madeline Kahn. Brickman's already thinking about his next film, tentatively titled *Valium*. "It's nothing more than a vague story idea," he says, but the scuttlebutt is that Peter Sellers is interested in starring in that vague idea, and it's amazing how the interest of a star can create its own reality in Hollywood. I'll keep you posted.

HOW DO YOU SPELL RELIEF? Having decided that comedy is the way to cure its sick ratings, NBC is grabbing big-time comic talent. Aside from David Letterman, the network has also



Brooks

signed Mel Brooks, Meadowlark Lemon and Gary Coleman. Lemon will become a regular on *Hello, Larry*, that zenith of TV comedy, and Coleman, star of *Diff'rent Strokes*, will headline a number of projects, including made-for-TV movies. The only real coup here, of course, is the signing of Brooks, who will create and perform in *The First Mel Brooks Special* (set for fall 1980), to be cohosted by, don't ask me why, Gene Shalit. Brooks will also act as a consultant on special projects for NBC.

ANOTHER GLOVE STORY: Hollywood seems to have rediscovered boxing—and for good reason: *The Champ*, *The Main Event* and *Rocky II* have all been box-office, if not critical, hits. Now Irwin Winkler and Robert Chartoff, the producers of both *Rockys*, are putting together *The Raging Bull*, the story of former middleweight



DeNiro

La Motta

boxing champ Jake La Motta, starring Robert DeNiro. ABC-TV, not to be outdone, has scheduled *Marciano*, with Tony Lo Bianco as the Rock, for October or November showing. Has anybody out there bought the rights to *The Leon Spinks Story* yet?

QUICK CUTS: Actress Susan Blakely has said she's tired of acting and would prefer to get into film editing. . . . Former porno star Harry Reems is going to do an R-rated flick, *The Squad*, in Canada. In a spectacular role reversal, Reems, who has had his own troubles with puritanical crusaders—remember the *Deep Throat* trials in Memphis?—will play a crusading vice cop who has mopped up the red-light district of Toronto and then starts in on the one in Montreal.

SE HABLA TV: Check your listings soon for a CBS-TV movie, *Streets of Los Angeles*, starring Joanne Woodward. The flick, which involves the true story of an Anglo woman's venture into the Mexican-American barrio to seek restitution from vandals who slashed her tires, has an interesting background. Striving for authenticity, the producers set up a casting office in the barrio's old Lincoln Heights jail, and would-be actors from the corner taco stand, boxing club, body



Woodward

shop, etc., auditioned for parts—as did the actual vandals, who were hired as production assistants. Among other East L.A. citizens selected for parts were the mechanic who fixed the casting director's car, two gardeners and the eight-year-old daughter of the woman on whom one of the major characters is based—playing herself.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My girlfriend and I are having an argument. She wants to know what turns me on, so that she can contribute more to my pleasure. I frankly am at something of a loss for words. I like to be active—the idea that I should just lie there passively while she does something to me is disconcerting. I have ended the discussion by quoting *The Playboy Advisor*—to the effect that every person is responsible for his own orgasm. She wants to know what the hell you mean by that.—D. H., Chicago, Illinois.

Every person is responsible for his or her orgasm—up to \$50, but only if it's reported stolen within 24 hours. How's that? Actually, you seem to have misunderstood our advice. We feel that everyone should know enough about his or her own pleasure response to be able to find it in the dark, in bed, in the proximity of a partner. You shouldn't expect your lover to "give" you orgasms—that puts too much pressure on the other person. At the same time, you shouldn't look a gift orgasm in the mouth, or whatever orifice she wants to use. Being responsible for your orgasm means knowing what gives you pleasure and knowing how to delegate authority—i.e., by giving directions or asking for specific turn-ons. Don't keep your pleasure under wraps—it's not a state secret. Your girlfriend has asked a very interesting question: If you break under torture and confess what pleases you, the results will be worth it.

Having finally put together what I consider to be a good wardrobe of quality clothes, I find I'm two years behind in fashion. The new shorter-point collars, for instance, have made all my shirts obsolete. If I buy several of these new short-points, how long can I expect to wear them before they go out of style?—M. P., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Considering the current state of men's fashions, one season ought to do it. But why worry about it? If you have, as you say, a "good wardrobe of quality clothes," they are not out of style; they are simply not new. Quality never goes out of style. And unless your threads are radically styled, they should be acceptable for several years to come. If you want to change to the newer short-pointed collars, you can't stop at your shirts, anyway. Proportion demands that your lapels be narrower, your ties thinner, your pants looser and your shoes lighter. In other words, you can't buy just one item and expect to be up to date. Women, who have had this problem for years, solve it by buying outfits, and that's what you



should do. Start with a new suit, shirt, tie and shoes and let that be the beginning of a new wardrobe. Add to it as your old clothes wear out, but don't try to mix the two. Then, when styles change, you'll be stuck with only an outfit or two, not an entire wardrobe. Unless you have unlimited funds, stay with the more traditional cuts and quality tailoring. If something looks good on you, go with it. If it looks terrific, stay with it.

I am a 28-year-old single female and I've been living with my lover for the past year. (He moved into my place.) We get along very well, share chores and have many common interests—as well as a good sex life. We split expenses straight down the middle, even though he makes between two and three times what I do. This arrangement has resulted in his having quite a hefty savings account, while I often have to borrow from him to get through the week until payday. He claims that we are equals and thus share equally in expenses. He also says that he doesn't want to feel that he supports me and that he shouldn't be penalized for making more than I do. Obviously, my dissatisfaction hasn't been so much that I've asked him to leave—but when I think about it, I wonder if it shows something about his feelings for me. Am I being petty or is this a major obstacle in a relationship?—Miss A. J., New York, New York.

Welcome to the wonderful world of cohabitation politics. Just when things are going nicely, money rears its ugly head. Or is that tail? You've turned the budget into an emotional equation: You have to give everything to support your half of the relationship, while he gives

only a third of himself. Look at this logically: A living-together relationship is a small business. Roommates—regardless of sex—generally split everything down the middle. If your boyfriend were a she, you wouldn't expect her to pay two thirds of the expenses, right? Also, since he was the one who moved in, we conclude that you were once able to support yourself in the same apartment. You've apparently just discovered that two can live three times as expensively as one. We recommend that you draw up a contract and keep a log of the items you purchase for the apartment. There are some expenses you will want to keep separate (for his weights, the batteries for your vibrator). On major items, such as stereos, you could buy shares. If you separated, you would determine a fair price for the object and one could buy out the other person's share. It obviously matters a great deal to you. You should bring the subject up with your boyfriend. He may take into account your feelings as well as your finances.

I am a 30-year-old male working in a small town at a job for which I am overqualified. If I do not move soon, I may be stuck here forever. I would like a career in either the Philadelphia area or the New York area. I have read half a dozen books on how to get a job, so I know the ropes regarding writing terrific résumés and cover letters, using employment agencies effectively, etc., but how can I go for interviews or even use an employment agency when I presently work for a very high-pressure company in which everyone is expected to be there every day? I have two weeks' vacation, but that is not much time to look for a job, considering that it sometimes takes dozens of interviews before a suitable position is landed. All the how-to books advise *never* to leave a present job until a new one is found; an employed person is a much more valuable commodity in the job market than an unemployed person; but the advice stops there. Not one of those clever books tells me how to look for work, especially in another area, while holding down an eight-to-four, five-day-a-week job. Thousands of people must find themselves in my predicament. Have you any suggestions?—A. S., Easton, Pennsylvania.

First, explain your situation in the cover letter. Tell a prospective employer that you are reluctant to use company time to hunt for a new job and ask if it is possible to arrange for an interview after work, on a weekend or at a point closer to home. Most employers would respect you for your integrity. Second, you will



WHY BEARS DON'T WEAR R.O.F's. WHY YOU SHOULD.



BEARS ARE DESIGNED FOR RUGGED OUTDOOR USE.

You are not.

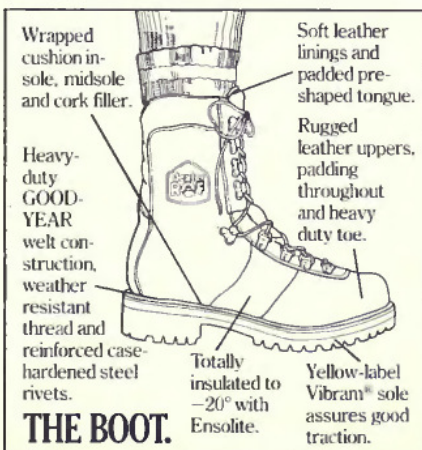
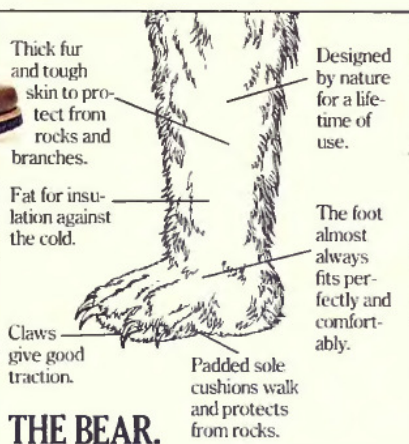
As we've evolved, the human foot is now ideally suited for walking on carpeting. But severe cold, rocks, branches, mud, ice, and miles of tough terrain are the rugged realities of the outdoors.

You need help.

PEOPLE NEED BOOTS THAT BEAR UP.

Dexter has designed and constructed R.O.F boots to adapt you to life outdoors. Each boot has 18 specific features to provide the support, protection, comfort, and warmth you need out there.

It's a boot built to take anything nature can dish out.

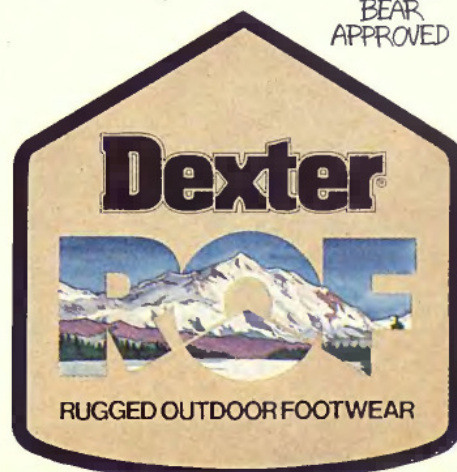


R.O.F's ARE EASY TO TRACK DOWN.

R.O.F boots are in fine shoe, specialty and department stores across the country. When you find them, try them on.

Because you'll find they're also very comfortable.

Dexter R.O.F.
Footwear as rugged as anything nature makes.



have to use your vacation days creatively. You don't say whether or not you have to use both weeks at once. If your company is flexible, it should be easy to arrange long weekends in New York. Schedule interviews in advance—as many as four or five in one day. Also, you might check to see if your employer's holiday schedule is different from that of companies in New York. Some companies are closed Columbus Day, others aren't—you might be able to slip in for an interview then. Finally, you might want to level with your own employer. Many companies prefer to know when someone is dissatisfied. It gives them a chance to respond. Your boss might upgrade your current position. Go for it.

Here is an interesting suggestion for women who would like to treat their lovers to something new. The toy-store item Slime is excellent for use in massaging a man's penis. It's surprisingly cool, very smooth and not too messy. It never fails to provide instant arousal. Enjoy.—K. B., Redding, California.

If you say so. We always thought the texture of Slime should be the end and not the means of sex.

I'm about ready to give up. My new high-rise apartment makes TV watching a real bummer because of the severe ghosting problems. Now my new FM tuner, which cost twice as much as the old one, seems to be able to pick up only two stations without any interference. Are the two problems related? What can I do short of moving to another apartment?—M. C., Chicago, Illinois.

FM signals, just like TV signals, travel in a straight line. Indeed, the FM broadcast band falls between TV channels six and seven. So your two problems are related. Somewhere between the transmitter and your receiver, there is interference. It may be a large building or the steel beams in your own building. FM signals are easily deflected by such structures and the resulting multipath is what is causing the trouble. It may be possible to solve your problems simply by moving your tuner (and your TV) to a different part of the room. Perhaps closer to the windows. If that doesn't work, you may be in need of a special antenna. Indoor FM and combination FM-TV antennas are available. Ask for a highly directional setup, one that picks up signals approaching head on and rejects those coming at an angle or from the back. (We're assuming, of course, that you've exhausted all configurations of the antenna that came with your tuner.) It may take a little fiddling, since an indoor antenna will be affected by metal in your apartment and by any bodies that may be in the room. On the other hand, if you should find yourself in the same room with another highly

receptive body, why not just play a record or a tape and enjoy it?

What's the latest news about herpes? I contracted the disease a few years ago and, consequently, my love life is in ruins. Are there any cures on the horizon? Is it ever safe to go to bed with someone? You are the only one I can turn to for information. No one else writes about this disease.—S. F., Detroit, Michigan.

Probably the best news is the existence of an organization called HELP (Herpetics Engaged in Living Productively). To subscribe to its newsletter, send five dollars to HELP-ASHA, Box 100, Palo Alto, California 94302. The most recent edition reports that a new and successful technique may have been found to combat genital herpes. Drs. Herbert A. Blough and Robert L. Giuntoli of the University of Pennsylvania have found that a drug called 2-deoxy-D-glucose seems to shorten the average duration of an outbreak and also seems to prevent a recurrence. The substance is presently undergoing testing and is not yet licensed for medical use. As for communicability, HELP states: "In general, the absence of active [herpes simplex] lesions means that no viral material is present on mucosal skin surface and the person can't transmit the disease. This general rule is thought to have an important exception. During the time before active sores appear, when there may be tingling or itching (this is called the prodrome), there may be herpes-simplex viruses present and the patient might be infectious. Therefore, it may be possible to transmit the disease from the time immediately preceding the appearance of sores until the sores are gone." HELP suggests that honesty is the best policy: A small percentage of victims (especially women) can have outbreaks without detecting any symptoms. It is best, therefore, to tell your partner that you have had herpes and let him or her decide. A condom will significantly decrease the possibility of transmission. And now for the bad news: According to the Sexually Transmitted Disease Newsletter, more than 90 percent of the U.S. population will have been infected with herpes by the age of 50.

Why, in this Teflon, Orlon and generally magic-fibered world, do I still have to rely on natural gut to string my tennis racket, which "dies" after about six weeks of play? When are they going to invent something else—something that doesn't play like cement?—K. A., San Diego, California.

First, understand that your strings are not dying, they are being killed—by you and the elements. That's not a reproach; it's a fact that you have to live with. Second, the ideal tennis string must be resilient, have superior tensile strength and

Mmmmm Monsieur!





After dinner magic. Sambuca Romana, the spectacular liqueur, imported from Italy and the favorite Sambuca in the entire New World. Serve it with coffee beans *Con Mosca*, as a cordial, in espresso or American coffee. For 57 other ideas, get our new recipe booklet. Write Palmer & Lord, Ltd., Syosset, NY 11791. 84 Proof.

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resist wear and humidity. Gut is tops in the first two categories, which results in great play but a short life. Synthetic strings are naturally much stronger and longer wearing, but they lose their tension rapidly and must be strung extra tightly. The differences between the two types of string are important but not crucial. Gut does not stand up to humidity, so it has a shorter life in wet climates. Synthetic strings do not "grip" the ball like gut, which means you must concentrate on control. And, finally, gut gives you a two-to-three-percent advantage in speed on the ball, a telling increase at Wimbledon but hardly noticed at your local country club. A weekend player, therefore, will find synthetics a better bet. A purist or professional will prefer gut, but he'll pay extra for it. If you must use gut and are concerned about wear, try the thickest gauge available. The play will be slower, but the money won't go as fast.

What causes impotence? For the past few years, I have been unable to achieve an erection—with my wife, with other women, alone or whatever. I can't believe that it's psychological—I want to have sex, but nothing happens. On the other hand, if it's physical, what's wrong with me?—C. B., Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

Dr. Milorad J. Jevtich, a urologist at Washington Hospital Center in Washington, D.C., believes that only 16 percent of impotence cases result from psychological problems. The majority of cases, he believes, are the result of organic causes. Excessive drinking, tranquilizers and depressants have been known to cause impotence. Diabetes is thought to contribute to the condition (though researchers are beginning to question that notion). Dr. Jevtich believes that one of the most significant causes (in 46 percent of the cases) is insufficient blood supply. The arteries simply don't supply enough blood to the penis to produce an erection. Jevtich has developed a simple test for circulation using an ultrasonic device. If the test is positive, a physician can transplant an artery from the stomach area to correct the deficiency. Jevtich reports a 50 percent success rate. Consult a urologist: You'll be up and about in no time.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



HIGH SPEED RECEIVERS: FASTER RESPONSE MEANS MORE ACCURATE SOUND.

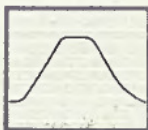
The new Kenwood receivers actually outperform all other receivers, as well as our competitors' separate amplifiers and tuners in transient response.

The reason is Kenwood's exclusive technical breakthrough: Hi-Speed. It allows our receivers to react more quickly to musical changes. So what comes out of your receiver matches precisely what went in.

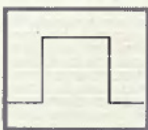
You'll hear the difference as dramatically accurate, open sound with superior imaging and detail. Like hearing an individual singer in a vocal group.

Hi-Speed is available in four models, all DC-amplified for clean bass response. Each one also has switchable wide and narrow IF bands for low-distortion FM reception, plus dual power meters.

And each Hi-Speed receiver has unique individual features that make a real difference in the tonal quality of music. Like dual power supplies that eliminate crosstalk distortion. Or a pulse count detector that digitally reduces FM distortion by half



Distorted waveform response produced by conventional receiver.



Square waveform response of Hi-Speed receiver.

while significantly reducing background noise. Or a built-in equalizer with ten turnover frequencies for full acoustic control.

Whichever model you choose, you'll be getting the most advanced receiver technology and performance available today. Advances far beyond the competition.

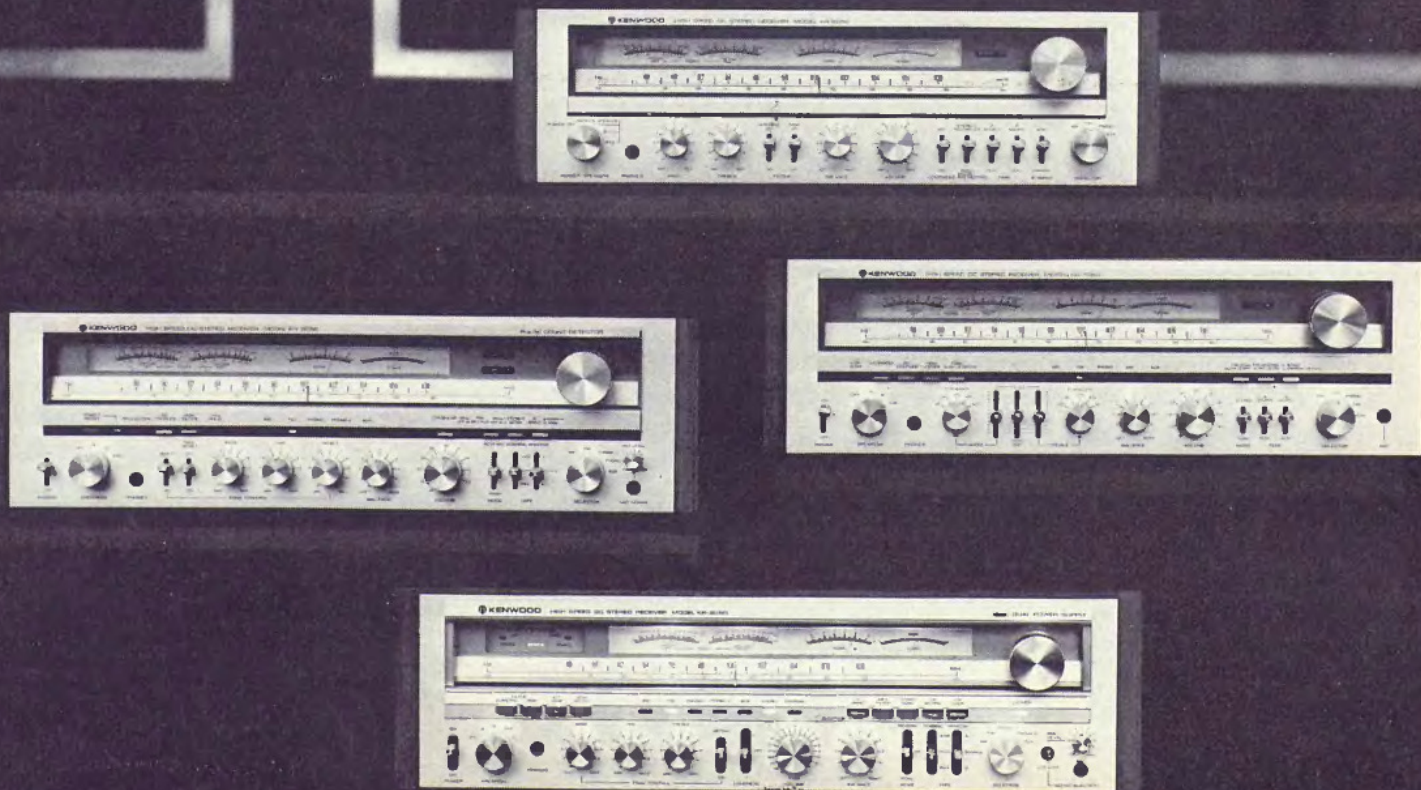
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Overwork Poor diet Both ends of the vitamin candle

When your body responds to the stress of overwork it increases the rate at which it uses up many kinds of nutrients, including vitamins. From a balanced daily diet your body can store up most nutrients for such emergency use. However, there are certain vitamins the body can't stockpile, no matter how much you take in.

Water-soluble vs. fat-soluble vitamins. Your body absorbs two kinds of vitamins from the food you eat, fat-soluble and water-soluble. The fat-soluble vitamins are accumulated in substantial reserves in body tissues. But this is not true of the water-soluble vitamins, B-complex and C, and daily replacement through proper diet is considered necessary even when you're well. When your vitamin needs are increased by the stress of overwork, immediate supplementation of the water-soluble vitamins, B-complex and C, may be indicated.

Why many doctors recommend STRESSTABS® 600 High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins. When the diet is inadequate, STRESSTABS 600 can help you avoid a vitamin deficiency by replacing the B and C vitamins lost during stress conditions such as overwork and poor diet. STRESSTABS 600 can satisfy above-normal needs for these vitamins by providing above-normal amounts: 600 mg. of vitamin C plus a high potency formula of the B-complex vitamins. STRESSTABS 600 also contains vitamin E. Also available: STRESSTABS 600 with Iron.

Talk to the experts about STRESSTABS 600. Ask your doctor or pharmacist about this different brand of vitamin. Available at your drug store, in bottles of 30 or 60 tablets.

STRESSTABS 600 can't help you avoid overwork, but it can help you maintain the good nutritional balance you need to keep going.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

OUR FEMALE FRIENDS

I've been a feminist most of my life. My awareness was first stirred by my (needless to say, female) kindergarten teacher, who dragged me away from an exhilarating game of war with the boys and forced me to play with dolls with the girls. Since then, I have been able to smell sexism a mile away.

During my freshman year at college, I subscribed to *PLAYBOY*. Initially, your superb fiction was what attracted me, but now I read the magazine from cover to cover and I have yet to discover any sexism under pretext of fact. *PLAYBOY* presents issues that are as pertinent to women as they are to men, and it asks for and receives feedback from its female readers.

After being slapped into reality by the painfully flagrant sexism in women's magazines through their photography and editorial slant, my current opinion is that I am discriminated against more by women than by men. Indeed, I see *PLAYBOY* as possibly the greatest friend of the women's movement.

But please rest assured: I'm not yet ready to request that you change your cover line to read "Entertainment for Persons."

Darlene Brunner
Indiana State University
Terre Haute, Indiana

Thank you. We like to think that PLAYBOY was one of the strongest supporters of women's rights long before that issue became a movement, and over the years we've shaken our head in wonder, even in protest in print, at the treatment that women receive in most women's magazines. Occasionally, we still catch flak from radical feminists who tend to confuse nudity with exploitation and to confuse PLAYBOY with other men's magazines, but we've tried to bear that burden with tolerance and understanding (we have the strength of ten, because our heart is pure). Seriously, we were the first major national publication to oppose the sexual double standard that has for so long prevailed in this and most other countries and to advocate legal and social equality for women. Not very long ago, that was considered radical.

TRY, TRY AGAIN

As the mother of several sons who read *PLAYBOY* and have had their share of "young love" problems, I know how painful it can be for a guy to ask a girl

out and be turned down, stood up or ditched. My advice to young men is to not take it too seriously. When I was a girl, I was quite an expert at turning dates down. Why? I don't know; perhaps it was shyness on my part. I usually regretted having said no. When I was in college, my girlfriend's brother asked me out several times, but I turned him down because I was hoping his friend would

*"They often fantasize
about the ones
that got away."*

ask me out instead. Looking back, that, too, was a mistake.

I find that my feelings are not unique. Many middle-aged women friends have told me they often fantasize about the ones that got away. So the next time a girl rejects your offer, it may help to know that 25 years from now, you may play the leading role in her fantasies.

(Name withheld by request)
Springfield, Missouri

NATURE NOTES

Last spring, my girlfriend and I were canoeing on the beautiful St. Croix River between Minnesota and Wisconsin. As it was early in the summer, we

were the only nature lovers to be found. At lunchtime, we pulled over to one of the nearby islands to eat. Afterward, we lay down under the bright sun and soon found ourselves making love in the tall grass. After leaving the island, I was paddling while my girlfriend was washing out the plastic contraceptive-foam injector, which she accidentally dropped into the water. It sank to the bottom, along with all of our plans for the evening. Looking back, it seems a bit humorous, but it is our sincere hope that contraceptive manufacturers will begin using a type of plastic that floats.

(Name withheld by request)
Houghton, Michigan

B.S. VS. C.S.

I recently attended a convention in the U. S. at which management problems were discussed. One of the speakers said that nobody understands that there are also female managers and that we always should write, when talking about a manager, "he (she)."

I am quite fed up with this ridiculous degree of perfection (his suggestion applies to a great number of other professions as well: doctors, lawyers and many more). So I sent him the following suggestion:

Women's lib may well decide that the word bullshit is sexist and a violation of equal-rights laws. So instead of this discriminatory word, let's always say, "bull-and cowshit."

Kurt Krüger
Darmstadt, West Germany

POLICE PREROGATIVES

On a recent photographic expedition, I took a picture of a uniformed policeman driving his patrol car through the red-light district of San Diego. I was detained, questioned, searched and locked in the police car. The officer opened my camera and unraveled all the film, claiming to be looking for a serial number to determine if the camera had been stolen. But the serial number was clearly stamped into the top of the camera. Is it illegal to photograph a policeman without permission? Can he open a camera and destroy the film? Shouldn't a policeman know where a serial number is located?

Dave Weir
Solana Beach, California

You were perfectly within your rights and the officer flagrantly violated them,



but there's an old police saying that always applies in such situations: "OK, smartass, so what are you going to do about it?"

NO MORE BLOWOUTS

I wish to thank PLAYBOY for publishing my letter in the July *Playboy Forum* proposing that condom manufacturers should have mileage guarantees for their products. I was surprised and pleased to read in the very next issue a *Forum Newsfront* item reporting that the Food and Drug Administration had seized large quantities of defective condoms stored in warehouses in different parts of the U.S. That is quick work! (Obviously, one of the FDA inspectors had the same problems with his rubbers that I did.) If the FDA needs any volunteers to inspect and test condoms, I hereby submit my application.

John Bentler
Seattle, Washington

ACRONYMICS

Thanks for setting those turkeys at Stanford (Junior) University straight on the nonnarcotic nature of marijuana (*The Playboy Forum*, July). We suggest that the Stanford Organization for Narcotic Overgrowth (STONO) rename itself the Association of Stanford Students for Holistic Overgrowth and Legislation of Everything Patently Unharmful to Non-Consumers of the Substance (ASS-HOLE PUNCES).

Berkeley Chapter of STUDS
(Students for Understanding of
Drug-Related Stupidities)

Berkeley, California

STONO proposed the mass planting of marijuana seeds so the weed would take over the world and make pot laws unenforceable, or something like that. Since we support all grandiose schemes, no matter how unrealistic, we only pointed out that marijuana technically is not a narcotic drug—which louses up their acronym. We don't know what to make of STUDS.

OUTLAWING SIN

I recently read a news item about a movement in France to once again legalize prostitution. I say hooray for France! And hooray for any government that recognizes the futility of trying to regulate the morals of its people through law.

According to the article, prostitution in France was made illegal in 1946, and at that time, there were 6200 registered prostitutes. Today, there are at least ten times that number and venereal disease has become a major problem there.

It should be left up to all people to establish their own moral code, as long as they don't deprive anyone else of their rights. Prostitution, gambling and drug use all fall under the legal category of

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

PSYCHOLOGICAL RAPISTS

NEW YORK CITY—Five construction workers who claim they were labeled "psychological rapists" by the New York Daily News are suing that paper for \$500,000. The News used their photo in connection with a 1977 story titled "When Rape Is Psychological." The feature condemned the conduct of some hard-hats toward women passers-by. The plaintiffs say they were depicted as



lounging around their worksite, ogling women and engaging in "pernicious, socially abhorrent" activities that are harmful to women, and that the story implied they engaged in "stares, leers, crude remarks with which men terrorize women without laying a finger on them." The plaintiffs claim that they are now victims of their co-workers' sense of humor, especially at their union hall, where they are greeted with such remarks as, "Hey, it's the psychological rapist!"

INSTANT JUSTICE

CHICAGO—A woman bus driver narrowly escaped being raped after a lone armed passenger pulled a gun and forced her to the back of the vehicle. When she stopped resisting, the man jammed the gun back into his pocket and it went off, wounding him in the stomach. He was charged with battery and aggravated assault.

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE

CHICAGO—A 25-year-old alleged dope dealer managed to get himself arrested by trying to sell marijuana to a couple of uniformed cops in a marked squad

car. The cops found the offer hard to believe until the goods were delivered. The seller was quoted as saying, "I know cops are like everyone else. They like to turn on." The police officers he approached called their supervisor, made the arrangements and then busted the scoundrel.

POSTAL PRIVILEGES

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U.S. Bureau of Prisons has severely limited free mailing privileges for federal-prison inmates. As of last July, prisoners have received only five first-class postage stamps a month, which the bureau claims will save taxpayers some \$800,000 a year.

PORN LAW VOIDED

NASHVILLE—Tennessee's fanatically strict anti-obscenity statute—outlawing everything from topless waitresses to written articles about sex—has been overturned by the state supreme court. In a unanimous opinion, the justices said, "We declare the entire act void" for violating both state and Federal guarantees of free speech and free press. The 1978 law was challenged in court before it went into effect and was never enforced pending appeals.

DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR

PORTLAND, MAINE—The Maine Supreme Court has upheld the right to use deadly force to repel a sexual attack. Voting 6 to 0, the court sustained the appeal of a 23-year-old male hitchhiker who was sentenced to 40 years in prison for shooting a man who allegedly tried to force him to commit a homosexual act. The decision grants the defendant a new trial and affirms a state law that allows a person to use any means necessary to resist a forcible sexual assault.

POWER OF POETRY

TRENTON—The New Jersey Supreme Court has ruled 7 to 0 that verbal promises made by two people living together can constitute a legal and binding contract. The court held, "We do no more than recognize that society's mores have changed and that an agreement between adult parties living together is enforceable to the extent that it is not based on a relationship proscribed by law, or on a promise to marry." The case involved a 59-year-old man and the "palimony" support of a 65-year-old woman with whom he'd

spent 15 years after allegedly persuading her to "Come live with me and we'll build our nest together." The defendant's attorney commented, "All the poetry of love will now be capable of being a legally binding contract."

ROGER DAVIS FREED

ROANOKE, VIRGINIA—The U. S. Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals has overturned the widely publicized marijuana conviction of Roger T. Davis, declaring his punishment unconstitutionally cruel and unusual. In 1974, Davis was sentenced to 40 years for possession and sale of about nine ounces of pot and fined \$20,000. Supporters of Davis have long contended that his conviction and especially his punishment were due largely to local drug hysteria at the time and to his being a black married to a white woman in a small Virginia community.

FAILED AGAIN

SACRAMENTO—Three girls and a boy, ages 12 and 13, have been convicted of trying to poison a teacher who had given them failing grades. The students allegedly put mercury from a thermometer into the teacher's Thermos bottle of coffee. Although he and another instructor drank some of the coffee, neither was harmed.

TOPLESS CRIME

NEW YORK CITY—Police have been warning store owners to watch out for a band of itinerants, presumed to be gypsies, who use sexual distractions to pull off thievery. The group supposedly infiltrates a store and one woman member then proceeds to expose herself to



get the employees and any other customers in an uproar. Meanwhile, colleagues grab loot and slip out. The bare-breast ploy is reported to work best when used in stores with male clerks.

ABORTION RESTRICTION VOIDED

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Further broadening the legal right to abortion, the U. S. Supreme Court has overturned a Massachusetts law requiring an unmarried minor to get permission from both of her parents or a judge before terminating a pregnancy. However, a separate opinion by four of the concurring Justices leaves open the possibility that states might require a minor to persuade a judge of her maturity or necessity in obtaining an abortion without advising her parents. The case, supported by the Playboy Foundation, was preceded by one in which the Supreme Court voided a similar Missouri law. A year ago, a Federal appeals court voided a similar law in Illinois. The National Abortion Rights Action League called the current decision only a temporary victory and noted that all three laws were primarily designed to limit access to abortion.

CLIMBING COHABITATION

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U. S. Census Bureau reports that the number of unmarried couples living together has now reached 1,137,000. The bureau says that is more than twice the number counted in 1970, with the sharpest rise occurring among men and women under 25.

FRIEND OR FOE?

SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA—The Marin County district attorney has decided he has insufficient evidence to prosecute two groups of off-duty peace officers—including cops from two cities, a military policeman and two Federal agents—who engaged in a gun battle outside a tavern. "Each claims to have fired in self-defense, one side believing they were dealing with 'car clouters' and the other side believing they were being attacked in the parking lot by three unidentified males," the D.A. said. One of the combatants was nicked in the leg.

FBI SUED

DETROIT—The American Civil Liberties Union has filed a \$2,000,000 damage suit charging that the FBI was responsible for the 1965 slaying of civil rights worker Viola Liuzzo and tried to cover up its involvement. The suit, filed on behalf of the Liuzzo family, charges that the killing resulted from illegal but authorized activities of an FBI informant who was hired to infiltrate the Ku Klux Klan and has since been charged with the murder.

MOTORIST MEETS HIS MATCH

WICHITA, KANSAS—An angry motorist who went after a jogger with a baseball bat ended up in the hospital with two

bullet wounds. According to police, the driver of a car decided that a jogger had nearly caused him to have an accident and after a heated exchange, the two ended up at the jogger's house to resolve the dispute. There the bat wielder found himself outgunned. The wounds proved not to be serious and the shooting was declared an act of self-defense.

HITLER THE SPEED FREAK

MINNEAPOLIS—Adolf Hitler's erratic behavior during much of World War Two may have been due to his excessive use of amphetamines, a University of



Minnesota psychiatrist believes. Dr. Leonard Heston, who has studied the Nazi dictator since 1972, says his research here and in Germany indicates that Hitler was frequently strung out on speed, taken in pill form and sometimes administered intravenously by his personal physician.

HEARTS OF GOLD

STRASBOURG, FRANCE—A group of prostitutes in the city of Strasbourg has launched a nationwide fund-raising campaign to help Vietnamese refugees. The women are asking their estimated 60,000 colleagues throughout France to contribute 50 to 100 francs—\$11.50 to \$23—to a fund that will be turned over to the French Red Cross. A member of the Strasbourg group explained, "We are doing this because we want to participate in a world mutual-aid movement."

BAD FOR THE BOWELS

HERMISTON, OREGON—The Umatilla County sheriff's office is investigating the case of a 46-year-old Hermiston resident reportedly attacked by three men who forced a potato up his rectum. The authorities were notified by hospital personnel after the victim went in to have the potato removed.

so-called victimless crimes. If laws restricting these acts were lifted, then people who engaged in such vices would not be fostering crime for profit and would be hurting nobody, except possibly themselves.

(Name withheld by request)
Detroit, Michigan

HEAD IN THE WRONG PLACE

Re the continuing discussion of the "road hazard" of getting head while driving. I think it sucks (pun intended). Even after four years of marriage, I find that I still get entirely too excited to concentrate on anything but what my wife is doing. If we're all that horny, we can pull over or go to a motel. A car should be a means of transportation; misused, it is a lethal weapon. Fun is fun, but you're being pretty damned irresponsible not to point out the fact that about 50,000 people are killed every year in automobile accidents. Most likely, all of them were not getting head when it happened, but why take the fucking chance? I usually agree with your publication, but on this issue, I feel that you really blew it.

John M. Ruffner
Whiting, Indiana

Sir, only our strong sense of public duty persuaded us to publish those earlier letters as a service to motorists—to alert them that such highway perils exist! Seriously, we don't condone any form of unsafe driving and have let other "Forum" correspondents make that point themselves. As in the following letter.

PLAYBOY expressed skepticism at Eric Wagner's secondhand story about the car-accident victim who lost his penis because his woman passenger was engaging in fellatio at the time of the wreck (*The Playboy Forum*, June). Wagner's story could be true. In 1954, I read a file in the Elkhart, Indiana, claim office of an insurance company detailing just such an accident.

Those folks were both nude when they rear-ended a semi. The striking vehicle went under the trailer with such force that it removed the top and killed the occupants instantly. This was no hoax, as the police reports were in the file.

David M. Arnt
Sarasota, Florida

We didn't say it couldn't have happened or never happened, only that it was a classic story about 40 years old. Maybe it dates back only to 1954.

MEDICINAL MARIJUANA

In November 1977, I was diagnosed as having multiple sclerosis. Since then, I have smoked marijuana to relax and alleviate the anxiety that accompanies this disease. Conversations with other M.S. victims tell me the practice is widespread. None of us is under the delusion

that pot holds any kind of cure, but the relief it offers beats any conventional medication I know of.

Since pot has already become an accepted aid in the treatment of glaucoma and cancer, we would like to see more research done on the possible benefits to M.S. victims. It is my fondest wish to be able to go into a drugstore, legally buy an ounce every few weeks and, as a special bonus, let the insurance company foot the bill.

William F. Dahl
Anchorage, Alaska

A recent study conducted at the Hershey Medical Center in Pennsylvania found that marijuana reduced spasticity in seven out of nine M.S. cases, and the Food and Drug Administration apparently is now willing to authorize the use of marijuana for the treatment of M.S. victims whose physicians make a formal application. Information on applying can be obtained by writing to the Medical Reclassification Project, NORML, 2317 M Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037.

DISPUTING THE DRAFT

When the draft was abolished in 1973, I was thankful that American children would no longer have to grow up with the threat of conscription hanging over them. Now, however, the drums are beating for a revival of the draft, starting with registration.

There are dozens of new draft schemes being proposed in Congress. They seem to fall into two basic categories: the conservative version, in which we simply draft young men for military service as we've been doing since the Civil War; and the sugar-coated liberal version, in which we draft both men and women for what is called national service, which means doing dirty jobs in your community for next to no money in lieu of military service.

This national-service notion is the more appalling to me because it is based on the collectivist principle that each of us owes the state not just taxes—which is bad enough—but also a piece of our lives. What we will have, if this scheme goes through, is a form of serfdom, without even a military emergency to justify it.

We are repeatedly told that the voluntary system is not producing enough recruits. The question is, enough for what? We have over 2,000,000 men and women under arms. That is enough to protect U.S. territory against any aggressor, but it is not enough to permit the Government to simultaneously seize the oil fields in Iran, garrison Antarctica and help the Communist Chinese invade Mongolia. In short, not enough for the global adventures of which our leaders in the State Department and the Pentagon are overly fond. That suits me fine.

The volunteer Armed Forces are also criticized because a high proportion of

their members are poor, black or uneducated. It is not fair, supposedly, to impose the burden of defending the country on those groups. That neglects the fact that members of those groups are not forced to enlist; they join up because the Armed Forces offer them jobs at salaries comparable to or better than those available in private industry. That is not discrimination, it is advancement. What's more, the military could lower its pay scale under a draft and the disadvantaged would lose their leverage.

The fact is, if the U.S. wants a bigger Army or a higher class of soldier, it has only to raise salaries and start keeping its recruitment promises.

(Name withheld by request)
New Orleans, Louisiana

Here's to the anonymous draft opponent from Chicago (*The Playboy Forum*, July). Go and get your history book, turn to the Constitution. Good. Now read in the Preamble about providing for the common defense. Is that confusing? OK, on to Article I, Section 8, which explains that Congress shall have the power to raise and support armies.

I'm sure this individual falls in the age bracket that's being considered (if the draft is revived) and I can understand his self-pity and can also sympathize with his viewpoint of females' being exempt. To preclude this discrimination, get out there and work like hell for E.R.A.

Mr. Anonymous, you sound like a spineless asshole who is all for citizenship and its benefits until it comes to putting your ass on the line to preserve those rights, privileges and personal freedoms.

Paul E. Clark
APO New York, New York

To all the gung-ho assholes who want to revive the draft, I have this to say: If this country were engaged in a legitimate battle to save it from foreign invasion forces, there wouldn't have to be a draft to get people to fight. Only when the cause is doubtful does it become necessary to use totalitarian methods to convince people that they must take up arms.

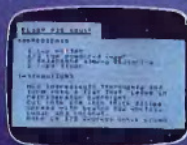
(Name withheld by request)
Charlotte, North Carolina

I am impressed with the logic of your anonymous reader in the July *Playboy Forum* who thinks that the only people supporting the draft are those who will never have to serve. I would remind this nameless person that many of us who share concern for this country have served in combat in past wars, have remained in the reserve components and, by our service, have provided the youth of this country the benefits of living in America. His statement made in many countries abroad would see him imprisoned or even executed. His threat that

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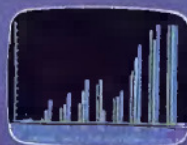
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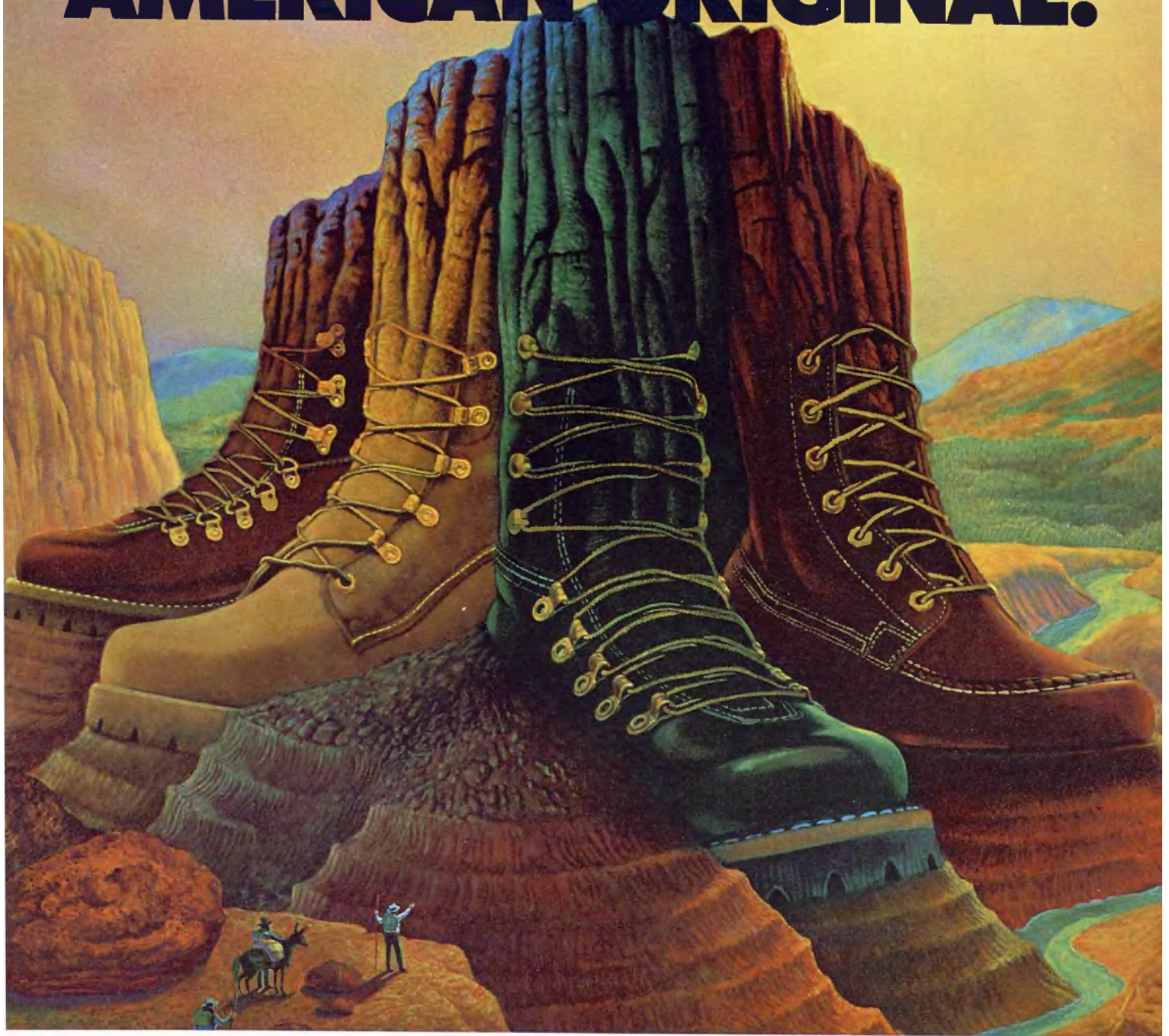
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responsible youth will not serve will come as good news to those abroad who would destroy us.

H. E. Cook
Seattle, Washington

Many months ago, we received (but never published, for reasons of space) a rather long-winded letter from the distraught father of a teenaged high school boy. He expressed the hope that the draft would be reinstated so that his offspring would learn the meaning of fear and choose school instead. As he explained his own situation, only the

threat of getting shot in Korea had provoked him to go to college and to acquire a deferment. We don't favor any military draft, at least in so-called peacetime. But we've always tried to promote education, which would seem to put us in the somewhat awkward position of condoning war as an incentive to higher education. We're reminded of the Wisconsin legislator who, before the draft ended, strongly opposed free contraceptives for the poor because they would reduce the Army's manpower pool.

EARLY INTERVENTION

Although I'm glad he was able to stop smoking marijuana on his own, I feel that Jim Wiley (*The Playboy Forum*, June) completely misunderstood the realities of intervention in the area of drug abuse, assuming it to be legal action.

Medical intervention helps the drug abuser see what he is doing to himself and others in a concerned manner and helps him deal realistically with his problems. It's hoped that he will turn himself into a medical facility voluntarily before he causes injury to himself or

A POLICEMAN'S LOT



Eloquent legal decisions rarely come out of municipal courts, but an interesting exception occurred in Jackson, Mississippi, last year in the case of a night-club patron charged with failure to obey a police officer and resisting arrest, among other things. It seems the patron first endeared himself to the arriving officers by loudly proclaiming, "Here comes the fucking police!" They ordered him to leave the premises and later arrested him when he did not comply. In court, the issues became those of lawful arrest and of whether or not his language amounted to "fighting words" that under state law would constitute a criminal act. Judge Howard C. Ross, Jr., held (in part) as follows:

In some instances, it could be a matter of speculation or inference by the court as to whether the language attributed to the defendant is such that a disturbance of the public peace would occur. In the case at bar, no difficulty is experienced, since nothing happened. The statement was made, apparent due note taken thereof by all the people in the night club and nothing approaching a civil commotion or disturbance of the peace transpired. The only portion of the remark, being the adjective (which the court believes to be a participle) describing the police, which was offensive lacks a good bit of being a "fighting word." It undoubtedly was received by its auditors as an appropriate, although this court believes an inaccurate, description of a member of the Jackson Police Department. Assuming the defendant uttered the remark, its net effect was to advise all within hearing distance that the defendant had reached that state of maturity at which he can publicize his unmitigated and unredeemed ignorance and repudiation of our mother tongue. If the defendant's ability to express disrespect, scorn, ridicule or the like toward law enforcement finds its quintessence in the quoted remark, his educational progress must be somewhat akin to the dog scavenging its daily carrion from the city garbage dump, who, when approached by one of his fellow mongrels, growls but does not speak, for he cannot. Woe to that generation who masticates its own bile and vomits such filth

as the epitome of its thought processes. If it is unthinkable that the defendant's imagination could conjure up such a thought, that he gave voice to such a declarative English sentence is unbelievable. Whether the defendant is guilty of using profanity in public is not before the court, nor is his obvious lack of breeding, intelligence and vocabulary. It is said patriotism is the last refuge of the scoundrel. To this may be added the last refuge of unregenerate man must surely be the retreat into the abyss of obscenity. . . . Public utterances such as the one here under consideration are proof enough the evolution of man is not complete; for God help us all if it is. But the law gives man the right to search for truth and light and immortality on the one hand and the right to debase his very soul on the other; and these with equal zeal. . . . The Constitution, as politics, makes strange bedfellows. One day the lady who has worn the blindfold for so long, to satisfy her curiosity is going to remove it and be horrified with the contents of her scales. . . . What is before the court is whether the language of the statement constitutes "fighting words." As a matter of law, they do not.

In discharging the defendant, Judge Ross also delivered himself of some kind and equally poetic words for the police:

Despite effluvium from the mouths of degenerates and malevolent future draft choices of the far reaches of hell itself, the badge of the cop on the beat is a

shield of honor, integrity, honesty and courage. To those who say he's not much, society responds, he's all we have. Discredit him and you deny yourself protection from the criminal. Deny him and you deny your form of government. Defrock him and you have anarchy. To those who call him "pig," he asks, how many murderers have you apprehended, how many rapists; how many highwaymen no longer pillage as a result of your efforts; how many vacant buildings have you entered at two o'clock in the morning, searching for a burglar; how many drunk drivers have you chased at 100 miles per hour? Why an otherwise reasonably decent segment of our citizenry seems to see red when a policeman appears is an anomaly of our times. But the policeman, as the child, must only speak when spoken to, come when he is called, perform when his master raps the lectern with his baton, remaining at all other times, like Jim Crow, at the back of the bus. What is bad about police? Their most grievous sin appears, to this court, at least, to be that they protect our lives and property; they catch crooks; they keep rowdies under control; they patrol our streets, and this at hours and in weather conditions that keep the rest of us indoors; and all of this at a pay scale that makes one speculate why there are any honest cops left. Yet they are scorned, abused, ridiculed and denigrated to a degree that should be reserved for the criminal element. This is truly one of the wonders of the modern world. Their job, dangerous as it is, must be accomplished in somewhat the contradictory manner of brandishing a Smith & Wesson in one hand, an olive branch in the other, one eye on the miscreant and the other on the Constitution. No easy task, methinks.

Gilbert and Sullivan perhaps said it best in *The Pirates of Penzance*:

Our feelings we with
difficulty smother
When constabulary duty's
to be done—
Ah, take one consideration
with another,
A policeman's lot is not
a happy one.

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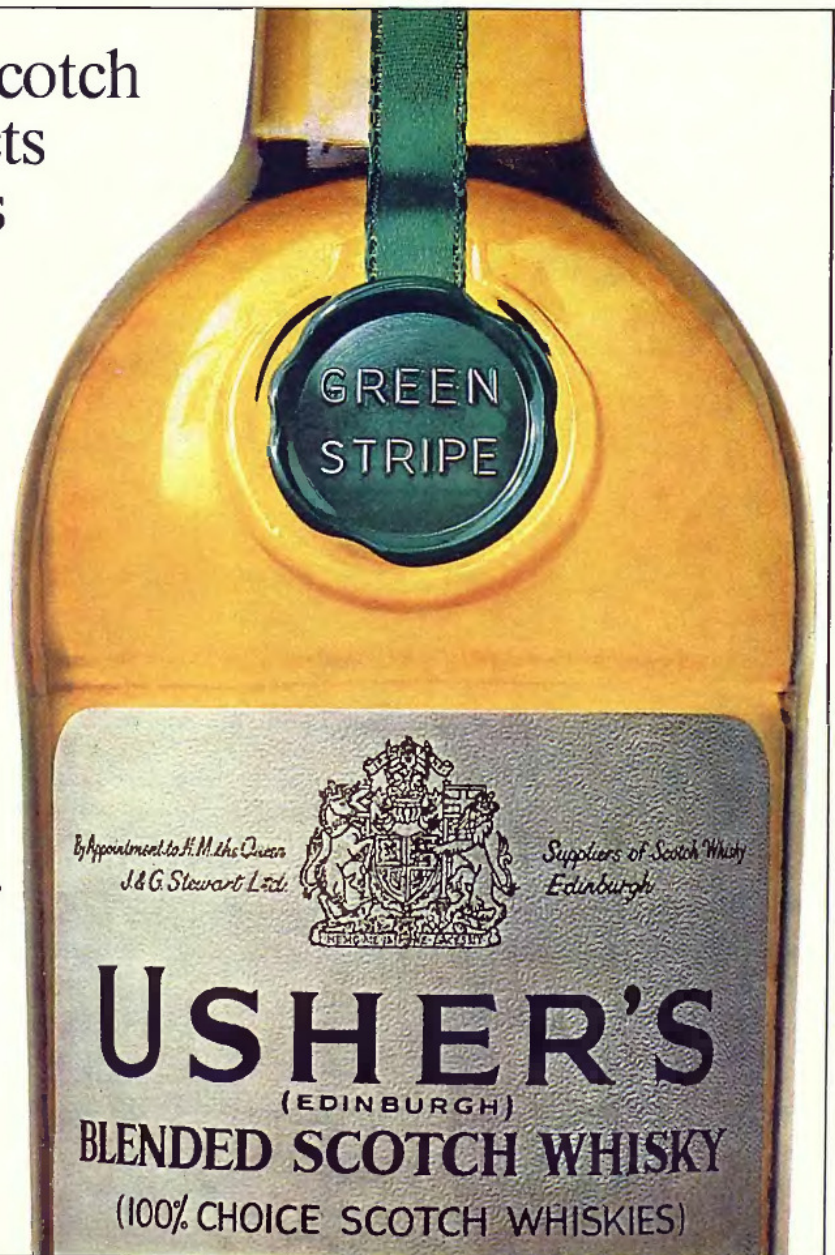
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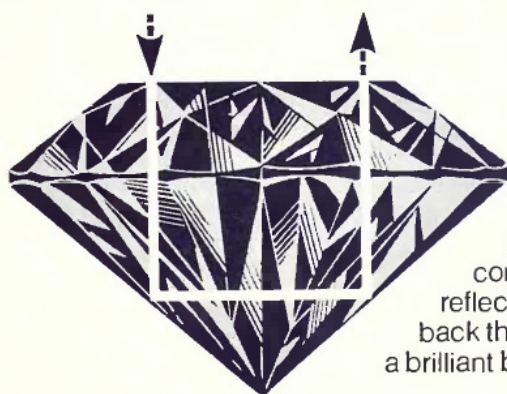


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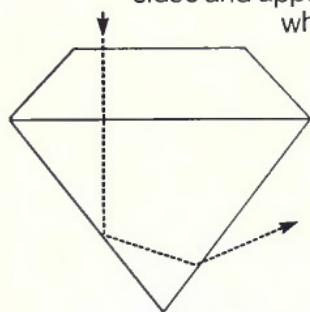
That's why you should never compromise on the beauty and value of the diamond you buy, regardless of its size. You should look for a diamond that's been painstakingly cut and polished to bring out all of its natural brilliance and beauty, one that meets the exacting standards that have been established as ideal. These are called ideal cut diamonds.

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others. Without help, many choose to continue taking drugs because their health is already badly destroyed; others, because of peer pressure. Countless others refuse to quit because the substance has become the only positive reinforcement in their lives. Early intervention is the key to the prevention of drug abuse.

At one time, I would have been among the ranks of those favoring legalization of marijuana; but working in a hospital among drug abusers has turned me against such legislation. Hospitals are filled with drug abusers and seeing them there, wasting their lives, is pathetic.

Without proper education, intervention and the thorough study of the full potential of marijuana abuse, I feel that legalization would be hazardous to the individual in society and to the well-being of the country as a whole. Drug abuse is an illness with a threshold potential for everyone.

J. Taylor
Nashville, Tennessee

WOMEN'S RIGHT TO SELF-DEFENSE

I firmly support Susan B. Jordan's position (*The Playboy Forum*, June), but we must change both the legal and the social systems in this country if women are ever to be truly free. Women must be taught the same violent skills we teach men in order for them to take full advantage of their right to self-defense.

James Larsen
Fort Sam Houston, Texas

Too often still, a woman's testimony in a rape case is not believed because of the diehard myths concerning female "hysteria," the woman as "temptress," etc. It is time for a woman's case against an attacker to be judged as strongly as any other case in the courtroom. She should simply be able to tell her story and let the jury decide if it's true—based not on myths but on facts.

It is not likely that every woman will injure or kill a rapist in order to save her life, but if it is necessary, she should be given the same protection that her attacker would receive under the law.

Sandra L. Howard
Pensacola, Florida

As an attorney, I was extremely disturbed by the erroneous impressions created by Jordan's column "Women's Right to Self-Defense." Jordan, an attorney herself, has allowed her personal prejudices to color her perception of the law and its place in our society.

The case described in Jordan's article involves the alleged rape of Inez Garcia and her violent response to that crime. The events of the case are as follows: Garcia asserted that three men, two teenagers and an older man, went to her home late one afternoon. She stated that the three men had been drinking, that the older man took her outside and raped

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her while the two teenagers remained inside, drinking and laughing. Jordan would have us believe that at that point, Garcia seized a weapon to defend herself. In fact, she waited several hours, well into the night, before arming herself with a rifle and searching for the three men who had been at her house earlier. Upon encountering one of them, she calmly pointed the rifle, fired and killed him. As it happened, the man she shot, Miguel Jimenez, was not the man who allegedly raped her but one of the teenagers at the scene.

Garcia was found guilty of murder at her first trial, but that verdict was vacated due to a procedural error. At the second trial, amid much publicity and feminist support, Garcia was, indeed, acquitted and, says Jordan, "her actions vindicated." Others have suggested, however, that the second verdict may not have been so much an approval of Garcia's actions as an unwillingness on the part of the jury to convict her of a capital offense under the circumstances of the case.

Assuming Garcia's charges were true—that she was raped while Miguel Jimenez stood nearby, drinking and laughing—does Jordan really believe that that gave Garcia the right to search out and kill him, free from any legal sanctions? Is that really her idea of how women should cope with accused rapists and, for that matter, accessories to rape? It presents a frightening scenario, to say the least.

In view of the tenor of Jordan's article, it is quite obvious that the author was Susan Jordan the woman, not Susan Jordan the attorney.

Kenneth Starr
Savannah, Georgia

Susan Jordan responds:

As an attorney, Mr. Starr should know to get his facts about cases from court records, not newspapers, which probably accounts for his errors in recounting the crime. I'll address only the important ones: From testimony at both trials, the accomplice in question was at the scene and assisted the rapist. Garcia loaded her rifle within minutes after returning to her apartment and receiving a phone call from that same man saying next time he would "do worse." The rapist himself lived in the same building and had a key to her apartment. She left the apartment and the shooting occurred not several hours later but within 20 to 45 minutes, when she encountered the man who had just threatened her by phone. The error that reversed Garcia's conviction was not the minor legal technicality Starr implies but a finding of miscarriage of justice; at her second trial, she was acquitted of a second-degree murder charge, which is not a capital offense.

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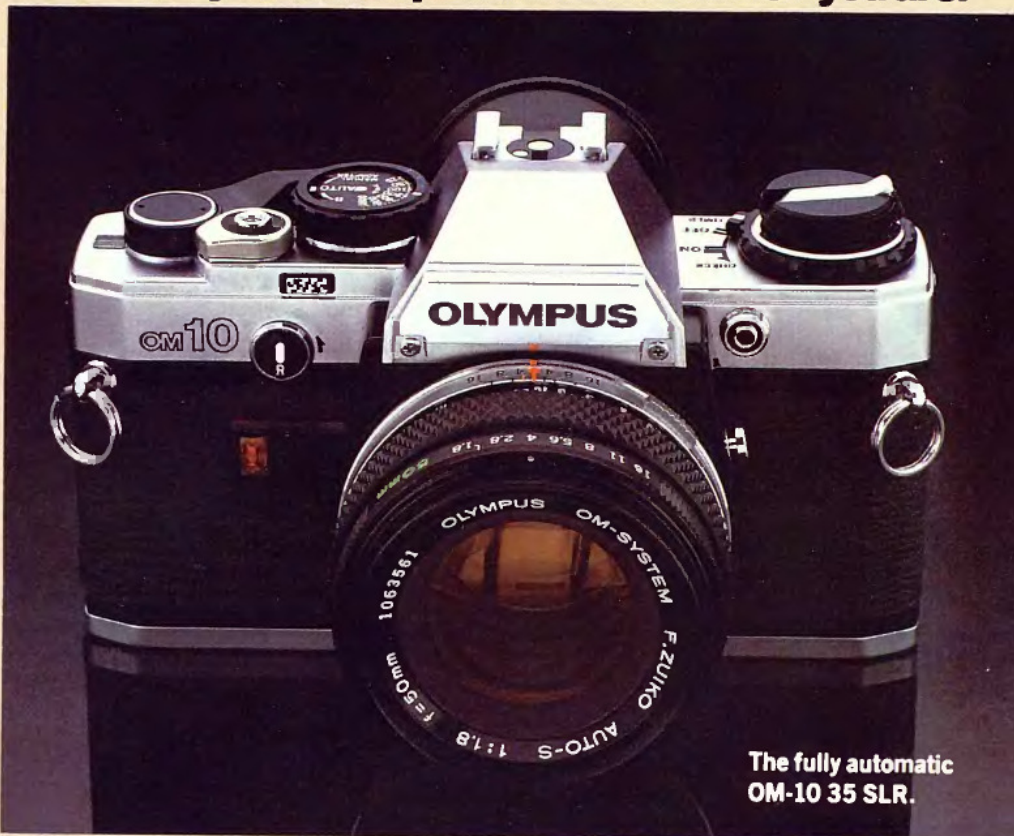
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and financial assistance we have received in our effort to resist an unprecedented Government assault on freedom of the press. For the first time in our nation's history, the Government has obtained an injunction on "national security" grounds to block publication of a magazine article. Since March ninth, *The Progressive* has been under court order to refrain from "publishing or otherwise communicating or disclosing in any manner" an article that would strip away the mask of secrecy that has shielded the U. S. nuclear-weapons program from public scrutiny for several decades.

Howard Morland, the free-lance author of *The Progressive's* suppressed article, compiled all of his information from public sources available to any journalist. He found that the "secrets" the Government is supposedly guarding are, in fact, known to thousands around the world and have, by the Government's own admission, been available for years on public-library shelves. Yet when Americans seek information about the enormous dangers posed by nuclear materials—their production, transportation, storage and potential deployment in war—the Government invokes secrecy and effectively throttles public debate.

We have not only been barred from publishing this article but even our affidavits, exhibits and briefs in support of publication have been censored by the Government; and in June, a Federal judge in Milwaukee issued a secret opinion in the case.

We are determined to resist such assaults on the rights of all Americans, and deeply appreciate the help we have received from PLAYBOY and others in pursuing our appeal. We are confident that we will eventually succeed in reversing the tragic precedent that has been set. In the meantime, however, *The Progressive* faces enormous costs—perhaps as much as \$400,000 if it should prove necessary to carry this case all the way to the U. S. Supreme Court.

In the event that your readers may want to join in supporting this tremendously important First Amendment fight, tax-deductible contributions may be sent to The Clarence Darrow Foundation, c/o *The Progressive*, 408 West Gorham Street, Madison, Wisconsin 53703.

Ron Carbon, Publisher
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MASTERS AND JOHNSON

a candid conversation about the newest findings in sex research—and what heterosexuals can learn from homosexuals about lovemaking

Twenty-five years ago, the sexual revolution began in America. In St. Louis, a gynecologist by the name of Dr. William Howell Masters received permission from the Washington University School of Medicine to begin a series of pioneering experiments into what was discreetly called "reproductive biology." In Chicago, a young man named Hugh Marston Hefner began to publish *PLAYBOY*, a magazine that was discreetly labeled "Entertainment for Men." Sex would never again be the same.

Masters was soon joined in the laboratory by psychologist Virginia Eshelman Johnson. Over the next two decades, the two observed 1076 volunteers masturbate, fondle each other, perform oral sex, anal sex and coitus. They analyzed a multitude of orgasms (they stopped counting at over 14,000), treated some 3500 couples for sexual problems and wrote six books that changed the way we think about sex. It has been said that prior to Masters and Johnson, most of us thought the clitoris was a monument in Greece, if we thought about such things at all. *PLAYBOY* first interviewed the two researchers in May 1968—two years after the publication of "Human Sexual Response," the landmark volume that defined for the first time the physiology of lovemaking. That interview was the beginning of a fruit-

ful association. Over the next ten years, the Playboy Foundation contributed \$300,250 to the Masters and Johnson Institute (or, as it was known in those days, the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation). It seemed fitting that we celebrate our silver anniversary together with an update interview.

It was about time. In April, the nation's first family of sex research (Masters and Johnson were married in 1971) published the third volume of the epic inquiry into human sexual response. Like its predecessors, "Homosexuality in Perspective" precipitated a storm of controversy. The New York Times published a front-page story proclaiming "NEW TREATMENT FOR HOMOSEXUALS." Newspapers across the country picked up the story, if not the book. Masters and Johnson had taken 67 homosexual men and women who had expressed a desire to function as heterosexuals and after two weeks of intensive therapy had managed to affect a change in all but about 35 percent of the patients. Time and Newsweek ran major stories. The couple appeared on special two-part shows with both Phil Donahue and Dick Cavett.

The controversy, and the resulting publicity, sold a lot of newspapers but did little to advance our knowledge of sex. We had to turn to the source. Upon reading "Homosexuality in Perspective,"

we discovered that Masters and Johnson's latest book is as much about heterosexuality as homosexuality. It is a gold mine of information about how we learn to be lovers, about the subtlety (or lack of subtlety) in the American way of sex. Like other Masters and Johnson books, it borders on the unreadable, written in a turgid Latinate prose designed to ward off potential charges of sensationalism. *PLAYBOY* decided to send Senior Staff Writer James R. Petersen to interview the dynamic duo.

For the past six and a half years, Petersen has been the Playboy Advisor, answering all reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette, and, of course, kinky sex. This is his report:

"When people ask me what my qualifications were to become the Playboy Advisor, one of America's most read sex experts, I say quite simply: I went to boyscout camp. My motto is, *Be prepared*. I have read everything there is to read about sex, in case it ever happens to me. After six and a half years, I have discovered that there are three kinds of sex articles: 'What We Know to Be True,' 'What We Think We Know to Be True' and 'What We Wish Were True.' The first kind were written by Masters and Johnson. The second kind are written



"If you want to improve sex, choose a time when you're not in bed together and ask, 'What do you enjoy? What do you feel? Because I care.'"



"If we're to create a science of human sexuality, we must make people understand there are tremendous variables within the normal range."



"I could compare lovemaking to tennis. If you build a game around just a forehand, when someone serves to your backhand, you're in trouble."



"Homosexuals work at sex a little more. They invest more of themselves in it and probably get a little more back. They seem more involved."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT

by people who have read *Masters and Johnson*. The third kind are written by people who work for Penthouse. Sex is an area in which everyone has an opinion or an old wives' tale, or a war story, but in which there is almost no legitimate research. Masters was the first person in the history of Western man to take sex into the laboratory, to conduct controlled experiments, to objectively observe the human sex act. He is—above all—a scientist. He knows more about sex than any person in the world and is not afraid to admit what he does not know. In discussion, he limits himself to facts—time and again, I watched him mentally reviewing his findings, deciding whether or not they supported a statement. He refused to theorize, to speculate, to opine. His comments were brief and to the point. At times, I was acutely frustrated—every reporter wants a quotable anecdote to spark an interview. Eventually, my respect for his position grew. You don't want your sex experts showing up on 'Hollywood Squares.' Masters had the courage and the resolve to say, 'No comment.'

"Virginia Johnson is the flip side of Masters: For 23 years, she has been a partner in the research, with equal responsibility. She has had to edit her natural loquaciousness. She is perfectly willing to show anger, to comment on the state of her profession.

"In this research team, Masters is the close-up lens and Johnson the wide-angle. Her commentaries are an endless series of connections and qualifications. She does not want to be misinterpreted or taken out of context. She does not want to add to America's sexual confusion by creating new stereotypes or new pressures to perform. She is wary of the media, tired of their being viewed as the Ma and Pa Kettle of Sex Research.

"The interview took place over several weekends at the Masters and Johnson Institute. The two were seldom in the room at the same time. Johnson would leave to take care of some scheduling disaster. Masters would excuse himself to conduct a physical examination of a patient. When the two were together, I had the sense of watching longtime business partners. They completed sentences for each other, used the same language in each other's absence and always seemed aware of the entity 'Masters and Johnson.' There is great respect, and love, between them.

"If Masters confessed that the major fringe benefit of his research had been coming into contact with a woman as intelligent as Johnson, Johnson said that Masters had been an early liberated man who refused to let her take the traditional woman's role of support troop. Their life together had been a great intellectual adventure. Since much of that adventure had taken place in the

lab, watching research subjects in the act of love, I decided to start the interview there."

PLAYBOY: We'll be discussing in some detail your new study, *Homosexuality in Perspective*, which has as much to say about the sex lives of heterosexuals as about those of homosexuals. But first let's sketch in some background. As America's foremost sex researchers, you've been the focus of a lot of controversy because of your work and methods over the past 25 years. Just how do you study human sexuality in a laboratory?

JOHNSON: Well, we haven't actually observed any subjects since 1970, and the information in our studies is based on research conducted at least ten years ago. We had a series of laboratories over the years. Some of the equipment was changed, but the basic routine didn't vary: First we had small rooms outfitted as soundproof offices, which were located in places at the hospital or the institute that would protect the anonymity of our

*"You must understand, we
weren't there to watch
sexual activity as a
psychologist, or even a
casual observer, might."*

subjects. That's where we would first talk with them, make them relax and trust us.

We would introduce them to the "environment"—the places where sexual activity would take place—gradually. We would explain the particular activity we would want to study, then leave them alone in the room. We would then close the door and go away for a designated period of time—perhaps an hour—and leave them to do what they were being asked to do later, all by themselves, without observation. They would just let themselves out when they were through.

PLAYBOY: Did you watch from behind a one-way mirror?

JOHNSON: In one of the environments at the medical center, there was a mirror, but we rarely used it. We found it didn't make a difference. We would show people where the mirror was and how they could lock it from the inside so there was no chance of our tricking them. But we found that what was more important was getting them to trust us and being honest with them. If they had thought we might be behind a one-way mirror, it would have been just as distracting as if we really had been there.

After an initial session alone, we in-

troduced a distraction factor: We would sit and work in an adjacent room, with the door ajar, after giving the couple our assurance that we would neither observe them nor enter their room. They thus became accustomed to having other people around. Next, we would tell them that occasionally we might enter their room and for them to simply continue with their activity. Finally, we would start our actual observations, but only when the people were comfortable with our occasional entrances and exits.

PLAYBOY: How many observers were there at any one time?

JOHNSON: Always at least two of us. As the couple became more comfortable, we would introduce the physiologists who monitored the EKG or the polygraph or who ran the cameras for the department of illustration. You must understand that we weren't there to watch sexual activity as a psychologist, or even a casual observer, might. We were trying to define what occurred in certain parts of the body. If we were measuring, say, lubrication at certain intervals, we might not even stay in the room the whole time. On other occasions, we would sit and stare for an hour at a four-inch-square patch of skin, trying to determine significant color changes.

PLAYBOY: There's one question that you must have been asked over and over again: How did you prevent your personal emotions from intruding as you watched hundreds of people having sex? Didn't you ever feel astonishment or awe?

JOHNSON: I never felt awe in a laboratory setting. I have one kind of commitment in my personal life, when I have the freedom to feel awe, but a vastly different commitment to maintain professional objectivity in a research environment.

MASTERS: There's an old secret to this work: You have to achieve as much objectivity as you can and then maintain it. It has never been a problem for us. But there are many people who shouldn't work in this field simply because they cannot separate personal and professional requirements.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever consider lowering your overhead and moving the entire operation to Plato's Retreat?

JOHNSON: Plato's Retreat?

PLAYBOY: It's a public-sex place in New York City where you can see several hundred couples making love in front of you. Or perhaps watch several acres of skin undergoing significant color changes.

JOHNSON: Oh, yes, I know of the place. It might make a nice busman's holiday for a sex researcher, but we like our own recreation to be private.

PLAYBOY: OK. Thirteen years after the publication of *Human Sexual Response*, here you are, embroiled in yet more controversy. Why should heterosexuals be interested in the findings in your

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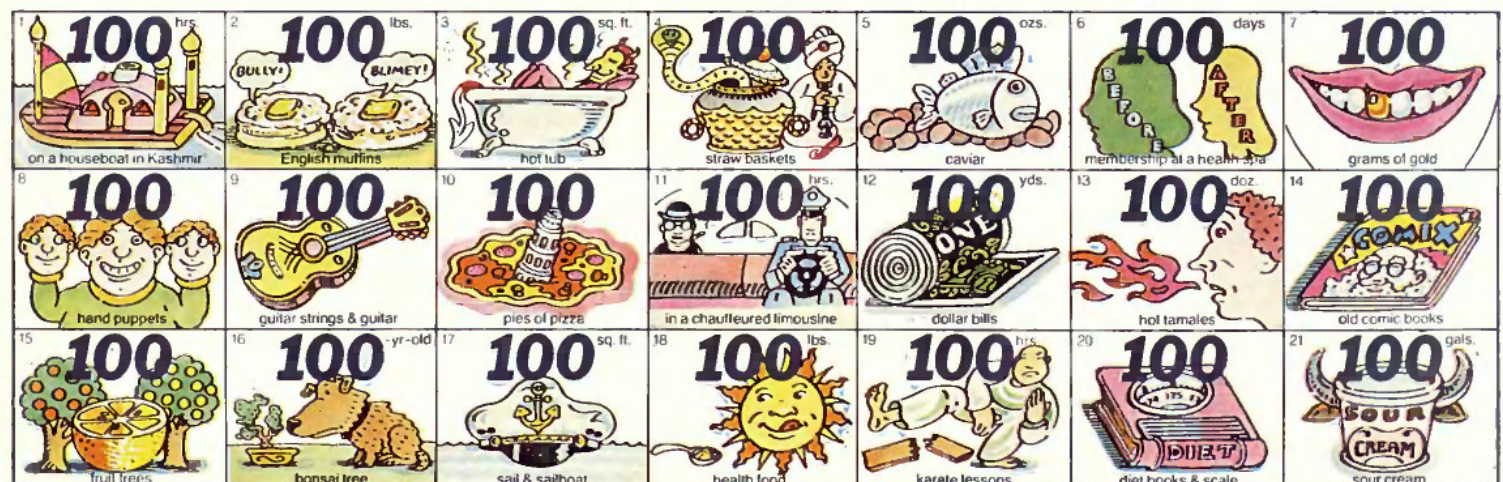
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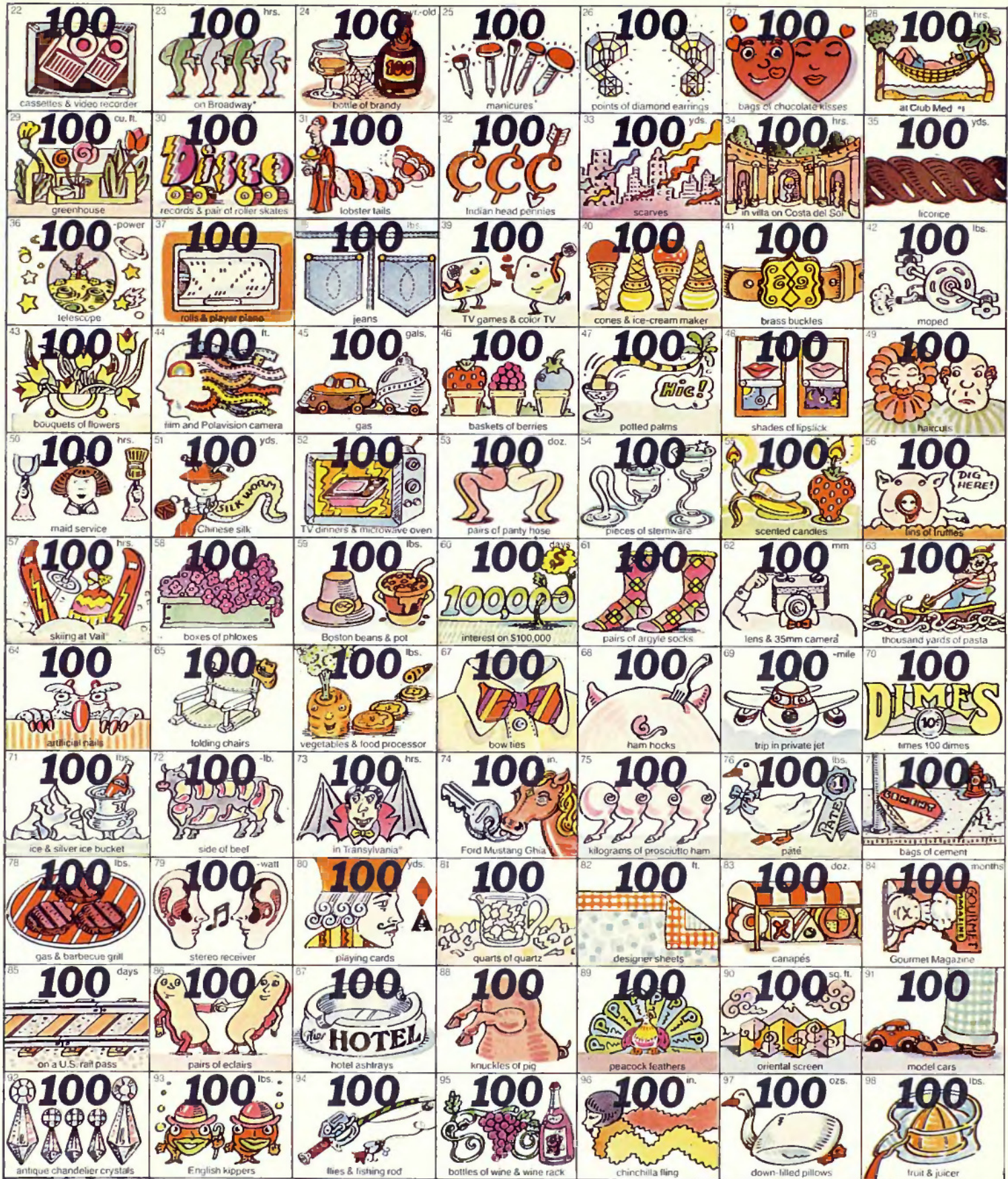
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latest book—*Homosexuality in Perspective*? What is there to learn?

MASTERS: The book is as much about how heterosexuals make love as about how homosexuals make love. That's why I added *In Perspective* to the title.

PLAYBOY: In a nutshell, what were the most interesting findings in your study?

MASTERS: One of the most striking features of the findings was the fact that homosexuals and heterosexuals demonstrated so little difference in ability to respond to noncoital sexual stimulation. Homosexuals and heterosexuals, male or female, were able to respond to masturbation, partner manipulation or fellatio/cunnilingus. We observed many hundreds of orgasm cycles, and less than one percent of the time was there failure to achieve orgasm.

PLAYBOY: That may be what you find most interesting, but *Time* magazine, in its cover story on your book, drew the conclusion that gays are better in bed. Your findings seem to suggest that if we make love like homosexuals, our sex lives will improve.

MASTERS: Let's put it this way: The greatest mistake is to say that you make love *like* anybody. Because that isn't what you're doing. You're doing what you *want* to do, and, it's hoped, what your partner would like to enjoy. If a partner enjoys it with you, it's a partnership. If the partner merely makes herself available, it's servicing, no matter what the technique. We have little concern with technique. We are most concerned with attitude, with the ability to communicate. In presenting our findings on homosexuality, we want to show the wealth of variation that is possible, so that it doesn't become threatening. Inevitably, we are a little anxious about those things we don't understand or aren't familiar with.

PLAYBOY: Nonetheless, your book suggests that homosexuals of both sexes know more about their partners' needs and showed more interest in variety, which translates—to us—as saying they're better at sex than heterosexuals.

JOHNSON: Well, they work at it a little more. They invest more of themselves in sex; therefore, they probably get a little more back. They don't have more orgasms, mind you. They just seem more involved. But I want to stress that this is not strictly homosexual. The same thing could be learned from heterosexual couples who communicate well.

PLAYBOY: Let's examine your findings one at a time. Were there differences in the way homosexual couples and heterosexual couples stimulated each other in heavy petting?

MASTERS: The homosexual couples took their time. Generally, they preferred a deliberately slow approach to the entire stimulative process. They moved deliberately through excitement to linger at the plateau stage. Each step was something

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to be appreciated. The approach to stimulation generally was free-flowing rather than directive in character, and usually less forceful. In contrast, the heterosexuals created the impression that they were in it just to get the job done, to produce the orgasm in the shortest time possible.

PLAYBOY: What differences did you notice in the ways heterosexuals and homosexuals masturbate?

MASTERS: The primary differences related to gender and not to sexual preference.

PLAYBOY: How did women masturbate?

MASTERS: Approximately four out of five of the women masturbated while lying on their backs. They were generally less direct in their approach to the clitoris than were men in approaching the penis. Some women touched their breasts, others stroked the lower abdomen or the thighs. Most women tended to touch the glans directly only at the onset of the clitoral stimulation, if at all. But as sexual tensions elevated, they moved from the glans to the stimulation of the clitoral shaft. When they got tired or lost the thread of their response, they slowed the pace. Far more often than men, women deliberately varied the rate and pressure of genital stroking, at times even stopping and starting clitoral manipulation—as though teasing themselves. **JOHNSON:** Or re-establishing contact with their level of excitement.

PLAYBOY: How did men masturbate?

MASTERS: Men moved immediately to the penis. Approximately three out of five masturbated while lying on their backs; the rest did so standing, sitting or lying face down. The force and rapidity of the stroking increased as excitement increased. For the most part, men concentrated on the shaft. At orgasm, most men slowed, or even stopped stroking. In contrast, the women usually kept stroking or massaging through orgasm.

PLAYBOY: How do you account for the differences?

JOHNSON: They not only were accommodating their anatomy, they also were doing what made it individually work for them. We are dealing with two different groups—in this case, men and women. Each has grown up with a different level of permission, not only to masturbate but to express themselves sexually. Through subliminal messages or deliberate teachings, most men in our culture are given permission to be sexual, to explore and experiment with their sexuality. This makes possible less guilt-ridden masturbation, or at least a more practical, more pragmatic approach to sexual activity and to masturbation per se.

PLAYBOY: And the women were more tentative?

JOHNSON: Not really, but they were drawing upon a wider range of erotic stimuli and fulfilling a more complex set of requirements to achieve orgasm. Generally, this "complexity" evolved

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earlier in their lives as they coped with the "Can I?" or "Can't I?" the "Should I?" or "Shouldn't I?" right-or-wrong feelings about sex. Of course, there were women who apparently were troubled very little, if at all, by this cultural baggage and they tended to recognize and accept their sexual needs in a fashion generally attributed to men.

MASTERS: Women actually tended to be more sexually responsive, moving from one orgasmic experience to the next, while the men almost universally had one orgasmic experience during the session and that was it.

PLAYBOY: How did gay women act in bed?

MASTERS: There was holding, kissing and caressing of the entire body area before any specific approach was made to the breasts or genitals. Only six out of 76 of the lesbians we studied moved directly to breast stimulation and only one woman approached her partner's genitals at the onset of sexplay.

PLAYBOY: That slight delay sounds like the pattern women developed during masturbation. Or is that a coincidence?

MASTERS: I think one of the truly fascinating things we observed was that when there was not good communication between a couple, they tended to approach each other as if they were masturbating themselves. The male would approach the female in the same way that he approached himself, where that technique might not be of any real interest to her at all. It is a variation of the golden rule: They did unto others as they did unto themselves.

JOHNSON: Men, having heard that the clitoris is the first line of stimulation, would often move directly to clitoral fingering. It is rare in our experience, in the lab or in the subjective histories that women have given, that they can tolerate direct, intense stimulation of the clitoral glands. One reason is its acute sensitivity. Manipulation can very rapidly become irritating. The best way I've ever heard it described was "too much sensation too soon." It is the rare woman, in stimulating herself, or given the opportunity to direct the stimulation as she wishes, who will want the clitoral glands directly stimulated. Those we have found in the laboratory who do stimulate the clitoral glands use a lubricant that tends to diminish sensitivity.

PLAYBOY: Obviously, a woman would know that about another woman. But how does a man progress if his partner doesn't tell him?

JOHNSON: Let's return to what Bill said. They do unto others as they have done unto themselves, and that's not always what a woman can respond to. Quite often the male uses his fingers as he would a penis. If the lesbians used penetration with their fingers, they seldom went beyond the outer third of the vagina,

which, in terms of nerve endings, is the most sensitive area. Husbands frequently used their fingers as a substitute penis, even though their wives merely tolerated this approach, especially when approached this way before they were really aroused. One third of the wives we questioned said that they felt deep manual penetration was more exciting to their husbands than to them. Lesbian women, on the other hand, exhibited a general willingness to find out what their partners like and appreciate.

MASTERS: They weren't communicating: "Now! Do this!" and "Now! Do that!" But when a suggestion seemed indicated, the individual made it. I think it's important to note, though, that communication was not always verbal. There was a good deal of communication by touch or by body language. Little was said. Just the suggestion, made by moving the hand, or moving the body toward the partner, or away.

PLAYBOY: Once a lesbian woman turned to breast play, did she go about it any differently than a man would?

MASTERS: Breast play was significantly prolonged. The entire breast was consistently stimulated both manually and orally, with particular attention focused on the nipples. And almost scrupulous care seemed to be taken by the stimulator to spend an equal amount of time with each breast. Sometimes as much as ten minutes was devoted to the breasts before genital play was introduced. I've seen many a heterosexual couple engage in and complete intercourse in the time a lesbian couple would still be focusing on the breasts.

JOHNSON: It's a matter of orchestration.

MASTERS: Exactly.

PLAYBOY: Were there other differences?

MASTERS: It was our impression that when a woman played with another woman's breasts, her intention was to provide pleasure for the other woman. She usually responded to any verbal or non-verbal communication of pleasure and made a specific effort to enhance the recipient's experience of the moment. The lesbian couple tended to move slowly toward higher levels of pleasure. In contrast, men involved in stimulating a woman's breasts seemed wrapped up in what they were doing and were relatively unaware of their partner's pleasure, or lack of it.

JOHNSON: Usually, all female research subjects lubricated well during generalized touching. In contrast, the heterosexual woman lubricated only moderately when breast play was emphasized. Almost one third of the heterosexual women reported that the breasts were not a particularly important erogenous zone, that they seemed much more important to the husbands. One should not draw conclusions from this about the erotic potential of breast play for women,

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however. When and with how much sensitivity it is carried out are crucial to its acceptance by a particular woman. Certain women reported that breast play more than anything else seemed to elicit old ghosts of sexual guilt. I've heard similar histories and comments from breast-feeding mothers.

PLAYBOY: It appears that the ideal of the American male as the strong, silent type who doesn't ask questions of his partner has obvious disadvantages.

JOHNSON: There were several clear examples that lack of knowledge about a partner caused distress. The lesbian women were well aware that at times in the menstrual cycle a woman's breasts or nipples may be tender—even painful—to touch. A number of times, we saw lesbians ask their partners if their approach caused discomfort. Throughout the years in the laboratory, no husband ever raised that question.

PLAYBOY: We're not sure that they would know enough to even ask.

JOHNSON: That was several years ago. Perhaps they would know enough now and realize that not every woman feels that tenderness. We are so used to information being overemphasized or distorted. Some man who reads this interview will say to his partner, "I read that women get sensitive during menstruation. What do you mean, *you* don't? Is there something wrong with you? It says

here you should feel tenderness." The instant authority.

PLAYBOY: Did homosexual men engage in breast play?

MASTERS: Gay men tended to approach each other the same way that gay women did—they took their time, teased each other, and the initial approaches usually involved the whole body. Also, they spent a significant amount of time in breast play. Only 11 of the 42 committed couples failed to include some form of nipple stimulation in sexual interchange.

PLAYBOY: Did any heterosexual women stimulate their husbands' nipples?

MASTERS: Only about three or four out of 100 married men were the recipients of such attention.

PLAYBOY: Is there any explanation for the apparent discrepancy? Why don't women know enough to stimulate their male partners?

JOHNSON: For the same reasons a man is reluctant to find out about women from women. I think it's the cultural message that begins during adolescence: The woman is the object of sex, man is the subject and the predicate. No one, including the man himself, calls attention to man's breasts or any other part of his anatomy as an erogenous zone. The very idea may embarrass both of them.

PLAYBOY: We can see a whole generation of young girls trying to get to second base with their partners. Did you find that

gay men followed the same pattern as gay women in touching?

MASTERS: Very close: Teasing techniques were employed frequently. The stimulating partner would watch the recipient and would alter his activity to try to prolong the excitement without bringing him to orgasm. Those men occasionally reached extremely high levels of sexual pleasure. In fact, we noticed that prolonged teasing—by a male or a female partner—could produce significant changes in the size of the erection. There was a noticeable increase in diameter of the shaft and in the size of the glans. A man's erection is not a static thing.

PLAYBOY: Would you elaborate on that?

MASTERS: We've noticed that a man with sexual problems tends to view his erection as a single-shot, single-caliber entity. He thinks that if he gets an erection, he must maintain it at all times. Unfortunately, he can't. The erection comes and goes and comes and goes in any continuous sexual interchange. There's a great variation in the degree of engorgement of the penis. It can go down to loss of erection completely and back. It can be partial loss of erection. It can be minimal loss of fullness of erection. You sometimes think the penis is as full as it's going to be and then, with continued play, there's even more engorgement. I'm never sure from observing the penis when it is fully engorged, because

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it always seems to be able to engorge a little more.

PLAYBOY: How much variation have you observed?

MASTERS: I would estimate that a full erection is still capable of another five or ten percent increase in size.

PLAYBOY: That reminds us of what Adam supposedly said to Eve: "Stand back. I don't know how big this thing gets." You have said that dysfunctional men are handicapped by their expectations of what the erection is or isn't capable of. Can you be more specific?

MASTERS: Many a man observing the normal ebb and flow of the erection becomes extremely anxious and distracts himself. He clutches and loses the rest of the erection, when all he was doing was observing the natural physiologic variation.

PLAYBOY: Did the teasing seem based upon what you call same-sex empathy?

MASTERS: Yes, the men said that they stimulated their partners the way they themselves would like to be stimulated. For example, many homosexual men frequently made selective approaches to the frenulum of the penis—a most sensitive area on the dorsal surface just beneath the coronal ridge. They would bring their homosexual partners to the point of orgasm, then allow them to return to lower levels of sexual excitation. Heterosexual women rarely approached the penile frenulum when they were stimu-

lating the penis. And wives, when they detected increasing sexual excitement, usually rushed their male partners through to orgasm. On the few occasions when a woman deliberately teased her male partner with long-continued play periods, the heterosexual male's level of sexual response was quite equal to that of the homosexual male.

PLAYBOY: Was there a similar lack of communication about genital touching?

MASTERS: Many of the men said they wished that their wives had grasped the penis tighter, used more force or stroked more rapidly.

JOHNSON: The wives reported that they were concerned about stroking too vigorously and hurting the men. Only three of the men had ever given their partners specific directions about preferred ways for penile stimulation.

PLAYBOY: Were there important differences in oral-sex techniques between homosexuals and heterosexuals?

MASTERS: The only real differences stemmed from the way lesbians and heterosexual men performed cunnilingus. The women were more inventive. They started with the breasts, moved to the lower abdomen and thighs and then skirted the vagina before focusing on the clitoris. The more variation they came up with, the higher the level of excitement for the recipient. But again, the most interesting thing was

the degree of the stimulator's own involvement—some of the women performing cunnilingus on their lesbian partners also experienced orgasm during the act.

PLAYBOY: Did the husbands show the same variety or intensity of approach?

MASTERS: The heterosexual men rarely had devoted significant time to learning or improving their cunnilingual technique. They saw cunnilingus as a means to an end. Men proved themselves sexually in intercourse. In contrast, their wives often expressed the feeling that fellatio was a challenge, a technique that they should become expert in if they were to conduct themselves as sexually effective women.

PLAYBOY: Did gays have the same notion of expertise as heterosexual women?

MASTERS: There was one difference—when it came to swallowing the ejaculate. Most homosexual males did swallow the ejaculate, while most heterosexual women did not.

PLAYBOY: So far, we've been discussing the patterns of committed couples. You also studied a small group of singles, men and women who were previously strangers to each other, who met in the lab for this study. Was their behavior noticeably different?

MASTERS: All the assigned couples were very direct and goal oriented in their sexual interaction. Both men and women moved right to the genitals. Males did

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not engage in nipple play. There was almost no teasing. In short, they provided little of the "care" we noticed in committed couples.

PLAYBOY: Did the assigned couples have more difficulty making love than the committed couples?

MASTERS: Yes, assigned couples had almost twice the failure rate of committed couples when it came to intercourse.

PLAYBOY: Looking for Mr. Goodlab. Is there an explanation for the failure rate?

MASTERS: Intercourse was just mutual-masturbation exercise for the assigned couples. The males were experienced and had good ejaculatory control, so the females usually had time to respond orgasmically—but not always. With each partner concentrating on his or her own needs, there was not much communication or cooperation between strangers. They were not all that involved.

PLAYBOY: Is there any single trait or pattern that characterized intercourse?

MASTERS: The great American formula for sex is: A kiss on the lips, a hand on the breasts and a dive for the pelvis.

JOHNSON: In terms of sexual behavior, although we seem to be a people who look for cookie cutters to shape ourselves after someone whose life is purported to be the sexual ultimate, when the moment arrives, we generally fall back on our early peer-group lessons. There is too little individual confidence to be sexually creative. Even in the lab environment, sexually sophisticated people sometimes fell back on the old familiar scenario.

PLAYBOY: Which was?

MASTERS: Some 80 percent of the men made love in the missionary position. They mounted the female as soon as they had an erection and as soon as they thought the partner was ready. Usually, they decided that she was ready when she was obviously lubricated.

PLAYBOY: Is that incorrect?

JOHNSON: Well, in theory, you might say it is true. Vaginal lubrication for the woman is essentially a counterpart of erection in the male. Ah, but it doesn't stop there. I'm really going to tread in water I normally try to avoid, because we generally represent only on a same-sex basis—but I'm going to suggest the very real possibility that a man with an erection is not always a man who is ready for intercourse. Is that reasonable?

PLAYBOY: Certainly.

JOHNSON: OK, so that's the point being made here. The woman may demonstrate physiological or anatomical readiness. But it's a mistake to assume that because she is physically prepared, she has also arrived at the point of emotional or even spiritual receptivity. So often the man makes this assumption, penetrates and immediately sets the pattern of thrusting. She is even further distracted by the task of accommodating to the depth, frequency and the force of the man's thrusting action before she ever

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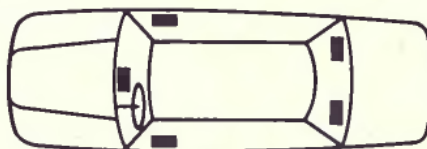
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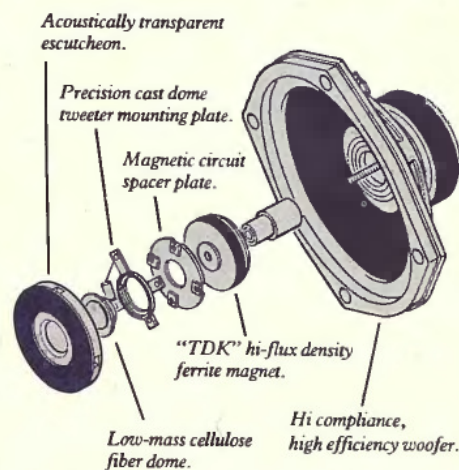
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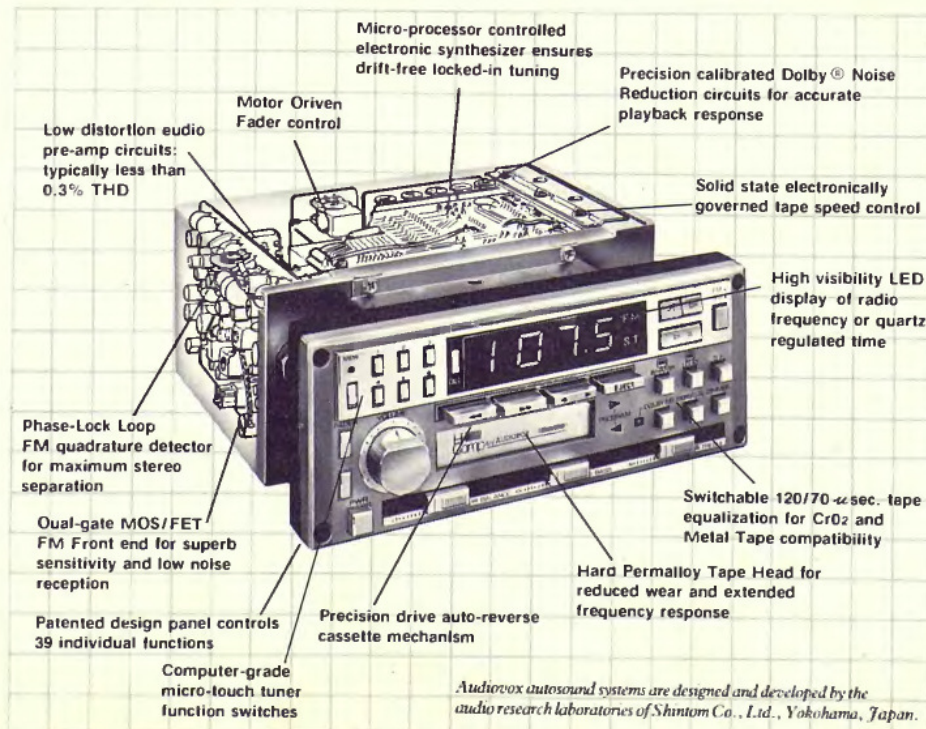


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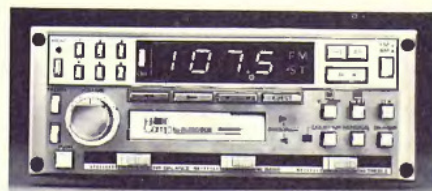
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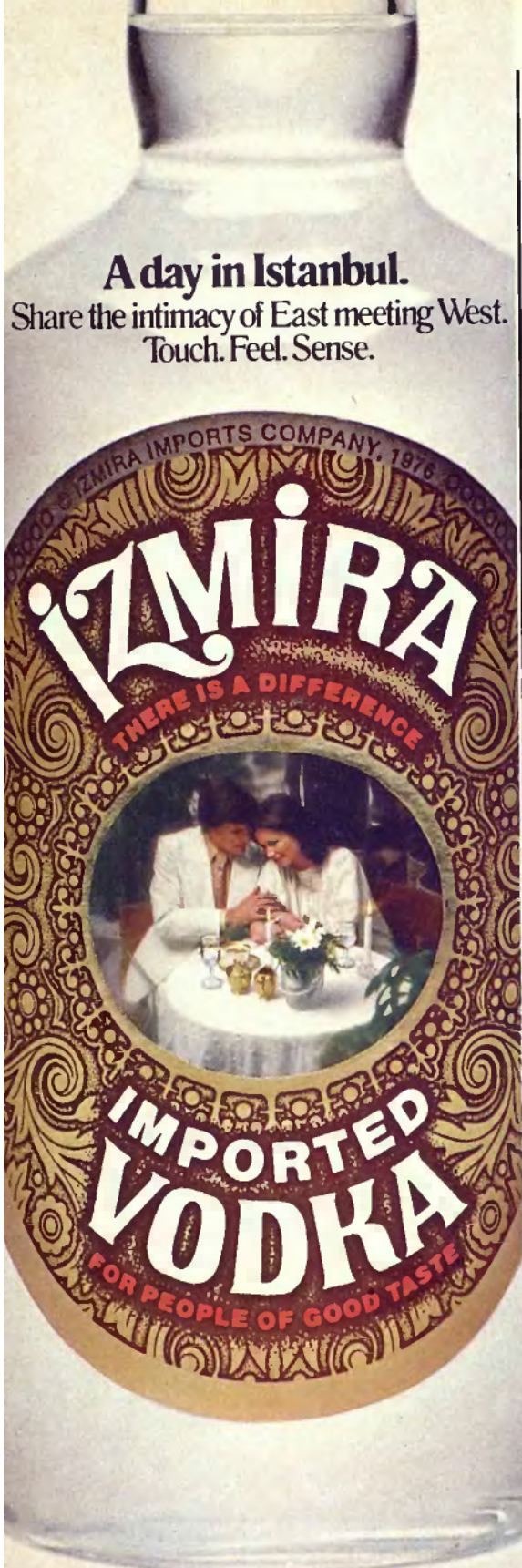


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establishes awareness of her own responsiveness. Although she ultimately may be orgasmic, her level of subjective involvement may remain low and her sense of satisfaction minimal. There is a high risk of hostility toward the partner developing in such a situation.

MASTERS: The man set the thrusting pattern in almost every act of intercourse we observed where the woman was supine.

JOHNSON: There's a drumbeat out there that continues to beat a single message: The male is the sex expert. As a woman, you must always follow his lead or you will destroy him. Add, "Intercourse is the be-all and end-all of sexual expression" and you have the number-one basis for sexual boredom and disappointment in a relationship.

PLAYBOY: One of the sacred tenets of marriage manuals is that if you engage in enough foreplay, everything will be all right in the end. Did you find that to be so?

MASTERS: I don't even like the term foreplay. It sounds like something less than important or meaningful. Dividing sexual response into stages is a necessity for the scientific observer, but sex partners who do the same thing make the human experience a goal-oriented performance. In so doing, a woman's capacity for spontaneous responsivity especially is victimized.

PLAYBOY: How?

MASTERS: We found that when we requested a woman and a man in the lab to engage in, let's say, genital touching or cunnilingus, the woman tended to lubricate freely, in direct proportion to the amount of stimulation she was receiving. However, when on another occasion we asked the same couple to engage in intercourse and, as part of the total process, the man engaged in the same activities—genital touching or cunnilingus—the woman frequently did not lubricate as freely, in direct proportion to the amount of stimulation she was receiving.

JOHNSON: Because she or they interpreted the request as specifically oriented to the goal of orgasmic attainment and the other pleasurable activities became merely "foreplay."

PLAYBOY: You seem to be saying that if you want to see a woman live up to her natural potential, don't have intercourse. Do everything but.

JOHNSON: No, just don't have intercourse to the exclusion of undemanding, enjoyable intimacy.

MASTERS: If you really want to learn something about her, you must *not* say, "I want to learn about you, therefore you will perform for me." If you really want to learn about a woman, as a man, don't go to her with the idea that you are *always* going to have intercourse.

PLAYBOY: Should you make sure that she knows the evening has been set aside for casual exploration?

MASTERS: Better that you not limit your personal research to just one evening. Take more time—one exposure probably won't provide all the answers to the range of any woman's sexual potential. But if you and she can discover together that you can move to each other, that you both can let the chips fall where they may—then you get a great deal more information. Tonight have cunnilingus, tomorrow have intercourse. Another night you might just masturbate each other or you might do all of these things. You don't prohibit a particular activity. You just say tonight I would like to try this—or this—or that.

JOHNSON: Even that sounds too programmed for me. Why not just agree to explore and improvise together over a period of time? No predetermined goals. No demands.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible that the homosexual couples you observed—because they were not under any pressure to have intercourse—were better able to enjoy themselves?

MASTERS: Certainly. They give more of themselves to these activities—masturbation, fellatio, cunnilingus—because it is the only thing they have. Even when we told heterosexual women that cunnilingus was the point of the evening, they were so unused to it as a pleasurable end in itself that they initially did not get particularly involved.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any explanation as to why heterosexuals seemed so unimaginative? For example, "the kiss on the lips, hand on the breast, dive for the pelvis" may be boring—but we have it on good authority that "a kiss on the lips, a hand on the breast, a dive for the pelvis, plus a piece of ice" can be astonishing.

MASTERS: I think heterosexual couples have too many social protocols that they feel they should follow. I'm sure there are many homosexual protocols as well, but they certainly aren't depicted by the general media as heterosexual guidelines are. So, as I see it, if you don't have a scenario, you tend to improvise more.

PLAYBOY: You say that homosexuals do not have social protocols. But most people have a notion that in any given gay relationship, one partner assumes the male role and one partner assumes the female role. Is that a cultural stereotype?

MASTERS: That's a cultural misconception. Of course, we observed such behavior in the lab. We observed almost *everything* in the lab. But if you're asking me if it is the routine or the established pattern, the answer is no. I think we saw it in fewer than one out of 20 couples.

PLAYBOY: Why are some members of the homosexual community so critical of your study?

JOHNSON: Because the press plucked out only one aspect of our therapy program—the clinical work that dealt with homosexuals who were dissatisfied with

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being homosexuals and are motivated to ask for conversion or reversion to heterosexuality—and played it up on the front pages: “Startling results—Masters and Johnson claim amazing success in converting gays to heterosexuality.” I dread the moment when people who are determined to rid the world of anyone who does not conform to their idea of “normal” decide to use this to demand programs of conversion. Among other things, the news stories ignored the equally important clinical help that is offered to homosexuals who are dysfunctional in their homosexual relationships and wish therapeutic assistance.

PLAYBOY: But that’s the point some gay critics have made. On one hand, you seem to be offering hope of some kind of “cure” for an abnormal condition and, on the other, you seem to be saying that homosexuality is OK and you offer help in making them become better homosexuals. What is your position?

JOHNSON: Would the critics have us impose the terms under which a person can or cannot obtain help for sexual distress? We are not in the business of determining what is right or wrong in matters of individual choice. Incidentally, it’s hardly news that there are homosexuals who do not want to be homosexual, as well as those who are happy with their preference and just want health-care assistance that is available, presumably, to everyone. The focus of our clinical work is the same for everyone: the functional well-being of the person, in terms of his or her chosen environment. Our patients express their needs and distress, demonstrate motivation and its appropriateness to their resources, and in the clinical sense, we respond.

PLAYBOY: But haven’t you, intentionally or not, given a lot of people the impression you can cure homosexuality?

MASTERS: We have never treated homosexuality as a disease or defined it to a patient as a handicap.

PLAYBOY: There is currently a great debate raging as to the causes of homosexuality. Would you summarize the state of the art in analysis?

MASTERS: Well, I can’t give you a capsule summary, because different people have different ideas. In the first place—and this is not in order of primary importance—some people feel that homosexuality is genetically determined, that it is an unidentified function of the genes. Just as some babies are born with blond hair, some babies are born with a predisposition toward homosexuality. Other people feel that it is the result of hormone imbalance while the fetus is in the uterus, or a variation in hormone concentration at some point in life. There’s been some animal work to bear this out, and some work with humans where a major disturbance in the hormone imbalance apparently led

to a higher instance of homosexuality. But that was followed up in such a small number of individuals that to apply it to the general public is stretching it further than I want to go.

We happen to think we learn our sexual orientation as a result of our environment. We are born sexual beings, genetically male and female. Is homosexuality learned? The current answer is yes, just as heterosexuality is learned behavior. But if I knew all the answers to your question, I’d write another book and it would be an immediate best seller. Some people insist that homosexual orientation is the result of having a dominant mother or is learned from one’s peers in school. I tried to present a selection of case histories in the book that would cast doubt on the notion that preference is genetically determined or that it is the result of any *one* type of experience or any *one* influence.

PLAYBOY: California State Senator John V. Briggs has recently sponsored legislation that would prevent homosexuals from getting teaching positions or from

*“We have never treated
homosexuality as
a disease or defined
it to a patient
as a handicap.”*

joining professions in which they might come into contact with young children. He seems to think that since homosexuality is learned, we should protect our children from it. Do you agree?

MASTERS: It is obvious that Briggs must be convinced that he knows the cause of homosexuality; otherwise, he surely wouldn’t be sponsoring such legislation. But we freely admit that we don’t know the etiology of homosexuality. Actually, we are waiting for Briggs to publish his research findings. Certainly, I can’t conceive of any state legislature’s trying to disenfranchise at least ten percent of the total male and female population unless it knew for sure that such legislation would resolve the problem.

PLAYBOY: If he doesn’t publish it?

MASTERS: I guess that’s his privilege, too. But I shall continue to be curious as to how he learned something nobody else knows. And what his sources are. I hope he will share them with the rest of us.

PLAYBOY: There are psychiatrists who say that you are doing your patients a disservice. According to them, a homosexual who is impotent is suffering the sexual dysfunction because he is guilty about his homosexuality. What’s your response to that?

MASTERS: Let’s put it this way: That’s a fair claim for those health-care professionals who firmly believe that anyone who is homosexually oriented is, indeed, abnormal—suffering from a mental disorder. Much of the criticism has been exaggerated, although occasionally it has contained pearls. However, if it is suggested that every homosexual who is sexually dysfunctional is dissatisfied with his sexual preference, that I can’t accept.

JOHNSON: Anyone, regardless of sexual orientation, can become sexually dysfunctional on the basis of misinformation or a multitude of social, emotional and attitudinal distresses that initially are unrelated to sex.

MASTERS: When we started treating heterosexuals for sexual dysfunction in 1959, critics said that we were just treating symptoms and that it was necessary first to treat the presumed underlying conflict. Yet we showed that you could treat the dysfunction *per se*, within the context of a relationship, and the realities influencing the person’s life at the time of therapy, with a relatively low failure rate. When we started treating sexually dysfunctional homosexuals nine years later, in 1968, we again were breaking new ground. We had reasonably clear case histories—both male and female—in which the person was unable to function effectively sexually and yet had no desire to be other than homosexual. The sexual dysfunction was reversed in a number of instances.

PLAYBOY: It took you 14 years to write this book—were you waiting for the right time to release it?

MASTERS: We had a basic rule at the institute that we would not make a major report of individual research programs without a minimum of ten years’ work behind us. *Human Sexual Response*, the book on heterosexual physiology, and *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, the book on heterosexual dysfunction, each represented 11 years of work. *Homosexuality in Perspective* represents 14 years of work. It took a little longer, because it attempts to combine elements of both the physiology of homosexual dysfunction and the treatment of dysfunction and dissatisfaction.

PLAYBOY: Why did you choose to combine them?

MASTERS: We had always intended to study the physiology of homosexual behavior. At first we thought we would report on what we found, just as we had in *Human Sexual Response*. But we discovered that from a physiological point of view, there was no difference between homosexual response and heterosexual response. Once that was established, there certainly was no indication for a major report.

By that time, we had also learned that we had made a mistake in withholding



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psychological data in the earlier books. After publishing *Human Sexual Response*, we were accused of being nothing but "mechanics." One of the outstanding critics of the work pointed out that the word love isn't even mentioned in the book—which is true. What that critic very carefully didn't say is that the word love probably had never been mentioned in any other physiology textbook, either.

JOHNSON: When the world learned that we were working with people in the laboratory, they immediately developed this image of mad scientists, or technicians. I desperately do *not* want either of us to come through as making sex mechanical, in or out of the laboratory. The people for whom sex works very well are not mechanical people.

PLAYBOY: How did you recruit subjects?

MASTERS: Fundamentally, by word of mouth. There were a few homosexual couples from St. Louis who worked with us first. When they were genuinely convinced that ours was an objective approach, they helped us contact other people in different parts of the country and encouraged them to participate.

PLAYBOY: Did you get any help from national gay organizations?

MASTERS: When we started the homosexual-physiology work, in 1964, the national organizations were just fledgling—or were keeping a low profile. We also avoided the gay-bar society, because at that time it did not provide stable relationships. We needed committed couples, not singles.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MASTERS: We wanted to compare homosexual physiology with heterosexual physiology, and most of the subjects in our original heterosexual research were married couples. We needed "committed homosexual couples" in order to have a basis for comparison; but in the Sixties, most such couples were in the closet. However, we also studied a small group of singles, who met assigned partners in the lab.

PLAYBOY: Would you describe the subjects you found? Were they exhibitionists or just curious?

JOHNSON: Most of the research subjects had an extraordinary interest in learning about their own sexuality. They tended to trust the protected conditions of a research environment. Frequently, they mentioned that someone for whom they cared had had a distressful sexual experience. They felt that this distress had been related to lack of knowledge, lack of concern, lack of compassion. They often expressed what appeared to be a genuine hope that our research would help mankind. Some, as you suggest, were just plain curious.

PLAYBOY: Other than willingness to help, did the subjects have to have any particular characteristics?

MASTERS: All of the subjects had to be

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able to respond to self-stimulation, mutual stimulation and either fellatio or cunnilingus. In addition, the heterosexual subjects had to be able to respond effectively during intercourse. We would discuss this by telephone as part of the preliminary screening technique, before we took their histories or introduced them to the lab environment.

PLAYBOY: Did you measure ability to respond by their capacity for orgasm?

MASTERS: Yes, although we certainly acknowledge that sexual proficiency is not synonymous with orgasmic responsiveness. Sexual gratification, sexual maturity and sexual interest are phenomena that must be considered somewhat apart from orgasmic attainment—or orgasmic failure—alone. But our ability to document orgasm as a precise, definable physiological event made it a useful form of measurement.

PLAYBOY: How did your subjects perform during intercourse?

MASTERS: Couples failed to achieve orgasm only three percent of the time. And that small failure rate was still four times greater than the failure rate for masturbation, fellatio/cunnilingus or partner manipulation.

PLAYBOY: But isn't that an astonishingly successful rate? It has been suggested that your study is biased in favor of sexual superstars, as if you were writing a book on running after interviewing

the top five finishers in the Boston Marathon.

MASTERS: I think that's very fair criticism, but if you want to know what happens, you generally will have to work with those it happens to. We have been studying people who were selected for functional ability in a laboratory setting. We haven't the vaguest idea of what happens at night, in the dark, under the covers, in the privacy of people's homes.

JOHNSON: There is another reason for studying functional people. To ask an individual who has any history of sexual problems to perform in a lab would be unthinkable. The pressure and potential for trauma could be enormous.

PLAYBOY: Even the superstars, however, did not do as well during intercourse as they did when experiencing the other forms of stimulation—masturbation, manipulation or oral sex. Does that suggest that intercourse is vastly overrated as a form of pleasure?

MASTERS: If you think about it, the three types of stimulation you just mentioned occur in a my-turn/your-turn situation, whether practiced by homosexuals or by heterosexuals. In masturbation, one is setting one's own pace, and one is obviously acutely aware of one's own needs and levels of response. Preferred techniques of stimulation are used as desired. When one is being manipulated by a partner, it's still a my-turn/your-

turn situation, which, with good communication, can work very well. The same thing is true for fellatio/cunnilingus. One partner can focus his or her entire attention on the other and get some sense of what works—through good communication, same-sex empathy or because of familiarity with your response pattern. But in intercourse, we have two people trying to function simultaneously. Inevitably, that is more difficult. There is more opportunity for failure when two people are involved in routine sexual interaction than when responding on a my-turn/your-turn basis. The catch is that the culture says that intercourse is the be-all and end-all of sexual expression.

PLAYBOY: Aren't those forms of stimulation subject to the charge of "servicing" one's partner rather than finding sex mutually pleasurable?

MASTERS: Well, the answer to that is yes. But intercourse can be mere service, too. It is still true in this country, let alone in the rest of the world. Intercourse is a service. There are infinitely more times that the female is used for service than the female and male are together as full partners in intercourse. That is true wherever you have a double-standard society. And that's most of the world.

PLAYBOY: Did you intend in *Homosexuality in Perspective* to make those other forms of stimulation more attractive?

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MASTERS: The book is not in any sense designed to be a cookbook or marriage manual. What it does is report what actually happens, as we perceive or measure it in the lab.

JOHNSON: We think it does indicate the many dimensions of erotic stimulation that are available, and we believe that people also have a right to be informed. But right now it seems that many people are terribly vulnerable because of the proselytizing that goes on in the name of ultimate sex.

PLAYBOY: Meaning intercourse. In spite of the drawbacks you list, many of us prefer intercourse. Why should we change approaches?

MASTERS: I think if we limit ourselves—in any area of interest—to one specific focus, we tend to become restless, unsatisfied and bored over X amount of time. When there is only one right way to do anything, originality is neutralized. Variations can only be so much. Americans rely too much on intercourse.

Perhaps I could compare lovemaking to tennis. It's like trying to build a game around just a forehand. If someone serves to your backhand, you're in desperate trouble. You can run around it only so far. If it's a good serve, you can't run around it. I'm not saying that the forehand isn't of value. What I'm suggesting is that if there is only one official way to get pleasure, and you

don't vary it, then you have people trying to cope with boredom by varying partners. If they vary partners lots of times, they're still doing the same thing. One, two, three, kick. The variances come in the fact that the grass seems a little greener in the neighbor's back yard. And it's a little greener until you've been there two or three times, and then you have to go somewhere else. We suggest that in order to keep the grass green in one's own back yard, there's great advantage in varying the way the lawn is fed.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps the one notion that most heterosexuals have about gays centers on anal sex. It is generally assumed that it is the gay equivalent to intercourse. Did you observe that behavior in the lab?

MASTERS: For the homosexual men we were working with, it wasn't the primary means of sexual release, although anal sex was frequently experienced.

PLAYBOY: But you studied it, didn't you?

MASTERS: With a few subjects: five homosexual and seven heterosexual couples.

PLAYBOY: What did you find?

MASTERS: We asked each of the homosexual and heterosexual couples to engage in anal intercourse on two occasions. We noticed an interesting physiological response. Upon initial penetration, there was discomfort, for some partners approximately half the time, but then the

sphincter would relax. After full penetration was obtained, there was no further evidence of discomfort. Once thrusting began, the sphincter would reverse its relaxation pattern and constrict tightly around the shaft of the penis.

PLAYBOY: Did the partners find anal intercourse pleasurable?

MASTERS: The female recipients reached orgasmic levels of sexual excitation on 11 of 14 occasions; there were three instances of multiorgasmic experience. The male recipients did not respond in a similar fashion. In ten episodes, there were only two instances of male orgasm, and in both of those instances, the men were masturbating while they were mounted rectally.

PLAYBOY: That finding runs against the common myth—it reverses the stereotype that anal sex is the sole right of gays. Women enjoy it, too?

JOHNSON: Some women enjoy it.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps that finding will permit heterosexuals to experiment a bit more, just as the *Kinsey Report* effectively gave people permission to try other forms of sexual behavior.

MASTERS: The answer is, who knows? Our role is not to give people permission. It is to present reasonably reliable sex information to the best of our ability, first to the health-care professions and second to the general public. What people do with that information is obviously up to

them; many will reject it completely.

JOHNSON: Because that is the response that may be appropriate either to the requirements of their anatomy or to the lifestyle and values with which they are effective and secure.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of such books as *The Joy of Sex*? Do they provide useful information?

JOHNSON: The need for that type of book obviously is real, but I think it is one more reflection of people's lack of confidence in their own ability to explore and share sexual feelings spontaneously with someone in a similar frame of mind. Most of all, the popularity of such books reflects the failure of a society and the parents in that society to prepare their children for the joy of sex.

PLAYBOY: We've noticed that although you've said that gays tended to spend more time on certain forms of lovemaking, you never specified the actual times involved. Why?

MASTERS: Because the minute that we say "the average time is such and such," people are going to start measuring themselves against a presumed standard, and then sex becomes more mechanical and less spontaneous. For example, when we published *Human Sexual Response*, we purposefully did not include information about the average size of the penis. To some degree, we hoped that by not doing so, we would neutralize the concept that penis size is crucial to sexual response.

PLAYBOY: If you helped defuse the myth that penis size counted, you did so not because you failed to include measurements but because you pointed out that the female physiology generally can accommodate to the difference. Would you reprise that information?

MASTERS: Well, it has to do with the female's facility to respond vaginally. The vagina acts in a very interesting way from the time the woman is mounted—presuming there is enough time. Once the female is fully penetrated, the vagina tends to overexpand—regardless of the size of the penis. Then, in a minute and a half to three minutes, with a continuing thrusting action and presuming the male hasn't already ejaculated, then the vagina begins to contract. It eventually will fit snugly around the penis, regardless of its size. Now, there are certain exceptions to this—the micro-penis that is pathologically small or the occasional huge penis that causes a great deal of pain. But these are rare. In routine coitus, the vagina adjusts itself to the penis regardless of size and constricts itself around it, presuming the woman is given time to do this.

PLAYBOY: But if she doesn't have time, then size might count.

MASTERS: Right. But the difference, of course, depends on whether or not the woman believes there is a difference. The

adjustment is involuntary. The woman doesn't know she is doing it, so it may well be that it is like anything else: If I believe white is white, it is going to be white the rest of my life, no matter what.

JOHNSON: It is the same reason women buy one soap over another soap product. For ages, they have been conditioned to believe that the well-endowed man has it all over the less-endowed man. If she believes it, then it can matter, of course.

PLAYBOY: All right. You've given the explanation. Shouldn't that suffice? Why not release the figures? You say your intention is to provide information. Why not release the penis-size figures and let the chips fall where they may?

MASTERS: I agree with you. But if we had published the size, the rest of the information wouldn't have made any difference. Everybody would have been using a measuring stick. That way lies impotence.

PLAYBOY: We suspect that everyone who would already has. Certainly, you could have given the extremes. Say, the male

"There can be back-of-the-neck orgasms, bottom-of-the-foot orgasms and palm-of-the-hand orgasms...."

penis is between a quarter of an inch and four yards long.

JOHNSON: [Laughs] I like that range.

MASTERS: Sure we could, but we decided not to measure it at all. No, that isn't true. Measurements were done, but we decided not to publicize them at all. Some damn fools have publicized measurements somewhere.

PLAYBOY: But you've argued that fact is the only way to fight biases, prejudices and the like. Yet, in this instance, you are not scientists.

JOHNSON: It's just Bill's stance and I understand it. But I think the point is perfectly well made as you've just stated it. It isn't scientific. We have more of a commitment to prevention than to the pure science of information. I genuinely love information. I like to know anything and everything I can possibly know about something. I'm not particularly emotional about that information, but once you see the incredible susceptibility of people to being told what they *should* do and what will happen if they don't—then you cannot help but develop a sense of protectiveness.

PLAYBOY: To go back to the earlier analogy of running, people who jog are not intimidated by the racers who run four-

minute miles. Why are you so sure that in the sexual arena people will feel threatened by information?

MASTERS: There's a hell of a difference between what you do when you're running and what you do with your penis—or don't do with it. And you can be just as objective as you want about being unable to run the four-minute mile, but if someone says to you you should routinely complete intercourse in ten or fifteen minutes, then millions of people are going to try.

JOHNSON: This is a very vulnerable area. If we are going to be allowed to create a science of human sexuality, then I think we have an obligation to make people understand that there are tremendous variables within the natural range. It's a new field. You cannot open it up and presume immediate total comprehension.

PLAYBOY: Let's take this opportunity to review the basics. You stated that during intercourse, the clitoris receives indirect stimulation. There are many women who say that may be true for others but not for them. What do you say?

JOHNSON: The clitoris does not require direct stimulation or contact. The total body is a potentially erotic "organ." It is very possible to choose a completely asexual part of the anatomy and develop it as the source of sexual stimulation to orgasm. There can be back-of-the-neck orgasms, bottom-of-the-foot orgasms and palm-of-the-hand orgasms.

PLAYBOY: Our readers may be acquainted with that last kind.

JOHNSON: I grew up in the country, where little kids learn that it's very sexy to play with the palm of a hand. It has to do with nerve endings, in terms of the sensuous susceptibility of certain parts of the anatomy over others. Similarly, the clitoris is a unique organ, insofar as we know it has no other purpose than receiving or transmitting sexual pleasure. It is certainly very responsive to stimulation, and it is possible for a woman to develop that response to a level of dependency, because she knows it works and she doesn't know that anything else works. Those women who have not responded in intercourse after having developed real orgasmic effectiveness by stimulation of the clitoris, either by self or by partner—but who expected direct transposition of this successful response pattern to intercourse—can be very disappointed or disillusioned about their presumed "inadequacy."

PLAYBOY: Let's get this straight. First, there was the debate about clitoral versus vaginal orgasms. Your notion is that all orgasms are clitoral orgasms, or rather, all orgasms are total-body orgasms. All this can get a little confusing.

JOHNSON: Freud postulated that if a woman could not be stimulated to orgasm by intercourse, she was sexually immature. He carried it rather far. This

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is not to indict Freudian concepts in general. His incredible genius was getting answers from women at a time when it was highly inappropriate for women to express themselves sexually. Freud also was a man whose interpretations must have had a lot to do with his personal life. To make matters more difficult, his perceptions and his theories have often been taken out of context by those who treasure a single concept and defend it as the only way—the Word.

PLAYBOY: We just read an abstract from the Third International Congress of Medical Sexology in which a sexologist claims there are clitoral, vaginal and uterine orgasms.

JOHNSON: Oh, Saint Christopher! The amount of garbage in this field, and the number of people without credibility! Of course, the uterus responds with orgasm—if the woman responding has a uterus. Every other part of her system responds in some fashion as well. The variables are in degree of involvement and intensity and in subjective perception. There aren't a dozen people in this field who know what they are talking about in terms of the nature of human sexual response. No. Make that 24.

MASTERS: You're stretching it.

JOHNSON: There are many people out there in the world who have made their own sexual self-discoveries who have infinitely better sexual insights than so many people who presumably are researching the subject.

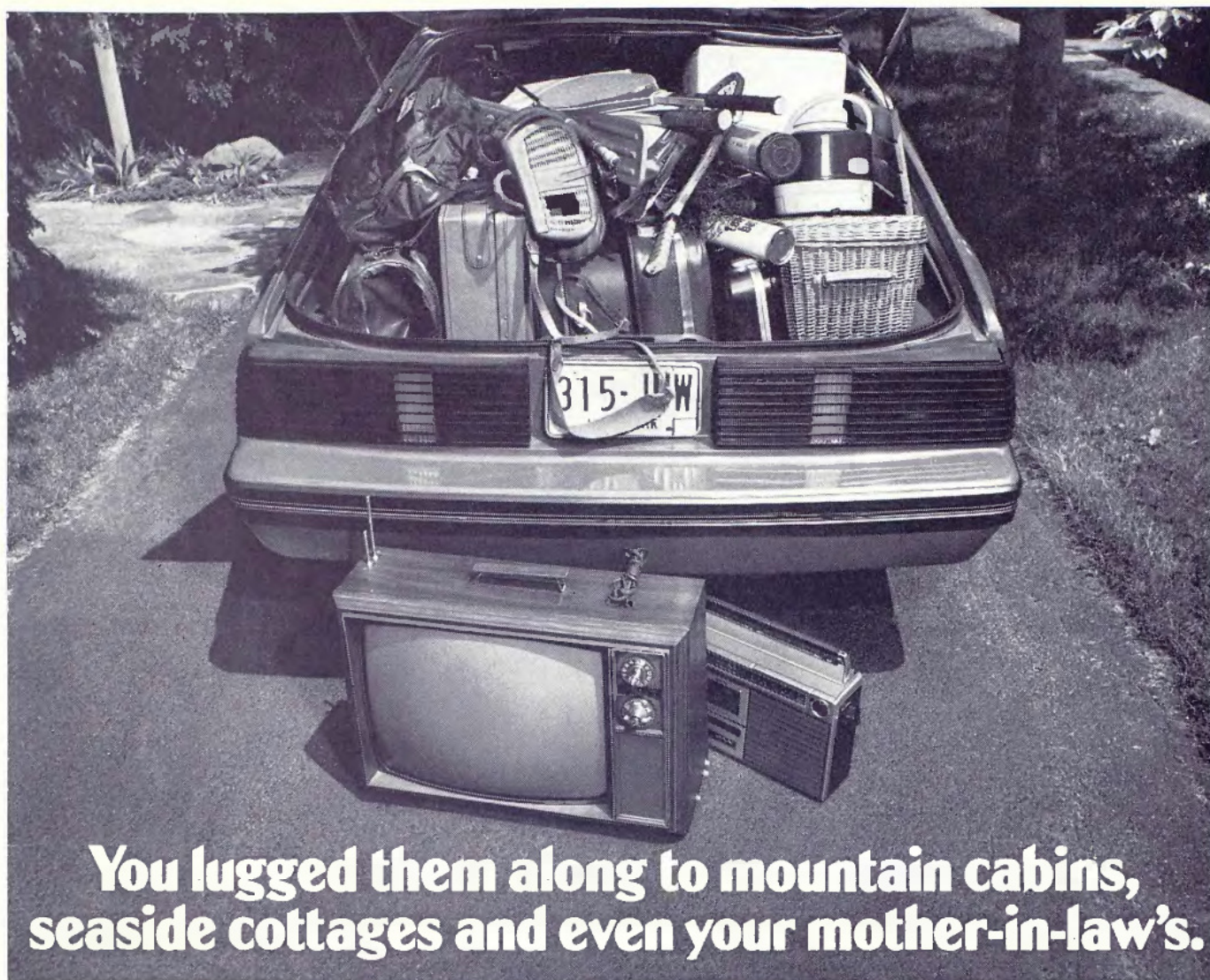
PLAYBOY: We've heard of doctors who claim that they can cure an inorgasmic woman by surgically realigning the clitoris. Is there any basis to that claim?

JOHNSON: Don't ask me!

PLAYBOY: We're asking you.

JOHNSON: I have such a violent response to that that I don't even want to publicize it. For God's sake, this is where I become a radical feminist in every sense of the word. By the way, I'm aware of the strategy of ignoring something inconsequential until it dies a natural death, but I find it difficult to invoke with this issue. That a man determines what is wrong with female anatomical design and a few silly women say "It's so wonderful" sets us back 50 years. My husband will not criticize other doctors, but as a woman, I cannot sit still and give you a benign smile when you ask me that question. If someone, as an individual, wants surgical modification of anatomy that is neither malformed nor diseased, fine. But for someone to promote a male-oriented, male-originated concept of what women can or cannot do without this surgical intervention—it's taking gross advantage of the lay person's vulnerability.

PLAYBOY: In *Human Sexual Response*, you suggest that women are potentially multiorgasmic. Yet according to *The Hite Report*, as many as 70 percent of the women in America are unable to reach



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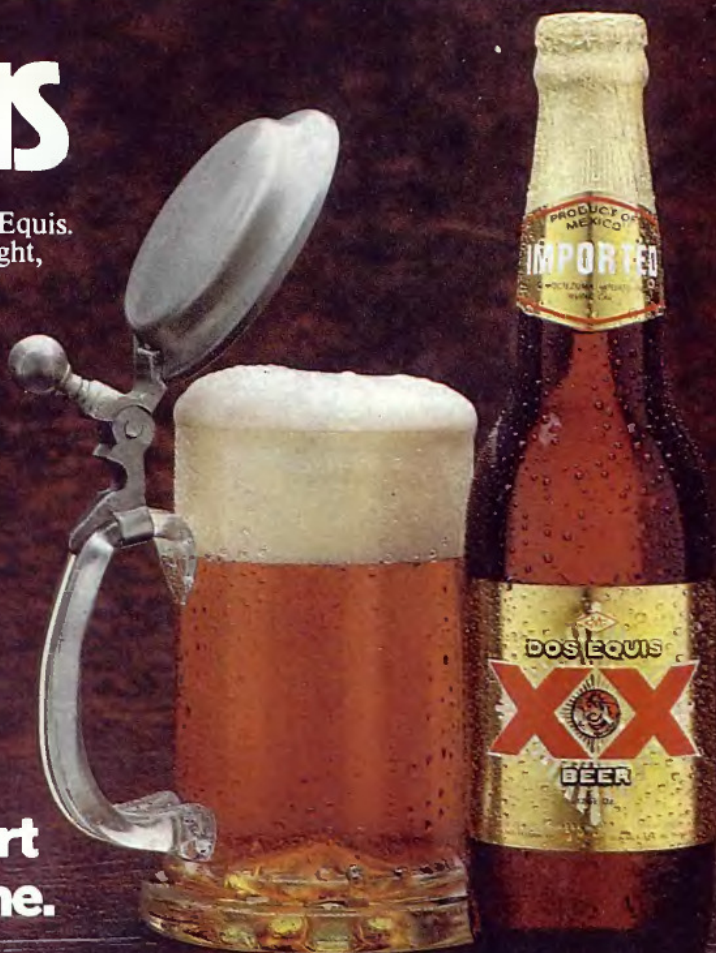
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orgasm during intercourse. How do you respond to such findings?

JOHNSON: Such reports are very mixed blessings. There are a lot of simple truths that can be distorted by poor interpretation of such reports. They do not reveal the capacity or potential for woman's sexual response. They only reveal the prevailing condition of generations of women taught to deny their sexual feelings and needs or to pretend they didn't exist. That is the disservice of such reports. On a more positive side, they do let a woman know she is not alone in her inability to reach orgasm with intercourse. Unfortunately, they strike a note of discouragement at the same time by failing to indicate the realistic expectations she can have for reconditioning a pattern of inorgasmia with intercourse. I'm especially concerned for the woman who might ultimately have discovered this for herself had she not accepted the discouraging interpretations as fact.

PLAYBOY: There are some women who experience something that they aren't certain is an orgasm. How do you treat that situation in therapy?

JOHNSON: It's possible that a woman is orgasmic and doesn't know it, but I don't think you can make this judgment for or against such an occurrence unless you have a good definitive history from her about what she thinks orgasm is. One

way to further evaluate what she thinks it is is to find out how she came to think about it. Did she read about orgasm? Did somebody tell her? From where did she draw her conclusions? I usually move away from direct questioning at that point and suggest that we talk about her sexual feelings and how they began. We start with the early memory of genital feelings, physical feelings. Then we move in general terms to the circumstances under which they occurred, and then I try to establish her sense of intensity of feelings. Then I try to place these things in an update of her present relationship or present opportunities to respond to some kind of sexual stimulation. Then I want to find out in that whole course of history-taking the kinds of things that she considers stimulating and exciting, romanticized or technical or mechanical or whatever. I want to know where she's at, what her own base lines are to the extent that she can be disarmed into discovering them for herself. Then with that matrix of knowing how she thinks of herself—sensually in other settings at other times—we go into the circumstance she's describing: "I don't know whether I'm orgasmic or not." Finally, we can kind of measure one against the other.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that something new lovers should be doing with each other, anyway?

JOHNSON: I think it's a part of the excitement of sharing, but most people are

so far away from looking at it that way. They think it's an admission of inadequacy or an admission of previous activity that's going to engender jealousy. Couples just don't get into that kind of talking. They personalize. They put clothes and faces and times and places on these activities. I don't think that is necessary and I think in the present state of the art of forming social or sexual relationships, there is always the factor of jealousy—the emotional tugs and pulls of knowing somebody else has shared something with the person of their choice.

PLAYBOY: What are the essential ingredients of an orgasm?

JOHNSON: It is a blend—almost always an unequal blend—of three things. An orgasm represents the body's physical drive to express itself sexually, its system responding sexually. We have to presume a drive. I think it's rather well established that such a drive exists. Second, there are psychological and emotional requirements that we learn to develop and fulfill. And, third, there are the influences of the social environment. There are dozens of other ways to label those three general areas of sources of response, but all of them have to be present to some degree. It is possible to pre-empt the requirements of two of them by overemphasizing one. The physical, the component that is the entree into the physical

drive, is the actual tactile friction that one can apply. The perfect example of this is the woman who is fully satisfied, satiated sexually, who is disinterested in the time and the place and the circumstance, who couldn't care less at that moment whether she is orgasmic or not—who, as an exercise in achievement or because she has nothing else to do, will pick up a vibrator and will in the face of no interest, no drive, no nothing, produce orgasm. Women all over the world are proving this in the privacy of their own rooms, all the time.

PLAYBOY: Would you give an example of one of the other sources?

JOHNSON: Let's take a woman of poor physical well-being, who has a low sex drive for physical reasons or psychological reasons—other demands that are more important—whatever. Give that person an extraordinary evening with a person of choice in a remarkable set of circumstances and you will find that the requirements that are being poorly met by drive or by physical friction are pre-empted by what you would have to say are the psychosocial components.

PLAYBOY: You sound like you're describing the ideal fantasy evening.

JOHNSON: In the past 20 years, we've observed several women who were able to reach orgasm through fantasy alone—utilizing none of the other components.

PLAYBOY: One of the more controversial

chapters of *Homosexuality in Perspective* was your research on fantasy. Dr. John Money, for example, charges that "You can't understand the sexuality of anyone on earth if you don't understand their erotic imagination. Masters and Johnson do not appear to be attuned to that part of people's lives. They measure what can be measured with instruments. You have to build up an extraordinary amount of trust before you can get people to unlock their secret, dangerous images. The content of erotic imagery in homosexuals is different from that in heterosexuals." How did you get the fantasy material?

MASTERS: To me, the most important thing in the chapter on fantasy is how we gathered the information. We certainly agree with Money that it takes trust, understanding and more than one interview to collect fantasy material that is sufficiently reliable for interpretation. It has been our experience that people tend to tell the interviewer or therapist first what they want you to know. Second, they tell you what they *think* you want to know. It's rarely before the third level of interviewing that they tell you how it really is. During the period the fantasy material was being collected—1957 to 1970—three types of interviews were conducted with each subject from the homosexual, heterosexual and ambisexual study groups. First, each subject was interviewed by the research team and

then interviewed separately, in depth, by each member of the team on a one-to-one basis. The interviews were open-ended and continued over a two-to-three month time interval until their completion.

PLAYBOY: Why is that important?

MASTERS: Until very recently, most of the available information we have had on fantasies has come from the published clinical findings of psychologists or psychiatrists. Consequently, most of our beliefs about fantasy tend to be based on the fantasies of persons undergoing treatment for sexual and other problems. It seems to me that if one is going to make use of fantasy material in psychotherapy—as a factor in diagnosis, in the study of process or as a means of evaluating progress—it should be done on a conceptual basis that includes a study of fantasies of men and women who do not have need for health care. If the researcher or clinician questions a sexually dysfunctional male about his fantasies, for instance, what is the basis for determining the significance of his answer? There is a great advantage in having information on the fantasy patterns of sexually functional people, especially when one is trying to arrive at an effective diagnosis for treatment of those men and women who are sexually dysfunctional.

PLAYBOY: For years, psychiatrists have used fantasies to diagnose latent homosexuality. If a man dreams about having

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sex with another man, he's automatically labeled deviate and subject to therapy. Are you challenging that?

MASTERS: We recorded the five most frequent fantasies for homosexual men, homosexual women, heterosexual men and heterosexual women. The fantasy that was most frequently reported by all of our groups was that of forced sex—the imposition of will, either physical or psychological. The only other fantasy that was common to all four groups was that of cross preference. Homosexual men frequently reported fantasizing about having sex with women, and lesbians similarly reported fantasies about sex with men. Heterosexual women also described fantasies of making love with other women on numerous occasions, and heterosexual men frequently had fantasies about sex with other men.

PLAYBOY: What does all this mean?

MASTERS: There are innumerable possible interpretations of this data that will be reported later. Suffice it to say that at present, this information should make us take a long look at a very popular diagnosis—"latent homosexuality." We have been asked to believe that if a male patient describes regularly recurrent fantasies about sex with other men, he can be labeled a latent homosexual. But consider this: When a homosexual man reports recurrent fantasies of sex with a woman, he has not been labeled a latent heterosexual. What it really means is the diagnosis of latent homosexuality may not have as secure a connotation as we had previously been led to believe.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned that forced sexual encounters were fantasized by all four groups. Were there any differences between, let's say, how a homosexual male and a heterosexual male fantasized about forced sex?

MASTERS: In all but one instance, the homosexual man was the rapist. The victims—who were restrained and forced into sexual service via whippings or beatings—were just as likely to be women as men. In contrast, the heterosexual men commonly imagined that they were the ones being forced to have sex—usually by a group of unidentified women rather than by a single woman. However, when they imagined that they were the rapist, the victim was usually identified as a specific woman.

PLAYBOY: How did the fantasies of lesbians differ from those of heterosexuals?

MASTERS: The forced-sex fantasy was the most frequently reported fantasy for lesbians. Their fantasies might cast them as either victim or rapist. Indeed, they often switched roles back and forth in the same fantasy. Usually, the rape did not involve physical abuse, but rather, some form of psychosocial pressure. Heterosexual women usually imagined they were being "taken" while an unidentified

male or males rendered them helpless. But there was little specific sadism or masochism in their fantasies.

PLAYBOY: What was the most popular fantasy for heterosexuals?

MASTERS: The replacement of one's committed or current sexual partner. For a man, it could be someone he knew or a public personality. In his fantasy, she was always willing.

PLAYBOY: That makes sense. Why waste a fantasy on someone who is unwilling?

MASTERS: Even more often, a heterosexual woman imagined engaging in intercourse with a specific man—a Robert Redford. Others, like heterosexual men, perceived someone they actually knew.

Like the heterosexual males, homosexual men seldom fantasized their committed or current sexual partners. Their most popular fantasy consisted of images of anatomy—penis, buttocks, shoulders, facial characteristics. Their fourth and fifth favorite fantasies consisted of idyllic encounters with unknown men or group-sex experiences. Only the lesbian women regularly reported fantasies about their established sexual partners.

PLAYBOY: How do you account for this

*"The fantasy that was most
frequently reported
by all of our groups
was that of forced sex."*

pattern? Is it natural for us to lust in our hearts over strangers?

JOHNSON: I have no scientific basis for answering your question—only personal opinion. I think sexual fantasy involving a stranger says one of two things: either that so little has been put into the real relationship—when there is a real one—or the partner is so unappealing that "newness" of a fantasized stranger is used simply to provide erotic stimulation. Or it may be saying something about inability to trust intimacy. Holding back from real closeness, not really getting involved out of fear of embarrassment—feelings that can't be handled. Does the stranger represent less risk of being misunderstood and rejected? Or less responsibility? Whatever, fantasy ultimately provides a substitute for those needs that are never communicated and therefore remain unfulfilled by the partner. Lesbians in our research group more often were more open in allowing their needs to be recognized by their partners. They evidently built their sexual relationships on a realistic basis that more nearly represented what they wanted and needed. Therefore, they fantasized about their partners. Of course,

recognizing the eroticism of reality is not just a lesbian's prerogative. Anyone can discover it if he tries.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that most of us are not able to recognize our own desires?

JOHNSON: I'm saying that the difference between romantic desires and erotic necessities of sexual responsivity is something that very few people comprehend. We've had 30 therapists at our institute for training and it has been something less than easy to get them to conceptualize and clinically identify each patient's sexual needs as unique. Of course, most of us initially must work through walls of mythical, cultural givens before we finally understand something of the nature of sexual response. Put simplistically, the concept is this: There are people who live sex and people who perform sex. Those who live it function effectively because their actions reflect their emotional and psychological needs. Those who perform sex are trying to cope with any number of things that keep them from expressing themselves authentically. They are contending with barriers that prevent them from plugging into their set of unique needs and preferences to which their natural response is keyed. Effective treatment of sexual dysfunction often depends upon whether or not such a person can be helped to identify that source of desire and response within and communicate it to his partner in shared activity. It isn't enough just to say "I want" or "I need." That assumes the partner is going to make it happen. It's only fair to add that another crucial factor in treatment is getting partners to understand and accept the other's primary needs.

PLAYBOY: OK, given these ingredients, how would you suggest that a couple deal personally with the problem of the non-orgasmic female?

MASTERS: Seek professional help if trying together has reached an apparent stalemate. Your best friend or your partner may be your worst therapist. In the past few years, we've been getting a lot of cases of sexual aversion. This is a reaction to sexual activity, or more often to the anticipation of sexual activity of phobic proportion. It may manifest itself as an incredible level of anxiety, dread or revulsion—even as vomiting, diarrhea, palpitation or even momentary loss of consciousness.

PLAYBOY: What are the causes of such violent aversion?

JOHNSON: Many things. With some frequency, we are encountering women who develop sexual aversion when their partner decides to teach them how to have an orgasm during intercourse. Mind you, I am talking of a woman who has had no background of sexual disinterest or dysfunction but who enters a relationship where she and her partner become interested in her orgasmic response. She has

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not been consistently orgasmic or with the desired frequency, and her partner feels that she could—or should—be doing better. They start working on this and sooner or later their efforts become just that—work. Not infrequently, the male partner considers her response to be the measure of his own sexual effectiveness. The removal of the pleasure aspect eventually leaves her simply afraid, to the point at which she has become nauseated or otherwise aversive at the mere thought of sex.

PLAYBOY: No doubt her lover ends each session with the question "Did you come?"

MASTERS: If you want to improve sex, that is not the right time to start such a discussion.

PLAYBOY: When should you start it?

JOHNSON: You choose a time when you're not in bed together and you ask, "What do you enjoy? What is your experience like? What do you feel? Because I care. Because I really want to know. For all the right reasons, curiosity or just wanting to be a part of your experience. I want to enjoy it, to appreciate it."

Also, if you want someone to tell you what has happened to him or her—at the moment it has happened—learn to ask in advance. Say that it means something to you. Not "Did you?" For heaven's sake, if she didn't, think where that leaves her: She has to admit inadequacy or know the possible letdown she may bring a partner who depends on sexual achievement.

PLAYBOY: Should a woman announce her orgasm?

JOHNSON: Like any experience that you acknowledge to another human being, it gains another dimension. If you smell some marvelous fragrance, it certainly reinforces that experience if someone else shares it.

PLAYBOY: Obviously, if a woman thinks that lovemaking is going to be followed by a quiz—with no chance for a make-up exam—she's going to get nervous. You mention sexual fakery in your new book. Would you explain the term?

MASTERS: Sexual fakery is an escape hatch, a pattern of behavior that offers the illusion of self-protection. The heterosexual woman who fakes an orgasm would be an instance of sexual fakery. Another example is the homosexual man who is impotent, and therefore always plays the role of the stimulator and insists that he has no interest in receiving pleasure. Usually, this sexual fakery is identified. In the long range, it is rarely anything but deleterious to the individual who practices it.

PLAYBOY: How does a homosexual woman practice sexual fakery?

MASTERS: In the same way the heterosexual woman does, pretending orgasm. We gave an example in the text of a woman who had engaged in homosexual behavior for ten or twelve years without achieving orgasmic release. Her partners began to complain that it took such a long time

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for her to respond, so finally she started faking an orgasm.

PLAYBOY: Does that make it more difficult for her to reach a genuine climax?

MASTERS: It can. A woman who pretends an orgasm generally tends to do so to remove herself as quickly as possible from the sexual interaction because she presumes there's nothing in it for her. From then on, her chances of ultimately achieving orgasm are significantly diminished, for lack of opportunity and perhaps because she ceases to become involved sensually.

PLAYBOY: Have you read the foreword to Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s *Mother Night*, in which he warns: "We are what we pretend to be, so we must be careful about what we pretend to be"?

MASTERS: That's a good understanding of the problem. People who are sexual fakers begin to identify with the image they project. It makes it quite difficult to get to the root of the problem. Once they admit the fakery not only to the therapist but to their committed partner, if one exists, the therapist is well along the road toward helping them. But not until then.

PLAYBOY: In *Homosexuality in Perspective*, you also say that you try to get patients to confront their fears of performance. Short of therapy, what can the individual do about performance fear?

MASTERS: Well, it helps a little bit to understand it. And it helps even more if the partner understands as well. Beyond that, there's not much anybody can do without turning to professional help. Fear of performance is a devastating thing, and effective therapy usually is needed to neutralize it.

PLAYBOY: Would you summarize your therapeutic approach?

MASTERS: Yes, but we don't want to appear to be cookbook-ing it. First of all, we find that facing your fear of performance helps in a therapeutic contest. We explain to patients that having once experienced such fear, they are going to have to live with the possibility of its emerging at any time for the rest of their lives. You must not tell someone that things are going to work splendidly at all times in the future, because after working effectively for two or three years, the fear may return and the man or woman is devastated. It's much better to be psychologically prepared for realities of sexual response and learn to deal with them.

PLAYBOY: You make it sound as if there's a sexually troubled person hiding behind every bush. How many people, by your estimate, have sexual problems?

MASTERS: Our guess is that at least half of the couples in America have sexual problems. That estimate is based on impressions from our clinical work and an examination of legal literature—divorce cases and the like.

PLAYBOY: Did any of your subjects try to fake an orgasm in the lab?

MASTERS: On occasion, but it was very easy to tell. The polygraph needle always gave them away.

PLAYBOY: What are the kinds of problems you handle in therapy?

MASTERS: As I said earlier, in the past few years we've been seeing more in the way of sexual aversion. We're also seeing more cases of male impotence and various female anorgasmic states.

PLAYBOY: When you wrote *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, you said that you had an effective-cure rate of around 80 percent. Are you still doing as well?

MASTERS: Our failure rate is running about the same. In some areas, there's improvement; in a couple of areas, the results are worse than they were. In the past five years, we've been less effective in working with the female and more effective in working with the male. It averages about the same. To us these figures represent an improvement, because we're dealing with more difficult cases.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

MASTERS: In the first 12 to 15 years of our therapy programs, about 45 percent of our cases were referred to us after there

"Our guess is that at least half of the couples in America have sexual problems."

had been failure in prior psychotherapeutic attempts to reverse the sexual dysfunction for which the man, woman or couple had sought professional support. In the past five years, about 85 percent of those who come to us have experienced prior psychotherapeutic failures.

PLAYBOY: You devoted a whole chapter of *Human Sexual Inadequacy* to premature ejaculation. At the time, you were quoted as saying that within ten years the condition would not be a problem. Obviously, your prediction hasn't come true. Can you say why?

MASTERS: Surprisingly, rarely do we see a case of premature ejaculation in the clinic now. Since it's relatively easy to reverse, our guess is that the first-line health-care professionals are taking care of the problem. It's screened for us, but it certainly hasn't disappeared as a sexual dysfunction.

JOHNSON: When we first treated cases of premature ejaculation, we noticed an almost stereotypical case history. Usually, the person's first experience had been under circumstances in which it was necessary to rush through intercourse under a great deal of pressure. For instance, the back seat of a car. There was no sense that you should linger and

appreciate the act; there was just the fun of doing it. I think that conditions have changed—I hope.

PLAYBOY: With the gas shortage, we doubt that anybody is doing it in back seats anymore. Are there any other reasons for the change?

JOHNSON: I think that premature ejaculation—like a lot of other areas of distress—has come to be accepted as a minor problem. It's not immediately threatening to the male image. Men know it's treatable, that there's something they can do about it. I think there's a growing feeling about all sexual problems that they are not, as previously thought, a matter of "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away." Which takes them out of that "My life is ruined" or "All is lost" perspective.

MASTERS: Times have changed. One of the last cases of premature ejaculation we treated was that of a 63-year-old man. He had gone to a doctor 25 years previously to seek treatment because he thought he was denying his wife pleasure. The "expert" told him that it didn't make any difference to the woman, so there was no point in changing. After 25 years, the couple decided to do something about it.

PLAYBOY: According to *Time* magazine, you've trained over 7000 therapists. How does someone find a therapist?

MASTERS: We have trained 30 therapists. The figure of 7000 represented an approximation of the number of health-care professionals who have attended two-day seminars or five-day workshops sponsored by the institute. When *Time* called to check the figure, we told them that the designation was incorrect, but they ran the figure of 7000 anyway.

PLAYBOY: If someone wanted to consult a Masters and Johnson-certified therapist, would he or she contact the institute in St. Louis?

MASTERS: We don't certify therapists. No one who trains has the right to certify.

JOHNSON: We'd be happy to tell people who the 30 people we've trained are. We don't know to what extent they continue to use our methodology, though. Our main problem occurs whenever some thoughtless or witless writer puts the address of the institute at the end of a newspaper article and we get thousands of letters asking for referral. It absolutely destroys the ability of our office staff to function effectively. We have to stop everything to answer the mail. Bill long ago declared that we would not fail to respond to anyone in trouble who clearly printed his name and address.

PLAYBOY: How can someone tell if he or she is in the hands of a charlatan?

JOHNSON: You have to rely on others in the community in whom you have already developed trust. If you have a doctor to whom you're going to entrust your life, then go to him for suggestions

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2. The Sweepstakes prize is a set of six imported Barling pipes in a specially-crafted case. No cash or any other substitution for the Sweepstakes prize is allowed.
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of who to consult about your sex life. There's no perfect system. You cannot define skills practiced by someone behind closed doors. There is a continuing need for review and revision of supervisory procedures. We're about 50 years behind other fields of medicine when it comes to being responsible for our profession. We have no peer review boards.

PLAYBOY: In the past few years, several lawsuits have been brought against therapists who initiated sex with patients. Do you have a position on doctor-patient relationships?

JOHNSON: The nature of the patient-doctor relationship is very well defined. Until 1948, the Hippocratic oath contained the line: "I will abstain from . . . the seduction of females or males or free-men or slaves."

MASTERS: Two years ago, in an appearance before a plenary session of the American Psychiatric Association, we took the position that any health-care professional who takes advantage of a client should not be sued for malpractice. He or she should be arrested for statutory rape.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that a bit harsh?

MASTERS: Not really. The client simply isn't able to give objective permission, or informed consent to the act—because of the very nature of the doctor-patient relationship. If more people were willing to press this type of charge, there would be less of a problem.

PLAYBOY: Do you find that you have to deal with a great deal of public apathy to your work? Do you ever feel yourselves becoming paranoid?

MASTERS: To work in this field—I don't care whether you are publishing *PLAYBOY* or *Homosexuality in Perspective*—one must expect to contend with significant levels of public opprobrium. When you live for years in this atmosphere, it is inevitable that a significant level of paranoia intrudes on your objectivity.

PLAYBOY: Are you ever concerned for your security?

MASTERS: Let me put it this way: We certainly don't have a total sense of security. And we certainly didn't have a sense of it when we published *Homosexuality in Perspective*. Anybody as identified in this field of sex research and sex therapy as we are today has to live with the possibility of some manner of social threat.

PLAYBOY: What kind of threat? Have you received hate mail, for instance?

MASTERS: Hate mail for *Human Sexual Response* was heavy. Dozens of what we call "drop dead" letters. And there was a significant bundle of similar mail when we published *Human Sexual Inadequacy*. Inevitably, the hate mail comes in before the "hooray for you" mail. The hate mail comes in the first three or four months, almost immediately following the publication of a book. About 80 percent of it

is actually scatological, some of it obviously pathological. Much of it isn't signed. No return address, so you can't even respond. But since we published *Homosexuality in Perspective*, we have received only six drop-dead letters. To me, this is an absolutely amazing change. I anticipated hundreds, even thousands of such letters. They should be here by now. They should be arriving in sacks.

PLAYBOY: Earlier, you mentioned that a critic had said that love was never mentioned in *Human Sexual Response*. Neither, perhaps more surprisingly, was oral sex. Why?

MASTERS: We didn't study oral sex in the original research project because we didn't have the courage. We were running scared in terms of opportunity to finish the work. We had gambled our professional careers undertaking the investigation of human sexual physiology. Had we been stopped by the university authorities before we had something significant to talk about—where would we have gone from there?

PLAYBOY: Reduced to a life of private practice?

MASTERS: At best; I might well have been thrown off the listing of a specialist society, even taken off the A.M.A. rolls or brought up for censure before the licensing board for moral misconduct. Those things could have happened.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever wondered what prompted you to go into sex research at the same time Hefner was beginning *PLAYBOY* 25 years ago? Was it something in the water supply?

MASTERS: I wish I could answer that. Hef and I have talked about it several times. The only thing that I can say is that aside from man's curiosity about sex, I looked at the total area of human sexual function and realized that nobody knew very much about the subject. Or, rather, that nobody was sure about his information. Everybody knew *something* about the subject. I suppose it was a combination of an embarrassing lack of knowledge by the health-care professionals and the challenge of working in an area where nobody ever worked before. Such a situation inevitably is a challenge to anybody who's research oriented—to do things that had never been done before. Of course, Kinsey opened the door for us. Kinsey was the first person to get permission from a major university to conduct sex research. I can find it in my heart to doubt whether Washington University would have given us permission to work in this field if Indiana University hadn't taken a bath in the cold water first.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever meet Kinsey?

MASTERS: I met him once in a receiving line. I did not know him. He definitely set the early pace for what we were interested in doing. We received flak primarily because we were not asking people questions about sexual behavior, we were

asking people to demonstrate this behavior in an experimental laboratory. It's a different ball game.

PLAYBOY: What do you see as the future of sex research?

MASTERS: I would like to see it legitimized to the point where it could be funded in parallel with other legitimate areas of research in human physiology and behavior.

JOHNSON: So that young, well-trained, competent people will be attracted to it, and take these rather primitive early studies and apply the sophistication that is now available. So they might study the perceptions that are enhanced now by the openness in the field, the openness to the idea of human sexuality. Young people could bring incredible insight. Not just a point of view but another stage of the science of human sexuality. But it does take funding and supportive environments, and so far, they are not particularly forthcoming. People are doing what they can. They are certainly working in the psychological and sociological aspects of sexuality, but unless those two areas are supported by basic science and pre-clinical work, it's going to fall right back into the old traps of speculative hypotheses. And then we'll be locked in at another level, as we were after Freudian insights first opened doors to thinking about and looking at the importance of and the role of the sexual dimension of human existence, in terms of daily function—of one's total existence.

PLAYBOY: After 25 years of sex research, what remains a mystery to you?

MASTERS: Sex. We don't even know what we don't know. There is so little secure information in this field. We don't even know the questions to ask.

PLAYBOY: Just how important do you think sex is?

JOHNSON: For most people, sex is of paramount importance in their life. Others have different priorities. Things they value more. However, we are all sexual beings, male or female. The personal option is how we express our sexuality. Although sexuality will remain a dimension of one's personality regardless of choice, the personal option may be either an active life or a commitment to the choice or circumstance of celibacy. Occasionally, both within one lifetime. One thing you can be sure of: The more one knows about sex, the better chance there is of dealing with it effectively when something is not satisfactory. I believe that is a reasonable principle of education. That is the principle, at least, by which we are committed to sex research. That, plus the fact that we continue to believe that "sex is a natural function." We've proclaimed that for so long now, people surely are tired of hearing it. Maybe in another ten years beyond that, our society will allow us to live it.

Bewitch...

Be loved.

Bedazzle...



Remy Martin  V. S. O. P. FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC

*rock and roll was his life,
and his life sucked—
if he had to play in
clubs that smelled like
stale-beer gumbo, page
figured it was time to
play his own dangerous
goddamned music*

fiction

By LAURENCE GONZALES

ALONG the main road into town, the ghosts of once-elegant, sprawling, New Orleans-style mansions loomed over prefabricated houses—long history and new silence. Galveston, an island originally inhabited by cannibals, was now gone to whorehouses and run-down gas stations, and those were wiped away with casual regularity by hurricanes. A monolithic sea wall ran along Seawall Boulevard, sloping down from the street to an embankment of granite boulders that stretched away to flat, sandy beaches. The loose sand would swallow a car up to its rocker panels if the driver wasn't careful, and Galveston on a Saturday night wasn't exactly famous for careful drivers.

All weekend cars prowled Seawall Boulevard, cruising the length of the beach, stopping frequently to discharge vomit or urine or two or more enraged customers bent on assaulting one another. Summer of '74 and just the ride into town was enough to drive a man to drink. Page already sounded weary as Link turned the car toward the beach.

"This is God's country," Page said. "He just comes back to claim it from time to time."

The sea wall itself was impressive testimony to the endless struggle between men and the ocean. The embankment was there to stop the sea on those frequent occasions when





FIRST LOOK

of a new novel

it shrugged, sending a wall of water slamming across the island. Page felt a twinge of satisfaction in the certain knowledge that, with the inescapability of all natural wonders, a hurricane in the megaton range would cut across that Gulf once again and wipe the slate clean.

But tonight was just an ordinary Galveston evening, the temperature soaring to giddy, stroke levels, the air an overdone gumbo of fish-rot and salt. The place where Link and Page played was nothing more than a slab of concrete surrounded by walls of stout bamboo and hung with a sign that read THE RIPTIDE RENDEZVOUS. But it was a big club, decked out for serious business. It was what Page called "an in-earnest, for-sure, full-bore, go-ahead, hard-boogie, rock-and-roll night club."

"Saturday night," he sighed as they entered, and added with a shrug, "Rock and roll." It was a verbal tic he had picked up earlier on another continent, when choppers used to take them out on assault missions. According to procedure, after they passed a certain point beyond which the platoon was committed to fighting, someone would shout, "Line of departure. Lock and load," and everyone would chamber a round and slam home the bolt on his weapon. But the first time Page went on such an assault, he thought he heard the man shout above the batting of the

rotors, "Line of departure. Rock and roll!" and it stuck with him.

Link went to the bar and Page moved toward the stage. It was a confusion of hardware: microphones pointing their heads attentively this way and that, horns lined up rigid and military in their stands, great banks of gaudy, vinyl-covered amplifiers and speakers in outrageous colors—metal-flake crimson, sky-blue sparkle, orange sunburst and massacre red—a bramble of electrical cord that made it nearly impossible to navigate the stage floor, an imposing walnut Hammond B-3 with two Leslie speakers off to one side, a black, speckled drum set resembling a rare, gawky bird, all chrome legs and beak. And placed here and there, the electric guitars and basses, bright sci-fi psycho fantasies that looked more suited to producing death rays than music.

Page made his way past the hardware to the back of the stage and reached up to hit a switch. He had to admit that, even in this nightmare place, a stage full of space-age instruments came to life in the floodlights. The metal-flake custom speakers glowed like candy and the flat-bodied electric guitars burst like astronomical phenomena. The brass horns were complex rivers of molten gold, formed into streams and switchbacks by supernatural craftsmen.

Page felt a surge of excitement as he took out his guitar. He strapped it on almost tenderly, the way a locked-on junkie ties off before firing up: Oh, blessed relief. But not for long. That same sound—a sound he'd been hearing for years—started up in his head, he'd heard it for so long now that it took a lot of chemicals just to turn the volume down. And he knew he was going to have to play a job tonight and it sure wasn't going to match that music—his music. Tonight it was going to be basic, prefab night-club fare. It was like being horny and in love and a thousand miles from her—you were going to hate yourself in the morning when you woke up with someone else.

"Gone be a crowded motherfucker," Link said as he came across the room with two beers. Page took a beer, drank off half of it and went back to his instrument. He plugged his guitar into the amp and adjusted the knobs. His fingers moved lightly across the strings. And then something happened that was all out of proportion to this delicate movement: A stretch of Galveston beach 400 meters long exploded with the sound of his chords, like cracking an electronic whip, the real thing, pure essence of rock and roll. Up on the sea wall, though Page could not see it, puzzled heads turned as the club gave off its eerie, semitonal cry. The manager of The Rip-tide Rendezvous had the right idea.

Other club managers up and down the island hated him because with his two bands, each sporting nine horns and megawatts of brutal power, he could blow everything clear off the beach.

"You know, Little Buddy," Link said, "we got enough equipment in here to fill the Grand Canyon." He strapped on his bass and hauled his bulk onto the stage. Page played him an E and Link tuned to it. The throaty bass sounded like a gong struck in some great hall in hell.

The club had started to fill at the first sound of Page's guitar. And when it filled on a Saturday night, it filled quickly and to capacity. People were now taking up positions at the various bars inside, mostly slack-limbed men at this point, leaning with that hip-shot indolence only hard-core white trash can exhibit. As Page surveyed the growing swarm, he felt a wave of nausea grip him and tried to descend further into his music, seeking that sound. But it was impossible to block out the input from a club that size.

He watched a couple make their way across the room. The man, short and lean, with tooled boots, tattoos and tight jeans, wore a Western hat and a decorated shirt. The over-all impression fell somewhere between ersatz cowboy and borderline fag, though if you had suggested that to the customer, he would have taken you outside for a roll in the sand and a deep puncture wound. The girl was bigger in both dimensions, with massive breasts. Her blonde hair was elaborately sculpted and sprayed into place, and she walked as if the top half of her body were some exotic sign language. Soon the couple was swallowed up in the Saturday-night crowd that was flowing in.

There was a seemingly endless procession of couples, singles, hookers and crooks. Oil riggers, cat operators, jerks and truckers, waitresses, secretaries, clerks and bookies—Cajun, Indian, cowboy, freak—losers and loners and hungry women, dandies, dudes, cops and robbers, veterans of wars both foreign and domestic, the lean, the mean, the hairless and legless, stoned and sober, straight as Interstate 10 and crooked as a refinery catwalk; they came alone or with reinforcements, in groups of two and three, in armies and cadres—small attack units of swinging dicks and vast divisions of pussy. For it was Saturday night and they had come to slake their thirst for noise and booze and sex and action, love and death and human contact in all its most graphic mutations. They came and reeked of sweat and piss and beer and all the glorious, livid discharges of their animal couplings. They came in their manifold ruttings and rubbings to squirm in the arc light and obliterate the horror of it all. But Page knew why they really

came. In the final analysis, they came to boogie.

Page and Link left the stage and huddled in a corner to drink beer and just watch it all come down before their first set.

"I don't think I'm gonna make it through the night," Page's voice shook. "I'm getting too old to take this shit."

"Then take this shit," Link held out his hand. Between his thumb and forefinger was a dark, elongated capsule bearing pharmaceutical hieroglyphics and the numbers 18-875. Page recognized it as an old favorite: the famous Pennwalt 20-milligram Biphethamine, so dark in color it was popularly known as Black Molly or Black Beauty.

"Ahhh," Page smiled, "*la negrita*." He opened his mouth and Link dropped the capsule in like a priest administering the Holy Sacrament.

"The Black One," Link said.

"Our Lady of Sympathomimetic Amines." Page swallowed and chased it with beer. When he opened his eyes, he was faced with a young, very drunk girl.

"You're Page," she said. She had a vague, farm-girl prettiness somewhere behind her stoned expression. Page nodded and smiled uncertainly. "I think y'all's is the best band on the beach."

Page thanked her and asked her name.

"Melanie," she said, listing to one side as if she might fall over.

"Are you alone?" Page wanted to know. She didn't answer at first. She stared at him, admiring his high cheekbones, the deep skin tones, the great cloud of dark hair. Page dropped his eyes, thinking, Yep, she's definitely one of them, another Gulf Coast casualty, a genuine mattress-backed sweetie from Bossier City or Lake Charles or Pasadena. Or from Texas City, where the effluvia poured into the air by the oil refineries were so thick and potent that the residents walked around in a constant, demented drunk. Page felt he was losing his grip. He'd been doing this for too long.

"Yes," the girl finally said.

"Well, Melanie," Page began uncertainly, "we're going up there and play some of that music now, but I'll catch up with you later on."

"I'll be right over there," she waved vaguely and lurched away into the crowd.

Page turned to see Link frowning. "What's wrong with you, shitbird?"

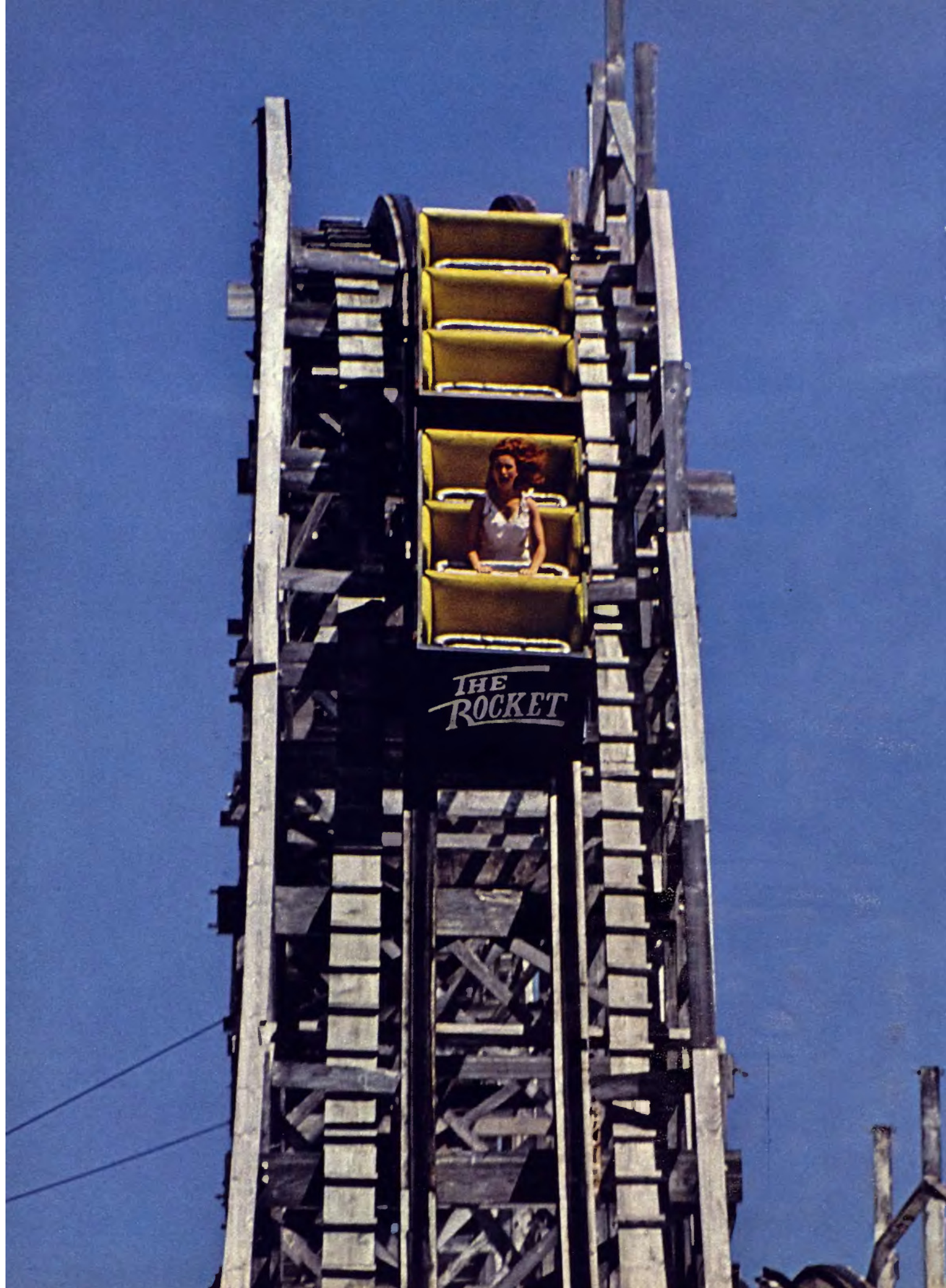
"I wouldn't fuck her with *your* dick," Link said.

"You'd fuck anything that's warm," Page laughed, a little too high, a little too easily. In another 20 minutes, he felt the Biphethamine kick in. His heart went into a canter. Oh, yes, oh, yes, nothing finer. Page always imagined it was what

(continued on page 134)



"Well, let me ask you something. Have you ever been a champion? Have you ever been best of breed? Do you get five hundred dollars for stud service ...?"



fun and games on the set of a soon-to-be-aired playboy tv production

CARNIVAL KNOWLEDGE

"THE ROLLER-COASTER train crashes into the protective tank above the underground gas line, creating a sudden cataclysmic EXPLOSION." So reads the script for the climactic scene of a new Playboy production (in association with Furia-Oringer Productions), the two-hour TV movie for ABC titled *The Death of Ocean View Park*. Starring Mike Connors, Martin Landau, James (Paper Chase) Stephens, Caroline (Soap) McWilliams, Diana (Soap) Canova and Linda Brooks, the disaster epic is highlighted by the actual destruction of an 80-year-old roller coaster at the Ocean View Amusement Park in Norfolk, Virginia.



Mike Connors and actress Linda Brooks, who plays a tourist attending the pork when the disaster occurs, ride the Ferris wheel (above) before the disaster at Ocean View Amusement Park.





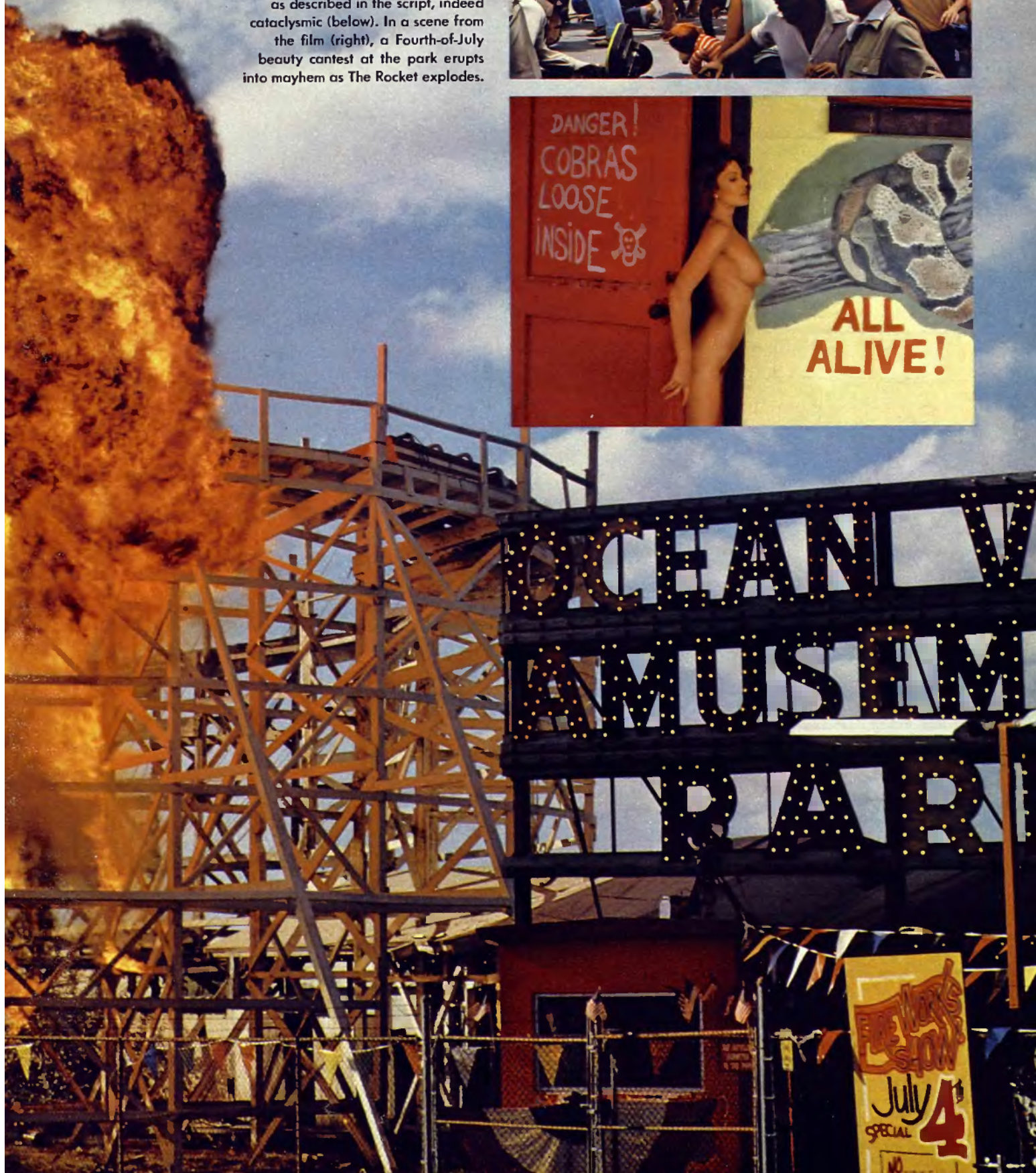
During the Twenties, the 20-acre Ocean View Amusement Park was something of a landmark in the area, the roller coaster being its main attraction. During the Second World War, sailors would cram the place. But since the Fifties, business has been down. Playboy Productions offered a handsome amount for the right to destroy the place. Seems a shame; it makes a great background for these shots of Linda.







The old Ocean View roller coaster, dubbed The Rocket, was sturdier than the special-effects men had bargained for. To make the 80-year-old attraction self-destruct took three days and required about 500 gallons of gasoline, three and a half cases of dynamite, a case of plastic explosives and a 60-ton Caterpillar tractor. The resulting explosion was, as described in the script, indeed cataclysmic (below). In a scene from the film (right), a Fourth-of-July beauty contest at the park erupts into mayhem as The Rocket explodes.



"The club was revving up its generator and needed a little rock and roll to complete the circuit."

fighter pilots felt when they popped their afterburners.

"Rock and roll." Page now felt the speed grip him as if he'd grabbed a high-tension line. "I feel good enough to *kill* somebody." Link's laughter was drowned out by the ambient crowd noise. The club was revving up its generator and all it needed was a little rock and roll to complete the circuit, then watch the sparks fly.

"Line of departure, Coach," Page pointed to the band assembling on the stage. He and Link fought their way through the people.

To get things rolling, Page called *The W. S. Walcott Medicine Show* by Robbie Robertson. He and Link set up the bass and guitar intro, a syncopated, slap-hammer, plunking lead. The drummer came in pumping, sizzling as Page took two steps forward until his lips nearly touched the Shure microphone. He grimaced as if he had some really bad news to tell, then sang the raw-boned, rangy melody. Link stepped up to his mike to sing the harmony part in an incongruously high warbling tenor. Page watched the people and listened to the band behind him. He felt the guitar humming in his arms and put his voice on the line. It came back to him a thousandfold, 130 decibels of it, raking up and down the beach.

The people were moving now, jerky and ataxic, as if a mad scientist had created a bad benzodiazepine dream that danced. Page surveyed the entire scene with a detached, almost innocent horror, listening to his own voice (who is that guy singing?), hearing the second trumpet player honking out of tune (where did we dig up that dude?). He tried to concentrate on the sound he and Link made with their instruments, with their voices—he desperately wanted to hear it—for sometimes, against the holocaust backdrop of this band, Page was able to focus, filtering noise, and even transplant himself and Link into some mythical band that could do no wrong, the band he had always heard playing in his head. He held the sound for only seconds at a time, though, as he called another tune and then another, rushing through the set.

It wore on and got old very fast; nothing like stale music to make you want to pack it all in. When it finally ended, Page took the microphone. "Evenin', folks, thank you, thank you. I think

the drugs are beginning to work," light ripple of approval from the crowd, "so stay with us. The Hurricanes'll be up here in a minute to play a set while we take a short beer and pussy break, so don't go away." And Page thought, *Do, do go away, far, far away, all of you, as the band played a fast break tune behind him.*

They wound it up quickly and scattered to different corners of the club, eager to get away from the stage. When Link came over to the corner with two beers, he saw that Page was shaking. "You all right?"

"Man, I don't know how much more of this club I can take. Look at me." He held out a hand and it trembled visibly.

"Man, they just a bunch of *kickers*." Link slapped him on the shoulder. "No sweat. Just play is all."

"I don't know, I think we better find something else to do pretty soon." He thought for a moment. "Maybe I could get some nice quiet work, like smoke jumping."

When they mounted the stage half an hour later, it was worse.

"*Sympathy for the Devil*," Page called. The song just about matched his mood. Besides, it was long and he wouldn't have to think for a while. After that, he went through some old favorites for the Louisiana crowd—Otis Redding, Bobby Blue Bland, The Temptations. But then it hit him again, about halfway through the set: that sound. That sound. At times he had even spent long afternoons writing out parts for the musicians so he could teach them one of his own songs, but the actual *sound* was never there when they played one of his pieces. Now he longed to hear it and knew he wasn't going to, not tonight, not in any damned Riptide Rendezvous, you better believe it. As the last song wound down, Page took the microphone again.

"*Thank you, folks.*" His voice came through the sound system like that of some delirious god, panting across the little island in foot-high letters. His eyes scanned the acres of flesh. The only thing that kept back the nausea now was the Black One coursing through his veins. He was about to start his standard rap when he spotted the couple he'd seen earlier, the ersatz cowboy and his busty girlfriend. He watched with mute wonder as the girl opened the cowboy's fly and started working him over with a skillful, vigorous fist; it was the first time Page had seen a hand job in this club.

He couldn't quite believe she was doing it as he felt Link lean over his shoulder and whisper with astounded reverence, "Well, I'll be dipped in shit."

"*All right!*" Page hollered into the microphone. "Don't let your meat loaf, cowboy." Page felt himself slipping now, as if some internal gear had just ground itself smooth. Now the girl's head was thrown back in hysterical laughter. The cowboy was hunched over, trying to get his pants back together. Page wanted to turn away, but he couldn't take his eyes off the couple.

"*Yes, sir,*" Page went on, "we got a *man here* just got his lizard *whipped!*" No one could ignore that. The room coughed up a cosmic, surreal chuckle and outside, people began to force their way into the club to see what was going on. "That's right, *stud,*" Page pointed at the man. "How'd it *feel?*"

"*Great!*" the cowboy yelled, and his girlfriend nearly collapsed with laughter.

"Well," Page said with a savage grin, "I've got *twenty bucks* here says you two won't do the *crocodile rock* right there on the floor." Page pointed as if aiming a weapon. Link moved up closer behind him, seeing him skittering across the icy surface of hysteria now.

Page's challenge had cracked across the beach like the sound of artillery and heads turned toward the club with dim, reptilian curiosity. Inside, a low, dangerous roar went up from the crowd, which grew larger and louder as more people tried to get in the door.

"Let's have it," Page screamed into the microphone. "*Git some!*" The girl covered her face in a giddy gesture of embarrassment, while the cowboy waved his hands in the air like a champ entering the ring. At last Link closed the set down, pulling Page away from the mike. The other band mounted the stage and the club manager tried to make his way through the crowd as the cowboy and his girl actually went through with it. She hiked up her skirt gingerly, pulled down her panties and lay on the filthy concrete. The cowboy dropped his jeans and began going after it, pumping and jumping spasmodically. Page passed close enough to drop two ten-dollar bills onto the cowboy's back before Link led him into the night air. The club roared its approval like a Roman Colosseum. Page shook uncontrollably and something deep in his chest split painfully.

Link kept him out on the beach for half an hour, until they had to go back in for the midnight set. Page thought they should just leave—fuck it. "I'm warning you," he breathed, wide-eyed, "I can't predict what's gonna happen up there."

"You gone be all right," Link said. "Just one more set is all."

"It's your ass." Page shivered, freezing
(continued on page 221)



"But you said, 'Have a nice day' when you left this morning. . . ."



*continuing the stunning story
of gary gilmore*

THE EXECUTIONER'S SONG

By NORMAN MAILER

*two murders in two nights. we follow the killer
so closely we can almost hear him breathe*

I—COLLEEN

1

SHE HAD ONCE BEEN TOLD she looked like a Botticelli. She was tall and slender, and had light-brown hair, ivory skin and a long well-shaped nose with a small bump on the bridge. Yet she hardly knew Botticelli's work. They did not teach a great deal about the Renaissance at Utah State in Logan, where she was majoring in art education.

It was at Utah State that Colleen was introduced to her future husband, Max Jensen. Afterward, they would laugh at how long it took. The few times Max saw Colleen Halling on the campus, she happened to be talking to her cousin. Max decided the fellow was her boyfriend, and therefore it never occurred to him to ask her out.

The following year, however, Max happened to be rooming with the guy and got around to asking if he was still interested in the girl he had seen him with. Max's new roommate started laughing and explained that was no romance—just cousins. By now, Colleen was already out of college, but since she was working at the College of Education, she was, in the practical sense, still on campus.

Colleen only became aware of Max when he spoke in church at the beginning of the new school year. He was wearing a suit that day and looked very distinguished, and seemed a little older than the other students; but then, he had already finished his two-year mission. That stood out. He spoke on the importance of not tearing other people down but building them up. Managed to show he had quite a sense of humor as he spoke.

2

A few weeks later, Colleen invited her cousin and his five roommates to come over for a little dinner party with herself and her five roommates. Everything was laid out on the table and people walked by to get their porcupine meatballs; that is, hamburger-and-rice casserole. Since they were all strict Mormons, no iced tea or coffee was served, just milk and water. A pleasant meal on regular plates, not paper, and they talked about school, basketball and church activities. Colleen remembered Max sitting several feet away on a big pillow and laughing with the group. He had a distinctive voice that was a little bit raspy. She learned later he had hay fever and it gave his voice the deep throbbing sound that comes from having a cold. One of Colleen's roommates later described it as being very sexy.

The next day he called. One of her roommates told Colleen she was wanted 137

on the telephone. This was their little trick. If a girl was on the line, they would yell, "Phone!" but should it be a guy, then "Telephone." Colleen was used to hearing the second, so she had no particular idea it would be Max. The night before, she certainly hadn't gotten the feeling he was making any special attempt to communicate with her, yet he now asked her if she would like to go to a show tonight. She told him yes.

Afterward, it was kind of funny when they each admitted they had seen *What's Up, Doc?* before but hadn't wanted to spoil the other's opportunity to go. Then they went to the Pizza Hut and talked about their ideas on life, and how active they and their families were in Latter-day Saints work. Max said he was the oldest of four children and his father, a farmer in Montpelier, Idaho, was also a Stake President. That impressed Colleen. There couldn't be that many Stake Presidents in all of Idaho.

He also told her about his mission to Brazil. What got her respect was that he had earned all the money to do that by himself. Missionaries had to pay their own way over, of course, and then also pay for living expenses on the mission, so most of them had to be helped financially by their families. It wasn't easy for an adolescent to earn enough money by the age of 19 to maintain himself for two years on a mission in a foreign country.

Max, however, had done that.

He enjoyed Brazil, his conversion rate had been high. On average, you could hope to convert one person a month over your two-year stretch in that country, but he had done considerably better. He remembered it as a time of great challenge and much necessity to learn how to live with different people.

Naturally, she had heard a lot about missionary work, but he explained some of the things that didn't always get mentioned. For instance, he told her how a missionary might have trouble with his companion. It could be tough to live with a fellow who was a complete stranger. You and your companion had to be together all the time in a foreign city. It was closer than marriage. You did your work and you lived together in pairs. Even people who really knew how to get along had to grate on each other a little with their personal habits. Just the noise you made brushing your teeth. Of course, the Church had a practice of rotating missionaries before too much irritation built up.

The most valuable part, he told her, was the way you developed your ability to take rebuff. Sometimes you would really be having fruitful conversations with a possible convert, and the person might even declare they were close. Then one day you'd go over and, lo and behold, the local Catholic priest was sitting

there. There were a lot of such setbacks. You had to learn it wasn't you doing the converting but the readiness of the other person to meet the Spirit.

Colleen's family life wasn't too different from his. Her family did a lot of things that centered around the Church, and they expected you to take on things and do well. In high school, she told him, she had been yearbook editor, president of the service club and school artist. She had also done portraits out at Lagoon resort, which enabled her to save money for college. From the time she entered first grade, she wanted her drawings to be better than anyone else's.

Afterward, he drove her home in his car, a bright-red Nova that he kept sparkling clean. Her roommates said the two of them really looked good together as a couple.

3

They began dating pretty steadily. Colleen never did think, however, that it was love at first sight. It was more that Max was impressed with her and she was impressed with him.

At Christmastime, while washing dishes, her mother had wanted to know, "If Max asks you, will you say yes?"

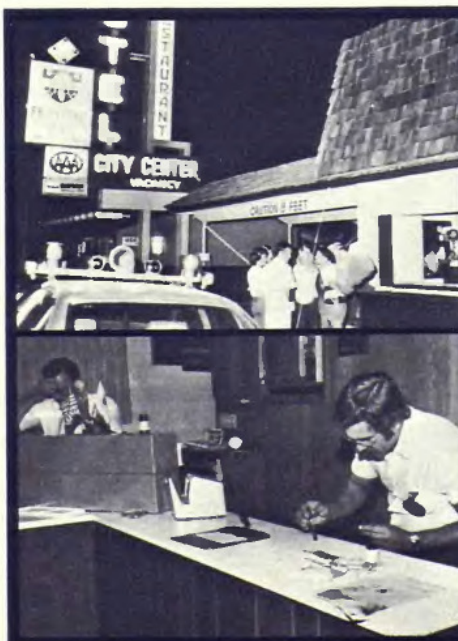
Colleen had turned around and looked at her and said, "I'd be a fool if I didn't."

During their engagement, she only found little things she did not like about

The murder of Bennie Bushnell, manager of the City Center Motel (below), brought forth an army of police from the area. Their forensic abilities (bottom) were never an issue, since Gilmore was identified by two witnesses who had seen him in the motel at the time.

Police from three jurisdictions—Provo, Orem and Pleasant Grove, Utah—converged on a makeshift command post (below) as Gilmore hid outside the home of a co-worker. Back at the motel (bottom), the floor bare terrible, bloody witness to Bennie Bushnell's death.

The cops knew where Gilmore was after his cousin tipped them off, so local SWAT squads (below) readied their weapons. They finally arrested him (below right) without firing, though Gilmore had accidentally shot himself in the hand while disposing of his gun.



Max. He was a perfectionist and occasionally Colleen might say something that wasn't grammatically correct. Max didn't worry about hurting her feelings. It was natural for him to come out and tell her, "You made a mistake," and expect her to correct it.

He was very proud of her painting and drawing, however. Sometimes he would rib her in company by saying that if he wanted her to talk, all he had to do

was say "Art." She'd start like crazy.

They really got along pretty well. Before they were married, her mother once asked, "What bothers you about him?" and Colleen answered, "Nothing." Of course, she meant nothing that couldn't soon be worked out.

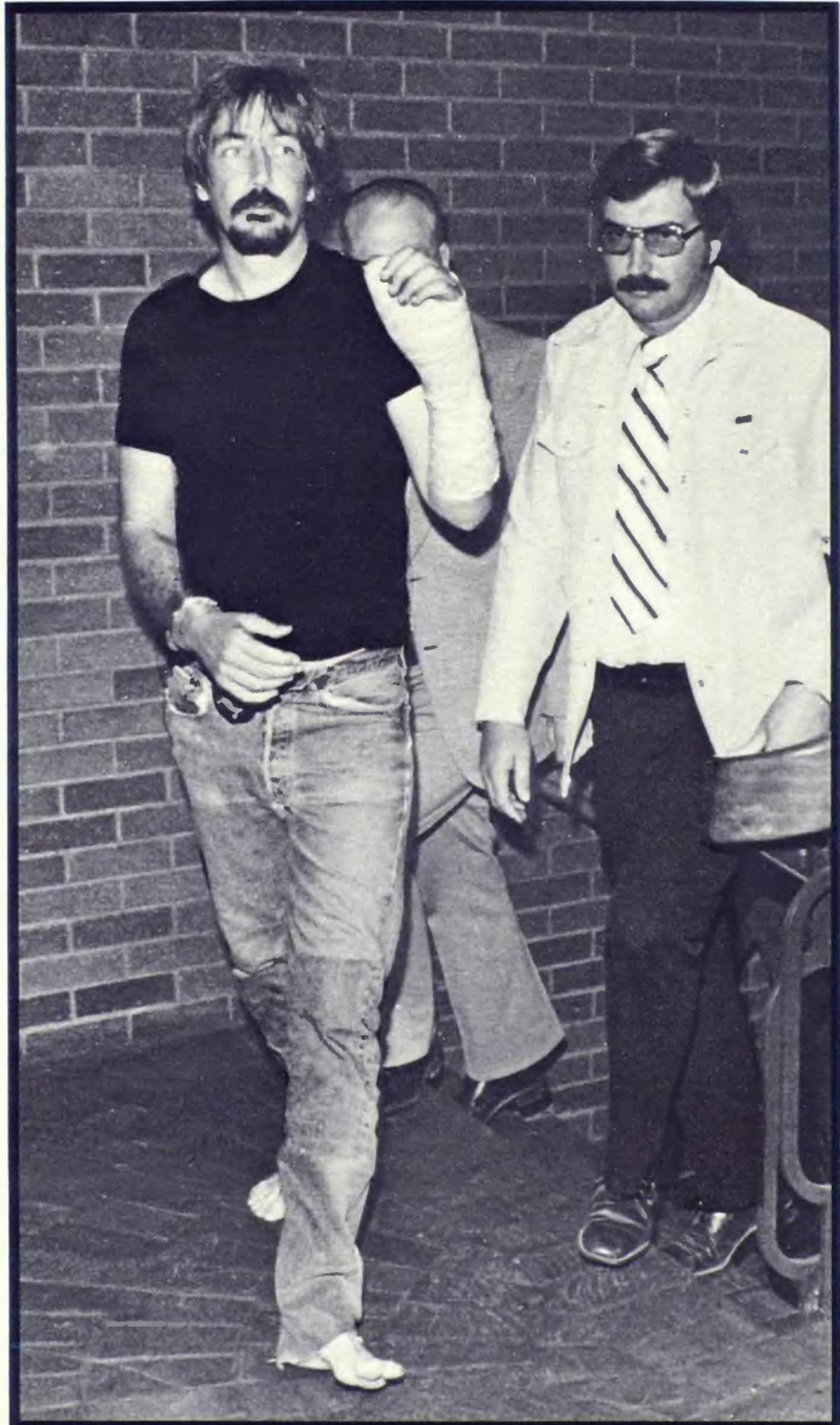
The wedding took place in Logan Temple on May 9, 1975, at six o'clock in the morning (continued on page 170)

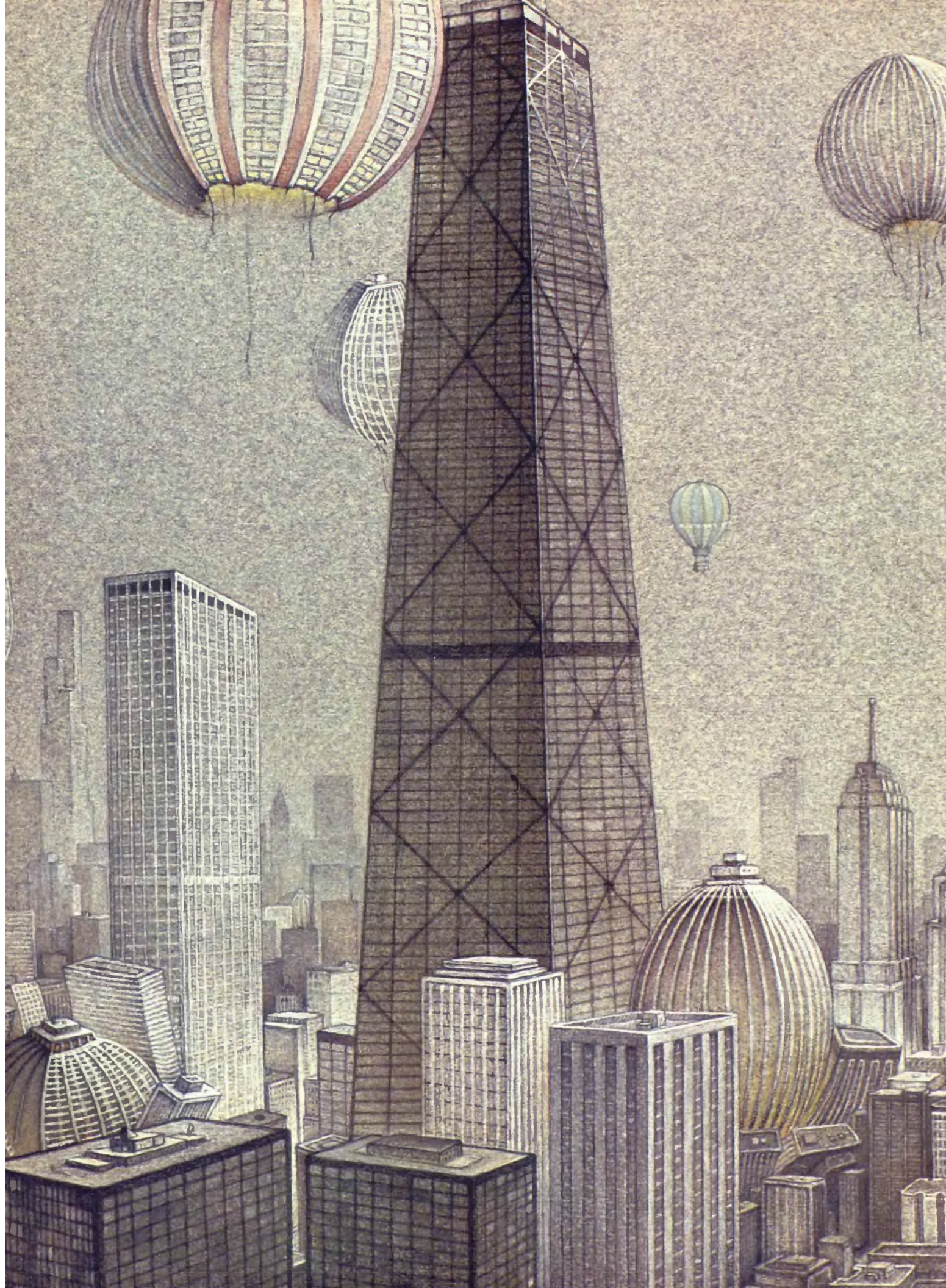


Max Jensen (left) was a law school student working a summer job in a Sinclair station. Gilmore robbed him—then shot him twice in the head at point-blank range.



Nicole Barrett (above), married three times, mother of two children, was Gilmore's love. But after a series of violent arguments, they separated—shortly before he murdered two men. At right, he arrives at the Orem City Court for his arraignment for the first murder.





article By ASA BABER

THE CONDOMINIUM CONSPIRACY

*there's joy in the real-estate world over
the birth of a new sucker: one who buys
little more than air at inflationary
prices...without understanding the risks*

There's a former reporter, now unemployed, who left journalism and became a community organizer. Once upon a time, he worked for a newspaper and covered real-estate news. He found the subject of real estate to be complex and fascinating, a study in power, and he tried to write about it honestly. He did the hard digging, spent years learning how to trace assessments, property taxes, blind trusts, red-lining, hidden ownership. He burrowed through tract books and special charts and city maps and tax logs, and he came up with interesting things to write about.

The trouble was that his articles kept getting spiked by his editors. Either they were not printed or they were rewritten extensively by other people. There seemed to be something too direct about the way this man wrote, and eventually he was fired from his job. So he decided to take more direct action. Sometimes he led demonstrations that protested housing policies, banking procedures, credit management. But the

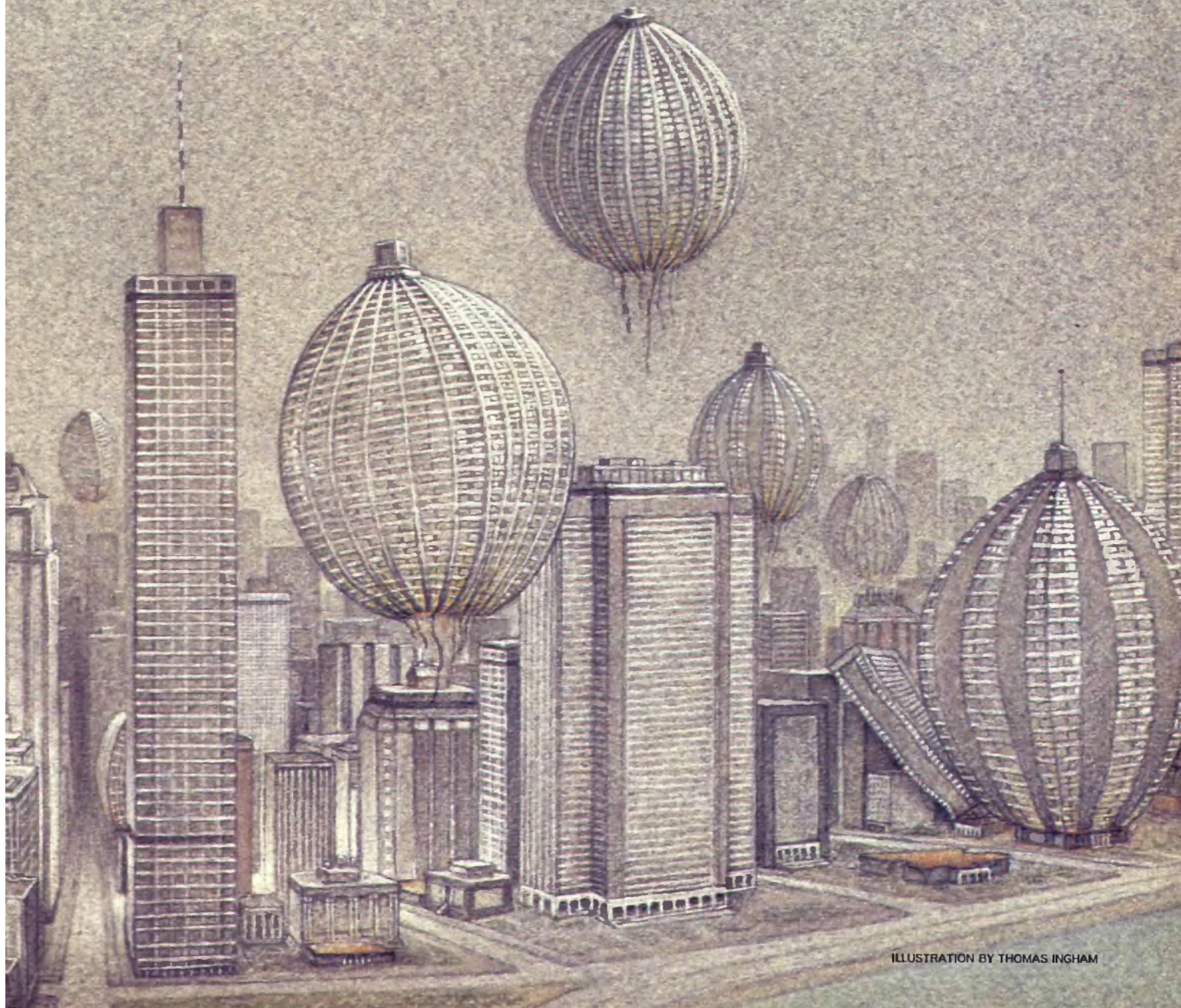


ILLUSTRATION BY THOMAS INGHAM

Sixties have come and gone, and there isn't much media coverage of those kinds of demonstrations anymore. They're considered ineffective and in poor taste, and they don't fit into the "happy talk" formula of most TV newscasts.

When you meet this man, he reminds you of someone who has just walked out from under an artillery barrage. He seems to have been to the other side of something, looked into a pit and come back to this world uncertain of what can be shared. Most of his time is spent wondering when and if he'll get another job. Community organizers are not exactly in constant demand these days.

The scene is a coffee shop underneath the Bryn Mawr el station in Chicago, a place to stop and talk after walking through the ex-newspaper's neighborhood. It's mostly black and Latino, and you can't help but note the curious way old rental buildings have of getting torched. Rental-housing stock is declining in this country. Arson is one of the reasons.

"I'll tell you what, Diogenes," the ex-newspaper says matter-of-factly, between sips of coffee. "If you're going to write about condominiums, I can guarantee you one thing: Everything you say will be contradicted by somebody. Everything. There's no safe ground unless you write a puff piece. If you write it like the industry wants it, then you'll be OK. But if you try to show the negative things, you're going to get creamed."

Diogenes? The name seems to fit. Diogenes walked around Athens with a lantern, looking for an honest man. He was a Cynic, and he slept in a tub in the open air, and when Alexander the Great came to talk to him one afternoon and stood over him in all his glory and asked Diogenes what he could do for him, Diogenes looked up at him and said, "Well, for one thing, you can get out of my sun." That took a lot of guts to say to Alexander. Some people at the time argued that it was a crazy thing for Diogenes to do, something that could only lead to trouble. And now a modern Diogenes is being warned against questioning the sanctity of condominiums.

Across the table, the ex-newspaper laughs, but it isn't a happy laugh. "You say anything bad about condos," he repeats, shaking his head, "and you're going to get creamed."

It is springtime in Chicago. Out on the streets, the moving vans are loading the household effects of thousands of people as they start on what has become an annual American migration. Approximately 170,000 families are moving this season in Chicago. Some of them have been "condooed out," as the phrase goes. A new verb: *to condo*. A new question: To condo or not to condo? It is a paraphrase of Hamlet's dilemma, and that

seems appropriate, too. Some people are buying condominiums because they sense they have no choice. Our options are shrinking. So what do you do if you don't want to move, or you want to live near your work and save on gas, or you just can't find another apartment to rent? You invest in property. You buy a condominium.

In 1970, there were only an estimated 85,000 condominium units in the entire United States. Since then, the growth of condos has been exponential. [See page 256.] Today there are apparently more than 85,000 condo units declared in and around Chicago alone. Those figures are open to question, of course; one of the reasons is that our own Government won't be keeping explicit tabs on condo conversions until 1980. The condominium movement has hit us so hard and so fast that the U. S. Census Bureau is not yet ready to chart it.

Let's put it this way: The Department of Housing and Urban Development predicts that within 20 years, 50 percent of our nation's population will be living in condominiums.

Condominium is a funny word. It's derived from the Latin *con-*, which means joint, and *dominium*, which means ownership. As we use it, the word condominium (condo, for short) refers to a form of property ownership.

In the big cities, residential high-rises and other apartment buildings are usually the types of structures that convert from rental housing to this new form of ownership. In the suburbs, you'll often find town-house complexes as condominiums. But the type of building really doesn't matter.

The point is that when you buy a condominium unit, you buy the space in that unit, obviously—but you are also a joint owner, by percentage, of other portions of the building and grounds, usually called the common elements. Those elements include things like the lobby, laundry room, boiler and air conditioner, the roof, the foundation, amenities such as pools and parking lots. You also own a percentage of the land. Your ownership percentage is proportionate to the area of the unit you buy. Whether your building is newly constructed or converted from rental housing, most of the arrangements just described are normal for condominium ownership.

Most condominiums are run by an association composed of elected unit owners. Sometimes the association hires a professional manager to oversee daily operations, but the larger questions of assessments, repairs, maintenance, insurance, improvements are voted on by the association.

One point to note immediately is that if you buy into a condominium, you'd better be prepared for a lot of democracy.

It is not necessarily easy to decide what should be done in a large apartment complex, and if your side doesn't get the votes, you may find yourself being billed for special assessments you never wanted—and possibly cannot afford.

One of the difficulties in discussing the condominium movement today is that, until now, almost everyone has made money in it—including the people who have bought condos. The units have appreciated spectacularly in many cases, and on paper, people are looking good. The process by which conversions take place is inflationary, in and of itself, but there are a lot of people who will defend it: the ex-landlord, the developer, the banker, the lawyer, the insurance agent, the tax assessor, the condo management firm, the real-estate salesperson. All conventional wisdom indicates that condominiums are the way to reduce income taxes, build up equity, ride the inflationary tiger, secure a home base, meet the challenge of managing your own buildings and improve neighborhoods by driving out transitory renters and substituting stable apartment owners.

What won't be mentioned much in discussions about condominiums is the concept of *risk*, an important factor in any major financial decision. What are the risks involved in buying a condominium? They are many, and they are soon shifted to the people who buy. Once the building is converted, all those people who talked so positively about the joys of condo ownership seem to disappear: The risk is shifted. In olden, golden days, when people spoke directly and called things as they were, this shifting of risk was known by the phrase *Take the money and run*.

Consider that the risks you are absorbing when you buy into a large apartment building are much more difficult to calculate than when you buy a single-family dwelling. Consider that in a condominium, you cannot be the sole judge of when something needs to be repaired or changed, or when the bills will arrive. The risks are less defined and less under your control.

The condominium movement represents enormous change for us as citizens. But interestingly enough, one of the first arguments offered in favor of condominiums is that they aren't as new as we might think.

"They've been around for 4000 years," says a real-estate salesperson during a spin along Chicago's fashionable Lake Shore Drive. "There's a papyrus in the Brooklyn Museum that describes the sale of an apartment." She goes on to describe Rome before Caesar, Paris in the Middle Ages, Latin America and western Europe in the early 20th Century. Condos were there, too, it turns out. "How

(continued on page 172)



"Oh, yes, I still have my virtue, but I hardly ever use it anymore."

SYLVIE GARANT is not your typical girl next door, unless you grew up in a small industrial town outside the city of Quebec. Our Miss November is French Canadian. When she was in her early teens, her parents sent her to a summer camp run by nuns near Boston to learn English. "I remember walking into my first McDonald's. I said, 'What's with this place? No hot dogs?'" She attended a convent school until she was 12. Did that affect her sex life? "It's not like I missed anything, you know. When I started attending public school, I discovered boys. I got crazy like everyone else. I wore my tight pants and T-shirts." You listen to her accent

JOLIE SYLVIE

*on a venture north of the border,
we meet mademoiselle garant,
a french-canadian miss
who's très charmante*



"People hear a French accent and they think of Brigitte Bardot or Genevieve Bujold. I don't understand why it's sexy. Where I come from, everybody speaks with that accent."







during a light lunch and suddenly you are in a French movie—one of those charming comedies with no plot. You keep looking at the tablecloth for subtitles. Sylvie stops the conversation to ask if she is making sense. “When you speak only a little English, you can get away with a lot. Someone tells you to do one thing and you do just the opposite. But sometimes it gets you into trouble. Once, I found this T-shirt: It had a little Tweety bird saying, *EVEN I LIKE A LITTLE PUSSY*. It wasn’t until I got to Toronto that I discovered that meant something else.” Her eyes sparkle and she ends the anecdote with a delightful laugh. She is getting away with something again. Toronto, where she lives now, has taught Sylvie a



"I first came to Toronto when I was 15, as a baby sitter for the summer. I had three dates a week. Nothing much happened; I had to be awake the next morning, you know. When I finally moved here to stay, I went wild. I did everything. Now I've slowed down. I actually think things over beforehand."





"I grew up in a large family and a small town. We did not talk about the birds and the bees. I remember when my older sister got breasts. I said to myself, Where did those come from? I had to bump into them to find out if they were real. No one ever told you anything."

great deal about . . . oh, whatever. "I grew up in a very small town. When you went on a date, you counted kisses. Twenty kisses in one night was serious business. I wanted something different. When I was 15, I spent the summer in Toronto baby-sitting two young boys. When I got out of school, I decided to come back here." Sylvie found a spot in the very competitive modeling business almost immediately. As she takes you on a walking tour of the Yorkville section of Toronto, you see her picture in the windows of jewelry stores, fashion centers, in magazines on the racks of



"How did I learn about sex? The hard way. No, I learned the easy way. My boyfriend was not slow, but he was patient. I've been lucky."





bookstores. She is obviously well known and well liked: Friends having lunch at outdoor cafés wave to her. As we walk along, she points out apartments she has lived in—a small room over a photographer's studio, a high-rise. This is her turf. It is not the kind of place we usually look for a Playmate. How did a nice girl . . . ? "Oh, one of my boyfriends read about the hunt for the 25th Anniversary Playmate. We do read *PLAYBOY* in Canada, you know. He suggested I try out. When I saw the first shots, my heart went"—Sylvie's hand makes a fluttering gesture against her breast. "It was the most insane thing anyone could do. But now that I've done it, I feel great." You've come a long way from the convent, Sylvie.



Last winter, Sylvie managed to take time off from a busy shooting schedule to visit the Carnival de Québec (above). The poster below is a flier for the agency that handles Sylvie.



"Modeling is very exciting; I work with some wild and crazy girls." Beautiful, too.

Short Us

Frank Avakovic

Jo Penney

JO PENNEY PERSONAL MANAGEMENT, 27 WELLESLEY STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONTARIO M4Y 1G7. (416) 961-9914





MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Sylvie Gervant

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Suzanne Garant

BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 110 SIGN: Silva

BIRTH DATE: 23/9/57 BIRTHPLACE: Montmagny, Quebec.

GOALS: to be happy and to become an actress of the calibre of Genevieve Bujold.

TURN-ONS: Beautiful people, a gorgeous beam, a nice warm bath, a drive in the country.

TURN-OFFS: Jealousy, a dark cloudy day, rude people that take advantage of others.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Midnight Express, Heaven Can Wait.

FAVORITE ACTORS: Genevieve Bujold, Brad Davis, Alain Delon.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Mireille Mathieu, Bruce Springsteen.

FAVORITE BOOKS: The lonely lady, La trichuse, La vallée des papavères.

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: Tonight Show, Three's Company.

SECRET DREAM: Being on a deserted island with my favorite man.



age 2



Starting Young!

age 6



grade 1; a scholar already!

age 16



Miss Teen Quebec

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

My new boyfriend is an absolute magician!" burbled the girl.

"How so?" inquired her roommate.

"When he waves his magic wand at me, all my inhibitions disappear!"

Given the wash-and-wear revolution, a shrewd old Chinese laundryman has converted his shop into a pay-as-you-enter, fast-pop bordello. The first thing a client sees is a sign over the cash register that reads: NO TICKEE, NO QUICKEE.



When an angel who had the night off paid a visit to California, he imbibed so much in the *discothèque* run by an entrepreneur named Samuel W. Frank that he grew careless about his belongings. When the winged one flew back home the next morning, he was stopped at the pearly gates by Saint Peter, who asked sternly, "Haven't you forgotten something?"

"Heavens," exclaimed the hung-over angel, "I left my harp in Sam Frank's disco!"

A far-out inventor has come up with a vibrating tampon. He figures that if women are going to feel miserable every month, they might as well enjoy it.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Hamburg* *fellatrice* as a *Herr* blower.

Says a litigant nympho named Rayner:
"My attorney's no fucking abstainer.

When he's horny, he chafes,
And he never has safes,
So I slip him a legal retainer."

Mr. Di Salvo said I was a beat off with my instrument at band practice today," the boy announced at the dinner table.

"Son," sighed his mother, "how can you read your music if you go blind?"

Perhaps you've heard about the cocksman cast-away who refused rescue from a remote South Sea island where he was venerated as a god. "I have been living," he explained, "in a tool's paradise!"

A female veteran of many an amorous adventure finally persuaded a young spelunker, whom she had accompanied out of curiosity on an underground crawl, to stop long enough to minister to her urgent erotic needs. "There!" she sighed when he had entered her. "Isn't *this* better than poking around in some silly old cave?"

"Well, in any case," parried the fellow, "it's roomier."

Venereal-disease authorities deny that runny Eskimo noses transmit a new strain of gonorrhea called polar ice clap.

You were super!" complimented the man as he put on his jacket and then tipped the massage-parlor attendant generously. "It must take quite a bit of experience to develop such technique. How long have you been in this line of work?"

"I started last week," said the girl.

"No! What did you do before?"

"I worked in a raingear factory. My job was to test all the umbrellas to make sure they opened and closed smoothly."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *marital fidelity* as unadulterated boredom.



We refuse to believe that there's a gay live-sex-show act billed as Anus and Andy.

Darling, I want so much to please you," said the inexperienced groom, as his new bride began an unfamiliar sexual ritual. "Would you care to draw upon your expertise as an airline stewardess and give me some instructions on how to make your, ah, journey more pleasurable?"

"Sure," she said, as she straddled him. "When the object appears, place it firmly and snugly over your mouth."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"I understand that the number of wives having affairs is on the increase!"

SHOOT

memoirs of a pulitzer prize-winning news photographer—a young man who has done the

He's a good shooter." The ultimate compliment. All the awards and professional recognition wither by comparison when a photographer you really admire remarks, "He's a good shooter." You've arrived.

That phrase wasn't in my vocabulary in 1959. In fact, there was not much at all in my vocabulary. I was only in the sixth grade, and at that age, all sorts of things excite the hell out of you—lizards, birds, buttons—you name it. My major interest was fires and fire trucks, not cameras. That would come later. The seed of my future career was planted in 1959, on the day when the woodshed up the street burned down. I saw the smoke, then heard the sirens. By the time I arrived, the old shed was ablaze and local firemen were yelling to one another over the roar of the fire and the water hoses. Suddenly, I noticed a well-dressed man standing between the police lines and the fire. He was carrying several cameras. He was a photographer for the Roseburg, Oregon, newspaper, and he clearly had the best job in the world.

He could go to all the fires, and he could cross the police lines and could get as close to the flames as the firemen without getting tired or dirty. And he got to take pictures. That was for me.

Working for a wire service is one of the most exciting and competitive jobs in the world. U.P.I.'s motto is "A deadline every minute." The unabashed competition between two major wire services has overwhelmed many young employees and driven others to drink. But I welcomed the challenge when I was hired by U.P.I.'s Los Angeles bureau. U.P.I.'s main competitor is the Associated Press. Employees of the two outfits are locked in permanent journalistic combat, and for me, that battle, at least in the early days, was a personal war as well: I was determined to prove that the A.P. general manager in New York who had declined to hire me some months earlier had made a mistake.

I arrived in Los Angeles just as the U.P.I. photo bureau moved out of the *Herald Examiner* building because of a

strike at that paper. In the next few weeks, we were to work out of dark-rooms at Los Angeles International Airport and Dodger Stadium before finally moving into a building on Olympic Boulevard. For someone who had just arrived in that sprawling city, finding one's office was enough of a problem. But this was ridiculous. "Where's the office today?" I'd ask when I called in.

I hadn't been working for U.P.I. more than five months when an escaped murderer from San Quentin named Arthur Glenn Jones nearly terminated my brief career. I was on another assignment at the time, cruising the freeways near Venice, when the radio station I was listening to reported that Jones was holed up in a nearby Manhattan Beach motel, where he was holding the police at bay. I lived in Manhattan Beach at the time—it was the one section of L.A. I could find without trouble—and by racing down the San Diego freeway at over 100 miles an hour, I arrived on the scene in less than ten minutes. Policemen had already blocked off the streets

David Kennerly, working for U.P.I., won a Pulitzer Prize for photographic coverage of Vietnam combat; an example of his work is the haunting picture at left. Later, as a close friend of President Gerald Ford (center), the young bachelor became White House photogra-



D T E R

things most guys his age only dream about *autobiography* By DAVID HUME KENNERLY

on either side of the motel, and there were men with drawn guns everywhere, including a number who lay prone behind the median.

The Manhattan Rancho Motel was typically Californian, a U-shaped one-story affair with a central parking area. From the central court, you could periodically see Jones as he peeked out from behind a curtain. A detective was standing flat against the wall alongside the window, trying to talk Jones into surrendering. The other officers strongly advised, but did not insist, that my colleagues and I leave the courtyard. The others retreated, and soon Bill Piggott, a CBS cameraman, and I were the only two media people with a clear view of the murderer's window. The murderer had a clear view of us as well.

What neither Piggott nor I knew at the time was that Jones had a large amount of dynamite sitting on his bed in the room and that he had been threatening to blow himself up. We also didn't know that the cops had just decided that, all other efforts having failed,

it was time to use tear gas to force Jones from his lair. They began lobbing the gas through a bathroom window at the rear of the building, but Jones picked up the canisters as they dropped inside and tossed them back.

Who fired the first shot I'll never know, but within seconds, a full-scale shoot-out between Jones and the cops erupted. Piggott and I were in the midst of it all, taking pictures, when—"Ka-boom!"—the dynamite went off and shingles from the motel's roof began raining down on us. "Christ, he's had it!" was all I could say. But Jones wasn't dead. In fact, as the dust settled, he started to crawl out of the window. Spotting him just as I did, the cops opened up, and for a few seconds, it sounded like Chinatown at New Year's. Jones half rose, clutching his chest, and bullets ripped into him. He fell over into a clump of ivy and crawled across the pavement toward me. He couldn't have been more than 20 feet away. Bullets were hitting him, I was taking pictures and Piggott's camera was rolling as

Jones, his clothes smoking from the blast and the bullets, looked up. His eyes caught mine for a brief second—I'm certain I was the last living thing he saw—and then his head rolled to the side.

A figure dressed in a bulky bomb-disposal suit approached Jones. He lifted the bullet-riddled body with one hand—looking for explosives, probably—then let it drop when he found none. I was shaken and speechless, and the officer who came over to me was no comfort. He had been the one negotiating with Jones through the window when the fireworks began, and he told me Jones's last words. "See those two guys in the courtyard?" Jones had said. "They better not stand there or I'm going to shoot them." Piggott had been wounded in a similar episode a few years back when a crazy woman with a rifle shot him in the arm. Some guys never learn.

Figuring I'd heard—and seen—enough, I found a pay phone and called the office. I tried to tell them what had happened, but I wasn't making much sense. The guys at the other end told me

pher—with the run of the place. After several years in Washington, Kennerly returned to photojournalism. Following Anwar Sadat (right) on his historic trip to Jerusalem in 1977, Kennerly, an assignment far *Time*, managed to both charm and exasperate the Egyptian leader.



to get back to the office as fast as I could. On the way in, I found myself listening to a report of the shooting on the car radio and the whole horrific scene returned to me: Jones's life being violently extinguished, the tear gas, the shots, the explosion—and the fact that I had almost gotten killed in the cross fire. I shook so hard I could scarcely drive.

When I reached the office, someone took my film off to be developed. Ernie Schworck, a stocky, silver-haired vet who'd seen it all, grabbed the negatives as soon as they came out of the dark-room. He held them up to the light, shrugged his shoulders and declared, "There's nothing here." My heart sank to my shoes, my life flashed before me . . . then I looked around the office. Everyone was laughing. I had fallen hard for the oldest joke in Schworck's repertoire. All I could think of at the time was that if those pictures *hadn't* come out, after all I'd gone through, I'd quit the profession for good.

The pictures had turned out, and they received tremendous play around the world. I got a tear sheet from the *Chicago Tribune* with my pictures splashed across the page. There was a note attached from Gary Haynes, U.P.I.'s Chicago bureau chief, that read: "The *Trib* hasn't used this many pix since the Colonel died," referring to the founder of the *Tribune*, Colonel McCormick himself.

In 1970, there was an opening in the U.P.I. Washington bureau. Although I didn't relish getting involved in the political scene, I knew that the assignments would at least be different, and I took the slot.

The Washington bureau chief at the time was George Gaylin, a distinguished-looking, gray-haired man who spent most of his working hours pulling out that hair in sheer frustration. George and I didn't hit it off well at the beginning because of something called the White House rotation system. Five U.P.I. photographers covered the President on a monthly basis. At the end of every fifth month, it would be the first guy's turn again. New York headquarters had insisted that I be put on the rotation immediately, overriding George's schedule. Despite the early hostility that directive caused, George and I eventually became great friends.

I didn't like Washington much in those days, and I particularly didn't like covering the White House. It was, admittedly, glamorous, but only for a while. My first ride with President Nixon on Air Force One was genuinely exciting, and being part of the White House press corps was exhilarating. One gets stars in one's eyes around the President, and members of the press corps are not immune. Like my colleagues, I found

myself saying casually, "I'll be out of town with the President next week." It's hard not to get caught up in that scene, especially when you're 23. I did, but not for long.

Being confined by ropes was one of the things I despised about working at the Nixon White House. Just before Thanksgiving, for example, The National Turkey Federation came to present a live bird to the President. Everyone assembled in the Rose Garden for the presentation: They stood behind their heavily drugged bird while the press lined up behind heavy velvet ropes as the President came into view. The doped-up bird became completely alert as soon as it spotted Nixon. It said, "Gobble! Gobble!" spread its huge wings and whacked the Chief of State right on the nose. He cringed, I shot, and that photo went across the country on U.P.I. wires. The White House staff fumed, insisting it was trick photography. And all because the First Bird had taken a liking to the First Man.

When the White House complained about my turkey shot, I assured them that I'd gladly trade 100 pictures like it for one good, substantive photograph of the President actually doing something important—working on a speech, conferring with Henry Kissinger, anything—as long as it didn't occur under the glare of television lights and wasn't a situation contrived for the benefit of photographers. Just slip me into the Oval Office for a couple of minutes, I suggested. No dice. I pleaded with Nixon's Press Secretary, Ron Ziegler, and members of his staff on many occasions, but to no avail. Presidents Kennedy and Johnson had Press Secretaries who permitted exclusive photo sessions all the time. Nixon, through Ziegler, did not—another instance of Nixon's abiding mistrust of the press.

After a year in Washington, I was ready to hit the road again. "Send me to Vietnam," I suggested to U.P.I. executive Charlie McCarty in 1971. A year earlier, U.P.I. had offered me the Vietnam assignment, but I hadn't felt ready for it. Now I did. I wanted to go. The biggest story of the decade was Vietnam, and I didn't want to miss it. My colleagues in the press corps thought I was crazy. Photographers usually go to Vietnam in hopes of getting a plush assignment like the White House when they get back, not the reverse. But I believed then, as I do now, that any photographer who had a chance to go to Vietnam and didn't make a big mistake. The only excuse that made sense to me was fear; some guys said, "You couldn't get me near the place." At least they were honest about it.

As I traded in my pinstripes for fatigues, I began to question the wisdom

of my decision. I was so tense and edgy that I could hardly eat, especially after word flashed across the wires that four photographers had been killed when their helicopter was shot down by anti-aircraft fire in Laos. Larry Burrows of *Life* was one of them. The others were Henri Huet of A.P., Kent Potter of U.P.I. and Keisaburo Shimamoto of *Newsweek*. That did it. I couldn't keep anything but bourbon down for a week.

Chopper stories. Everybody in Vietnam had dozens of them. Every now and then, the military would assign a helicopter to take the press to big operations, but normally you'd hang out at an airport or air base, give the air controller a few beers and he'd flag down a passing plane or chopper for you. It was the only way to get around.

One day, U.P.I. correspondent Ken Braddick and I were hitching a ride from Phu Bai up to Quang Tri. Ken is an Australian who hates to fly. That day, a Jet Ranger helicopter landed, and after we'd settled into the back seats and tightened our belts, I wanted to get out. The pilot had something written on his helmet that led me to believe nothing was sacred to him. It said, FUCK MOM. My assessment proved to be correct, because the next 20 minutes provided Ken and me with the wildest ride since Bonnie and Clyde made one of their getaways.

The Jet Rangers were one of the fastest choppers in use in Vietnam. Because they were highly maneuverable, they were normally used for ferrying generals around. And because they were highly maneuverable, they tempted pilots to show me, time and again, "what this little baby can do."

Undeterred by Ken's lack of enthusiasm, our pilot started off by chasing a truck up Highway One. The poor bastard driving that rig didn't have any idea we were in back of him until he happened to look in the rearview mirror and discovered that there was a helicopter on his tail. He almost drove off the road. By that time, the pilot, who sported a huge, red handlebar mustache, was shrieking with maniacal laughter. He kept looking back at us, wondering how we liked the ride. He didn't seem to be watching where he was going, but Ken was, and he let out a scream when it seemed we were about to slam into a tree head on. The pilot veered sharply to the right, but not before nicking off a few leaves.

Our close shave did not seem to have any impact on our pilot. His next move was to pull back hard on the stick and before we knew it, we were at 10,000 feet. Our stomachs, however, were still following that truck up Highway One. As

(continued on page 166)

The Gospel According to MONTY PYTHON

the loony britons, whose new film spoofs the times of christ, tell us why their lord didn't book a table for the last supper

interviews
conducted by Reg Potterton

When Monty Python made its TV debut on England's BBC in October 1969, most viewers understandably expected a lion-and-trapeze act. As it turned out, it wasn't the first time that the crazed, wacky group consisting of five Brits and a Yank would confound and outrage its audience. In the years since, after 45 shows, three movies and numerous books and records, the group's mordant and intelligent satire has become known from Australia to Zambia.

But this time the boys may have gone . . . too far. At least some who have seen their new movie, "Life of Brian," think so. Conceived, written and performed by the group as a whole, the satire on the life and times of Jesus has set off shock waves. Here's a report:

PLAYBOY (to Eric Idle): Your new film, *Life of Brian*, is about a klutzy guy who is born in the manger next to Jesus' and goes on to be mistaken for the Messiah. How would you characterize what your group is trying to do?

IDLE: It's a very moral film, perhaps one of the most moral films made in the past ten years.

PLAYBOY: Give us some idea of the plot.

IDLE: The plot? It's the story of Brian, of course. The time is Jerusalem, the place 2000 years before Hollywood. A young and remarkably unattractive girl, Mandy Cohen, is raped by a Roman centurion, who promises her the known world—salves, asses, baths and all the gold she can eat—before deserting her. The fruit of their union (continued on page 216)

PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST: PART TWO

The conclusion of our *Fall and Winter Fashion Forecast* provides ample food for thought as we accompany three casually clad couples on a daylong shopping spree that ends with a home-cooked dinner for six. Below left: This lad's bought the bubbly wearing a leather quilted down jacket, by Phillippe Monet, about \$325; flannel slacks, by Zazu for Brescia's Space, about \$55; and a rib-stitched cardigan, by Lord Jeff, about \$80. Below: The egg man cometh sporting a tweed jacket, from Jodhpurs by PBM, about \$135; corduroy jeans, by New Man, about \$70; silk shirt, by St. Piel Designs, about \$90; and a fur felt cowboy hat, by Resistol, about \$48.



FOR THE PAST SEVERAL YEARS, styles in casual clothing have been borrowed from such strenuous sports as jogging and tennis. This season, we see a greater interest in aesthetics and individuality than in function and games. Touch-me textures, offbeat colorations and iridescent hues spark a less-than-serious mood that's a pleasant change from the locker-room-jock look. It also may come as a surprise to learn that that bane of the corporate uniform, the necktie, has been widening its



attire By DAVID PLATT

the second half of this year's autumnal look at the coming trends in menswear explores what's new in casual clothes

Below: This breadwinner is looking good in an iridescent storm coat, by London Fog, about \$155; wool tweed slacks, by Givi for Moresport, about \$110; wool/alpaca/mohair cardigan with angled pockets, by Givi for Peter Brown, about \$85; silk shirt with a rounded collar, by Givi for Revival, about \$60; and matka silk tie, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, about \$14. Right: He's bringing home the flowers in a poplin jacket, about \$55, worn with matching vest, about \$43, and corduroy slacks, about \$33, all by Jupiter of Paris; plus a tweed cardigan, about \$50, and matching pullover, about \$39, both by Pierre Cordin Relax; a rayon shirt, by New Man, about \$70; matka silk tie, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, about \$14; and kangaroo oxfords, by Brass Boot, about \$185. Bottom right: Window-shopping at a deli and our guy's decked out in a chintz jacket with concealed hood, about \$90, worn with wide-wale-corduroy slacks, about \$39, and a cotton shirt with a medium-spread collar, about \$28, all by New York Sportswear Exchange; plus an alpaca/silk/wool cordigan, about \$48, and a wool muffler, about \$33, both by Alan Rosanes for Dakota.



Below: Hail, hail, the gang's all here and loaded down with goodies. The fellow at far left with the pineapple has an a wool/polyester wrap jacket, about \$175, sleeveless V-neck pullover, about \$50, and wool tweed slacks, about \$60, all by Macintosh; plaid shirt, by Haupt/W. Germany for Schuyler 4 Ltd., about \$48; and leather oxfords, by Brass Boot, about \$200. The grocery-toting middle man likes a wool tweed semiconstructed jacket, about \$165, hopsack tweed slacks, about \$70, and a polyester/wool shirt, about \$65, all from Vivace by Barry Boonshaft; and a lizard belt, by Barry Kieselstein—Cord, about \$500. The gentleman with the bottles at right has on a wool tweed jacket, about \$210, corduroy slacks, about \$40, tweed sweater jacket, about \$130, and an iridescent shirt, about \$26, all by Pierre Cardin Relax; a silk tie, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, about \$23; and oxfords, by Brass Boot, about \$136.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ULI ROSE



role (while narrowing its width) and has become as much an element of casual dressing as it is a symbol of board-room conformity. (For more on the new role of the necktie and how to tie it, check the *On the Scene* section in this issue.) We see its appeal as being based on its ability to add even more color and texture to an outfit—plus a thumbing-the-nose element of wit. Equally prevalent this coming season are sweaters, which will be used for everything from outerwear to vests. In sum, 'tis the season to keep warm, and the best way to accomplish that is by artfully adding on layers of clothes. You'll be glad you did when you read your thermostat this January and weep.



Left: With dinnertime approaching, this fellow gets cracking in an iridescent shirt, about \$40, sleeveless pullover, about \$35, and herringbone slacks, about \$45, all by Gian Franco Ruffini; plus a taffeta tie, by Vicky Davis, about \$9; and a lizard Western-style belt, by Trafalgar, about \$80. Bottom left: Soup's on—and obviously, this guy's appetite is whetted in more ways than one, thanks to his sleeveless pullover, about \$30, worn with tweed slacks, about \$63, shadow-plaid shirt, about \$33, and mohair/wool tie, about \$25, all from Equipment by Henry Grethel. Below: Dinner is served by the chap in the leather wrap shirt, about \$200, leather slacks, about \$225, and Western-style shirt, about \$50, all by Al B. Arden for Forward Gear. Our man at the table wears a shawl-collared suede ventless jacket, about \$225, flannel slacks, about \$90, and a cotton shirt with ribbed waistband and cuffs, about \$70, all by Roots.



SHOOTER (continued from page 160)

"He lay face up just off to the side of the road, and I shuddered involuntarily as we drove by."

a result, it was two badly shaking correspondents who climbed out of that machine in Quang Tri. We were told that it was dangerous to drive Highway One because of the V.C., but that's precisely how we went back to Phu Bai.

A dead person is scarcely an uncommon sight in a war zone. I spotted my first one as we were driving back to Phu Bai. He lay face up just off to the side of the road, and I shuddered involuntarily as we drove by. I soon learned that what I'd seen was standard practice where Viet Cong casualties were concerned. It is very important to the Vietnamese that the body be buried, so that its spirit won't wander aimlessly for eternity. Leaving a body out was supposed to scare the V.C., but I couldn't see that it did. It didn't bother the 200-odd V.C. who attacked a command post in the Central Highlands where I first admitted that I, too, could be killed. Until then, I'd been fairly detached from that possibility. I was bunked in with some Air Force guys who were running a radio beacon for B-52s. When the first flare went up about 3:30 A.M., several black-clad V.C. had nearly made it to the first perimeter.

Incoming mortar rounds were exploding loudly throughout the compound, so the airmen and I crouched behind sandbags in the innermost perimeter. The noise of the shooting was deafening. (I found myself thinking again that the guy who figures out how to photograph sound is going to become a rich man.) "Take this," said one of the airmen as he shoved an M-79 grenade launcher into my hands.

"Hey, I'm a noncombatant," I blurted out.

"Tell that to the V.C.," he suggested. I never had to use the grenade launcher, since the attack subsided almost as suddenly as it had begun, but I couldn't take any pictures, either. It was much too dark.

"Always try to leave before nightfall," a friend of mine had repeatedly cautioned. Now I knew what he meant. What seemed like years later, the sun finally came up. We could see more than 50 dead V.C., many with live explosives strapped to their bodies.

I was jumpy as hell all that day, and by afternoon, I had decided to head to a new locale. As I sat with a couple of other fellows at the edge of a trench near the landing pad, waiting for a chopper, a soldier began to heckle me. "Hey, newby," he said, "they're not

going to shoot you." The words hadn't been out of his mouth two seconds when the first 122mm rocket came in. (Everybody tries to tell you what a 122mm sounds like. To my ears, they sound like bacon sizzling on a frying pan just before they impact. But have no fear—you'd know the sound if you heard it.) The rocket took off the top of the water tower 50 feet away, but I didn't see it hit. I was lying face down in the trench. The jokester was under a truck.

"It's one hell of a time to change the oil!" I shouted at him when he poked his head up.

Every now and then, we would feel a need for a break in the action, and on such occasions, many of us headed for Australia. There everyone spoke my language, and there people seemed genuinely anxious to make me feel right at home. Among them was Pat Burgess, a columnist for one of the big papers in Sydney, who showed me that town. We met for a drink in the Invicta Pub near his office, and during our conversation, Burgess said he'd introduce me to some of the local talent. His paper ran daily photographs of beautiful Australian girls in bathing suits, and I wanted to meet one of them. Everything was all set, and I was ecstatic until I returned to my hotel. There I found waiting for me not a beautiful blonde but a cable. Its three words—"RETURN TO SAIGON"—ruined my day. The North Vietnamese, it seemed, had begun pouring across the DMZ into Quang Tri Province.

This was the story I'd been gearing up for, and I headed back on the first plane. It was no accident that U.P.I. provided superior coverage of the onslaught. For one thing, I had instituted a new policy when I became bureau chief, which was to pay all photographers the same rates whether they were Asians or Westerners. That inspired many Asian photographers working for the competition to come over to U.P.I. In addition, for months I had been buying pictures from stringers, even when we didn't really need their photographs. My policy was put to the test when the North Vietnamese attacked early in 1972. It worked. The North Vietnamese were coming, and we were ready for them. For eight successive days, the work of U.P.I. photographers in Vietnam appeared on the front pages of *The New York Times* and in scores of other papers as well.

Virtually every time a shot was fired

anywhere in the country, we had a staffer or a stringer on the spot with his camera. U.P.I. signed up several new clients on the strength of our coverage of the Easter offensive, and it was clear that we were winning the journalistic war with A.P. There was a real sense of excitement and *esprit de corps* in the Saigon bureau. Photographers would unhesitatingly take assignments from me because they knew I'd been through it. In fact, I was still going through it. I got out into the field to shoot every other week, leaving Jeff Taylor to run the bureau in my absence.

During one of the weeks I was in Saigon, U.P.I. news-bureau chief Bert Okuley woke me at four A.M. "You'd better come down and have a look at this message," he said. His voice was grave.

Oh, Christ, I thought. Something's gone wrong and New York hasn't gotten the pictures from Quang Tri. I'd been up most of the night developing Ennio Iacobucci's film from that city. He had sensational exclusive photos of the final evacuation, shot mere hours before Quang Tri was overrun by the North Vietnamese. I assumed that something had gone wrong with the transmission of the pictures, sent via radio wave to New York, and the main office was bitching.

I ran down the stairs from my apartment and rushed into Okuley's office. "Look at this," he said, handing me a sheet of paper torn from the wire machine. It read: "01170 SAIGON—KENNERLY HAS WON PULITZER FOR FEATURE PHOTOGRAPHY, WHICH BRINGS CONGRATS FROM ALL HERE. NOW NEED EFFORT SOME QUOTES FROM HIM AND PINPOINT HIS LOCATION WHEN ADVISED FOR SIDEBAR STORY. BRANNON/NX CABLES."

I was dumfounded. I had won the highest award a photojournalist can receive—and I hadn't even known that I'd been nominated. I thought maybe there had been some kind of mistake. We sent a message to New York, asking for clarification: "02054 EXHSG BRANNON'S 01170 ARE YOU KIDDING? IF SO IT ISN'T MUCH OF A JOKE. IS THERE A PULITZER AWARDED TO A UNIPRESS PHOTOG AND IS IT KENNERLY? OKULEY." Whereupon the wire machine broke down. For over three hours, we were cut off from the world. I hadn't had a cigarette for better than two months, but in those three hours I started again.

Many cigarettes later, the wire machine finally sprang back to life: "01181 OKULEYS 02054 NO KIDDING AND CAN YOU REACH KENNERLY FOR SUDDEN COMMENT NEED TO KNOW WHERE HE WAS WHEN HE GOT THE NEWS. WOOD/NX CABLES."

The Pulitzer Prize is the premier award in the news business, something all photographers and writers dream of winning. Without my knowledge, Larry

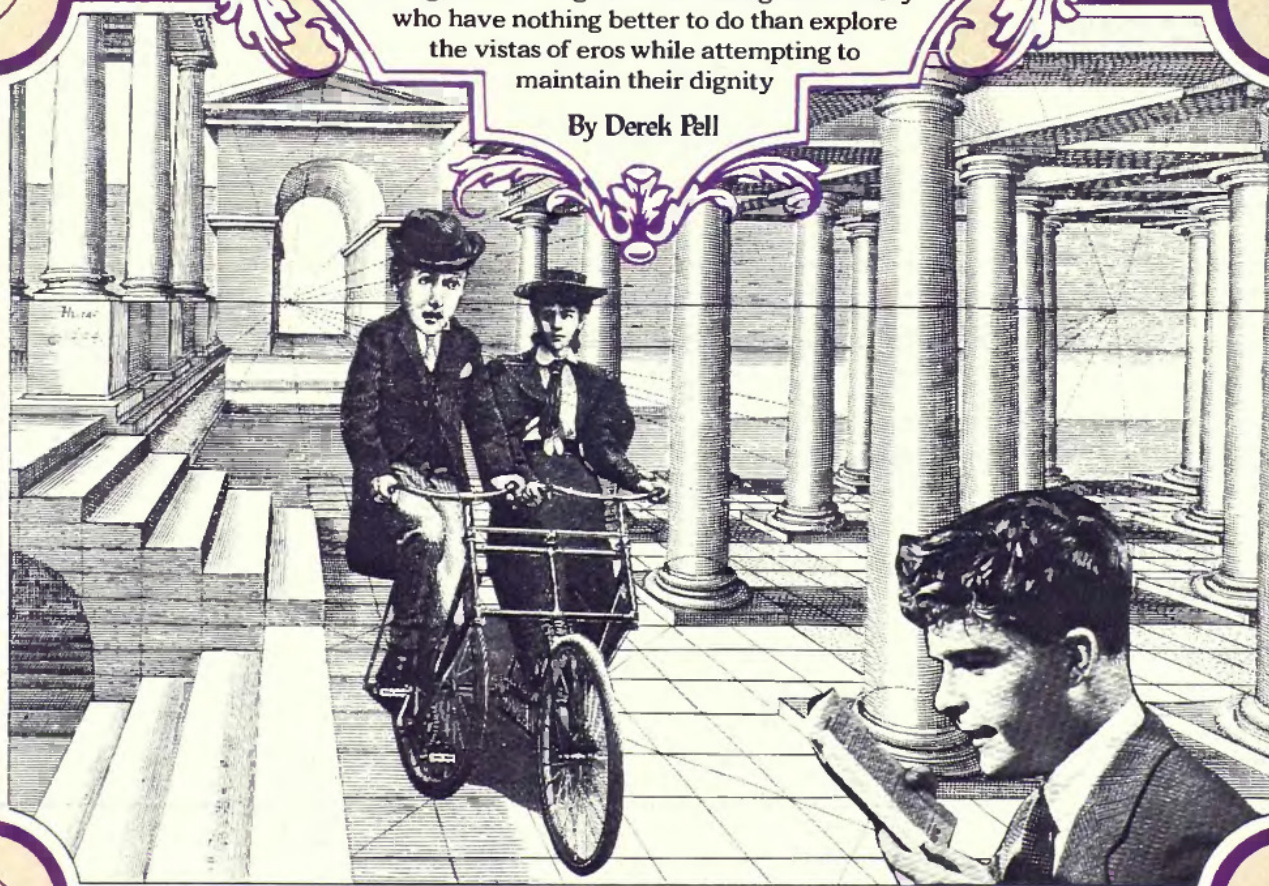
(continued on page 230)



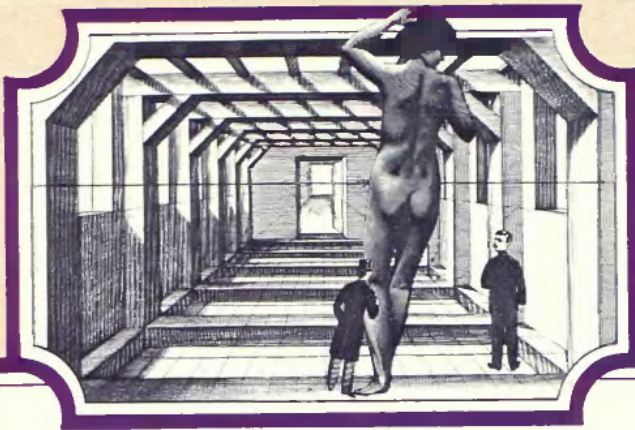
Dr. Bofwad's Secret Manor

being a tale of degradation among the wealthy
who have nothing better to do than explore
the vistas of eros while attempting to
maintain their dignity

By Derek Fell

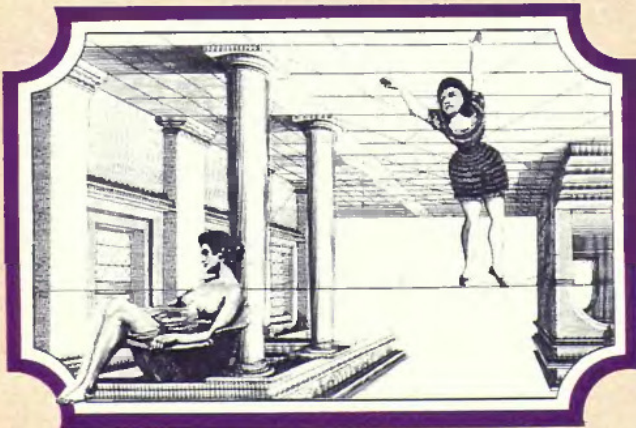


Returning from a romantic rendezvous in the coal field, Roger Piddlestick and his fiancée, Rebecca Boor, decided to take a shortcut at 1604 Venereal Drive. The property, belonging to the mysterious Dr. Bofwad, was forbidden to trespassers, yet the lovers were in a gay, adventurous mood. As they pedaled pleasantly across the open courtyard, Piddlestick spied a deranged young man reading aloud from the *Book of Eros*. "I say, have you no shame?" he asked. "Can't you see there is a lady present?" The young man ignored them and continued reading with unnatural delight.



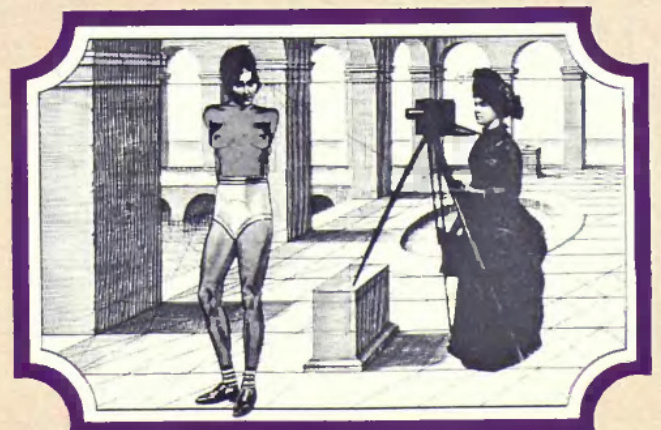
Rebecca found herself
in the company of two
decadent dwarfs.

Amid the phallic atmosphere of the
patio, a couple experimented with
Dr. Bofwad's latest invention.



To reach a bathing maiden,
Rebecca risked her
life on a tightrope.

A strange hermaphrodite
was photographed at poolside.





En route to the tennis courts, a guest encountered Dr. Bofwad's pet icon, *Infidelity*, in the throes of a supernatural orgasm.

In Dr. Bofwad's study, a woman reached climax in the arms of a well-endowed stapler.

Without warning, a group from the M.H.D. (Moral Health Department—Rome) arrived to inspect the premises. They searched hither and thither but found nothing suspicious.



EXECUTIONER'S SONG

(continued from page 139)

"Max gave her a kiss and a really good hug. Colleen said, 'I'll see you tonight.'"

before 30 close friends and members of their families. For the ceremony, Colleen and Max were both dressed in white. They were going to be married in time and eternity, married not only in this life but, as each of them had explained to many a Sunday-school class, married in death as well, for the souls of the husband and wife would meet again in eternity and be together forever. In fact, marriage in other Christian churches was practically equal to divorce, since such marriages were only made until parting by death. That was what Max and Colleen had taught their students. Now they were marrying each other. Forever.

In the evening, there was a reception at their own church. The families had sent out 800 invitations and light refreshments were offered. They had a reception line. Hundreds of relatives and friends walked through.

4

For their honeymoon, they went to Disneyland. They had calculated their money and decided by cutting it close, they would have just enough. They were right. It was a nice week.

Colleen got pregnant soon after, and it was kind of difficult for Max to understand why she didn't feel good all the time. They were both working, but she felt so little like eating that at lunch she would prepare just a small sandwich for each of them. He would say, "You're starving me to death." She would laugh and tell him she had quite a bit to learn about a guy's eating habits.

In marriage, he never raised his voice and neither did she. If, occasionally, she felt like speaking sharply, she wouldn't. They had decided right from the beginning that they would never leave each other without kissing goodbye. Nor would they go to bed with personal problems unsolved. If they were mad at each other, they would stay up to talk it out. They were not going to sleep even one night being mad at each other.

By August, close to the start of law school, they moved from Logan to Provo. That was a good time. Colleen was over morning sickness and had no trouble working. Max was squared away on studies. They found a nice basement apartment with a small front room and a tiny bedroom about 12 blocks from the college for \$100 a month, and got along really well.

The week before she had the baby, Colleen typed a 30-page paper for Max, and he sent her a dozen red roses in return. She loved him for that. They had a little girl born to them on Valentine's Day, a little over nine months from the date of their marriage. The baby had lots of dark hair and weighed seven pounds and Max was real proud of her and took snapshots before she was a day old. They named her Monica. When she got older, he loved to play with her.

Wasn't much time, of course. Finishing up first-year law school, Max was really working hard. She'd fix his breakfast and he'd leave; back for dinner at five, out again at six to the law library, home at ten. She was in charge of the baby for sure.

They needed a larger place to live, so they bought a trailer they really liked. It was 12 feet wide, 52 feet long and had two bedrooms. Colleen's parents loaned the money for the down payment.

The trailer was furnished with a couple of old things her parents gave them, and they had a little lawn. Max also planted a small garden out to the side. Every day he'd water his tomatoes. Maybe there were 100 trailers in the court, and all kinds of neighbors. Most were their own age, with children, and nice enough. There were even several couples they went to church with.

5

He had a construction job promised for that summer, but when it was not yet ready after school, they went up to his dad's farm for a few weeks and Max dug ditches, fed cattle, branded them, planted crops, helped irrigate. It was good to see him physically relaxed instead of worn out from studying.

When they went back to Provo, the man who had promised the construction job to Max said that it had gone instead to the son of one of the men working there already. That job would have paid \$6.50 an hour.

Max had a temper and knew how to keep it under control, but this got him truly upset. It was the first time Colleen saw Max really depressed. She had to do a lot of talking to turn his mood around. Finally, he said, "OK, I'll start thinking about another job," and went to the university employment office, but it was late to look for summer work and he

only found a listing for Sinclair gas-station attendant at \$2.75 an hour.

It was a self-service station on a back street in Orem. His work was limited to giving out change, cleaning windows and taking care of the rest rooms from three in the afternoon until 11 at night. The pay, of course, was a lot less than they had counted on, yet for all of June and the first weeks of July, he worked without complaint and came home hot and tired. All the same, he was beginning to make friends with some of the customers and the manager liked him. They worked in the same ward.

Two weeks after the Fourth of July, Max and Colleen were asked to give a talk in church. Max spoke of how there were too few people in this world who were really honest. He gave a powerful speech on the importance of being honest. It made all the difference between being able to build on a real foundation or not being able to. Colleen's talk that Sunday was on joy: on the joy she experienced when she met Max, and when they married, and when they had their baby. Afterward, on the way home, he gave her a big hug, and a lot of fine feelings came over her and she said, "We're really beginning to live and love each other more than ever." They went to bed with a real good understanding.

Monday morning, Max was excited about getting some shelves finished for Monica and spent the morning hammering and sawing and drilling. Colleen had a lot of things to do, the wash, the ironing, fixing dinner. Usually, they ate in plenty of time before Max went off to work at three P.M., but today they were a little rushed because Max wanted to get the shelves done first. Now, being a little late, he was in a hurry to finish. He was never late to anything and usually ready one minute before her. So, as soon as he swallowed dinner, he walked down the hall, grabbed some things he needed and started to walk out the door while she was still sitting at the table. Only then did he realize he hadn't kissed her goodbye, and so he turned around and kind of grinned and said, "Well, I'll meet you halfway."

She walked around the table and he gave her a kiss and a really good hug and looked into her eyes, things were just going well, and Colleen said, "I'll see you tonight."

He said, "OK," went out, got in the car and drove off.

He was a very conscientious driver, never broke the speed limit or anything. Fifty-five miles an hour all the time. In her mind, she saw him driving down the road that way. He would be moving

(continued on page 193)



ILLUSTRATION BY PAT NAGEL

LOVE ON THE LINE

*in today's
tricky
technology,
a faulty
connection
may turn out
faultless...
and a
misdial may
lead to
miss perfect*

memoir By Harry Stein SINCE I CHATTED on the phone with my friend Andy almost daily during the summer of 1974, when I dialed his number that particular August afternoon, it was unthinkingly—by rote.

But instead of a ring at his end, there was silence. And when a voice did suddenly sound on the line, it wasn't Andy's sandpapery growl but plush velvet. Inexplicably, I seemed to have hooked up with Jacqueline Bisset or, at the very least, her sister.

"Like a kangaroo," she was saying. "This fellow was hopping around as if someone had poked him in the behind." She laughed. "But I suppose I shouldn't be so amused. I didn't get the job, after all. I guess I'd have had to sleep with him for that."

"Yes, I know how it can be," answered another voice, male, and very tentative.

"Do you?" she asked, amused. "Do you, really? Tell me how it can be."

"Well, you know, I know about the way some men, you know, use women."

"I'm sure you do, Richard," she said with mock severity. "I'm sure you've had a lot of experience with that kind of thing."

(continued on page 261) 171

CONDOMINIUM CONSPIRACY (continued from page 142)

"Is it possible that there will be the birth of a new poverty class, and that it will be us?"

can people get excited about something that's so old and obvious?" she asks.

The thought is comforting, but the salesperson's passenger can faintly hear the words of one of the smartest businessmen he knows, who said, when asked about the condominium panic: "Major economic changes are seldom publicized. They happen before people recognize them. There's an information lag in real estate, and it's going to take time for the public to catch up with what's happening."

Major economic changes? In America, you used to be able to rent an apartment in a good location for a reasonable fee. You could budget about 25 percent of your income for housing, and you didn't have to mortgage yourself to the hilt unless you chose to do so. There were options. But these days, even the real-estate people you talk to admit that the average family may soon have to commit close to 50 percent of its total budget in order to find shelter, and that rental-housing stock is on the decline.

Isn't that a major change?

Another question: If half of our money has to go for housing, will the half we have left provide all the other basics—food, fuel and health costs?

Yet another: If we're all potential victims of condo displacement, and if we're borrowing more than we should because we feel that we don't have a choice, and if we're basing all our thinking on inflationary expectations, what will happen if the inflationary bubble bursts? The question gets back to risks: Will we be able to handle the risks we're assuming these days? Is it possible that there will be the birth of a new poverty class, and that it will be us?

"I see problems in terms of the economics of condominiums," says an official in the Federal Trade Commission. "The people who buy into them can have a cash-flow problem before they know it. In addition, the elderly are being displaced, and I think there's racial displacement here, too."

"But the biggest question in my mind involves the concept of supply and demand. Right now we have what they call 'the baby boom' entering the housing market. A lot of people need places to live. But there's a trough behind that boom. There's a drop in population. So I'm afraid that when the current condo owners look around a few years from now and try to sell their units, they

might find much less demand. Their problem will be aggravated by regional shifts in population. The Northern tier of states will probably be losing population to the South and the West, and that could cause more changes than we know."

"There are investors chasing the condominium market from sea to shining sea, but I question how long it can look as good as it has these past years."

From a condo owner: "I bought in the building where I'd been renting. When the conversion from rental to condo was announced, I didn't even fight it. It seemed like a good idea at the time, because the building was selling out fast. There were people signing contracts in the elevator, in the lobby, and every day another unit was announced as sold. I didn't know it at the time, but the developer was sending his own employees in, having them sign up to make it look like the property was moving rapidly. It was a hustle, but I didn't catch on until it was too late. There was no bargaining on the price. As a matter of fact, the prices were hiked automatically every few weeks, so you had the feeling that if you didn't buy soon, you'd lose a lot by hesitating."

"We weren't allowed to do our own engineering study of the building. We had to take the developer's word for conditions. To get any kind of deal, the rule seemed to be 'Sign up or get out.' So I signed. I was rushed into buying by high-pressure tactics, and I probably paid more for my unit than I could afford. The assessments on my place went up between the time I signed for it and the time I moved from my old apartment to the new one."

"I learned recently that the developer still controls the building through the association—50 percent of the units are owned by his syndicate. Those units are either rented out or stand empty, and they're being held by speculators who want to ride with the market. But I've got a question about that: If a lot of speculators are holding condos off the market, what does that do to supply and demand?"

"My own cash requirements are three times what they were when I was renting. The monthly operating statement that we receive from the developer who's managing the building is filled with extra charges that nobody seems to be able to explain. And last week I heard from someone in another building who has been asked to come up with an

extra assessment for roof repairs and painting. That extra assessment comes to \$4800. Considering all that's happened to me here, stories like that scare me. It may be a one-time thing, and it may add to the value of the building, but I'm in no position to come up with that kind of money. If that happened to me, I don't know *what* I'd do."

From a person who decided not to buy a condo: "I was paying \$450 per month rental and had been living in the building for 12 years. When the notice came around that the building was being converted to condominium, I sat down and figured out what I'd have to pay in cash per month to live there. It came to about \$1200, and that was before any hike in assessments. There were some tax savings at the end of the year, but that didn't help my cash-flow problem."

"The bank funding the developer was willing to give me a big loan, so for a time I was certain I would buy, no matter what. My family liked the neighborhood, we felt that we had roots there, the schools were good and moving itself was a hassle we didn't want to go through. Everything was pointing us toward buying a condo."

"I eventually decided that that particular developer was too fast and loose for me. I told the bank no, thanks. We moved to another rental in a transitional neighborhood."

"Now we've just found out that the building we've moved into has had a conversion declaration filed and will be going condo next year. I don't know what we're going to do, but I feel like my family is trapped in a game of real-estate roulette."

From a person who refused to buy when his building converted to condominium—but who bought another condo instead:

"At first, my wife and I were impressed with the developer. The prospectus printed up for the sales pitch was very professional, glossy, filled with facts and pictures and plans, and almost immediately there was some landscaping being done, some window washing, and so on. The building started to look better than it ever had and we were seriously thinking of buying."

"Then we sat down with an adding machine and figured out what the developer was going to make—from us—for minimal services. The total public price for the more than 500 units offered for sale in the two buildings was about \$58,000,000. The discounts to tenants who bought early didn't amount to much at all. There was a specific dollar commitment of \$224,000 for repairs and improvements, with approximately another \$1,000,000 scheduled to be added

(continued on page 204)



"What's all this chow mein doing in the hallway?"



SEX IN CINEMA 1979

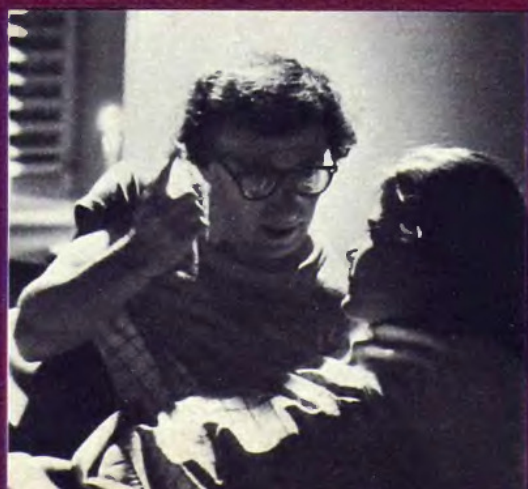
IN A YEAR IN WHICH THE RATINGS SYSTEM BECAME MORE CONFUSING THAN EVER, AUDIENCES SAW MANY GANGS, FEW BANGS—AND A LOT OF SUCKING, VAMPIRE STYLE

article By ARTHUR KNIGHT UNLESS THINGS CHANGE drastically in the weeks ahead, 1979 seems hardly likely to go down in history as a milestone year for sex in cinema. Oh, it's still there. Given the nature of the medium, it could scarcely be otherwise. But, like gasoline, it's in short supply. You have to search it out, then wait interminably for the limited quantities available. Monsters have replaced mammalia and gang wars, genitalia. *Superman*, despite some sexy innuendoes, is a safe PG; we were promised an X-rated *Superwoman*, but it was effectively blocked through legal action by DC Comics and Warner Bros. Meanwhile, we must make do with such sedate fare as Miss Piggy's attempted seduction of Kermit the Frog.

Actually, despite the Motion Picture Association of America's efforts to hold the line, stray moments of nudity are turning up with increasing regularity in PG-rated movies: a locker-room sequence in *Goldengirl*, some bedroom intimacies with Lesley-Anne Down and Harrison Ford in *Hanover Street*, a quick run-through by a naked Beverly D'Angelo in *Hair*. At this point, Richard Heffner, director of the M.P.A.A.'s rating board, seems to have conceded that incidental nudity, in and of itself, is not necessarily a no-no. On the other hand, (text continued on page 198)



WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LOVE? The redoubtable Miss Piggy takes matters into her own hands as she romances Kermit the Frog in *The Muppet Movie* (opposite). Less animated, for the moment, are Valerie Perrine and Alan Arkin in *The Magician of Lublin* (top left). In *Nightgames* (top right), Cindy Pickett plays a Beverly Hills housewife who fantasizes close encounters of an erotic kind. Also doing their thing (from center left): Colleen Camp and Joe Bottoms in *Cloud Dancer*; Dudley Moore and Bo Derek in *10*, as in rating from one to; Britt Ekland as a pagan worshiper in *The Wicker Man*; Nick Nolte and Karen Landry in *Heartbeat*; Woody Allen and Mariel Hemingway, aged 17, in *Manhattan*.





STUD SERVICE: Men are turning into sex objects before our very eyes at local movie palaces. Just see what happens to Keith Carradine at the hands of a producer's wife, Monica Vitti, at the Cannes Film Festival in *An Almost Perfect Affair* (above). Nina van Pallandt pimps for Richard Gere, who plays the title role in *American Gigolo* (right, with May Playmate Michele Drake). The plot of *The Last Romantic Lover* revolves around a search for a superior male sex symbol, complete with *macho* beauty contest (featuring Thomas Pico and Gerard Ismael below); while in the almost universally reviled *Moment by Moment* (below right), Lily Tomlin, as yet another Beverly Hills housewife, falls head over heels for a young Malibu beach bum (John Travolta) who's "into sand castles"—and soon into Lily, too. Despite all, the picture bombed.





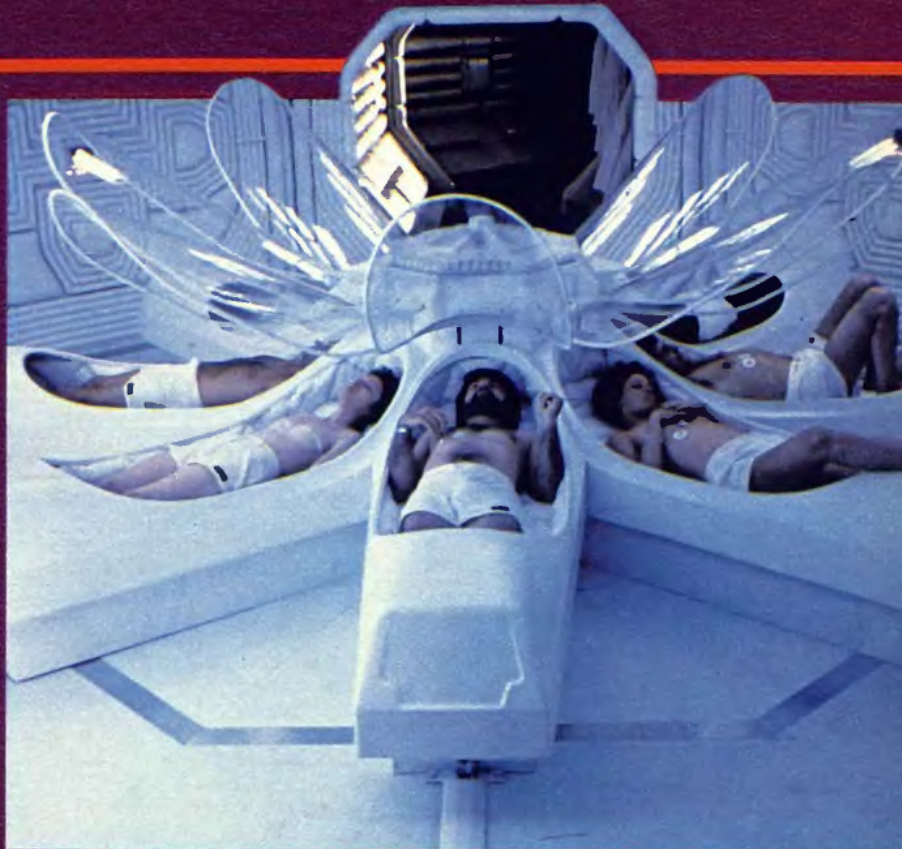
SPORTING GOODS: Jocks are stripping all over the place as the ever-widening world of sports stakes out new territory on the silver screen. In *The Main Event* (above left), Barbra Streisand, searching for the boxer (Ryan O'Neal) she owns, must first get past a towering Badja Medu Djola, who doesn't much cotton to the idea of ladies in the locker room. Tennis is the love game in *Players*, with Ali MacGraw and Dean-Paul Martin, son of the crooner (above right); in *H.O.T.S.* (right), featuring Playmates Susan Kiger (January 1977), Pamela Bryant (April 1978) and Sandy Johnson (June 1974), it's touchy-feely football as played by the sorority sisters who live in a sort of female Animal House. Beefcaky National Football League pros play themselves in *North Dallas Forty* (below right), while drag racing is the theme of *Fast Company* (that's Sonya Ratke, Nicholas Campbell and Cheri Hilsabeck horsing around in the scene at left below).





FANGS FOR THE MEMORY: Trendiest movies of the year bled the vampire theme dry. Among 1979's suckers for romance (clockwise from top left): Frank Langella in a reprise of his stage hit *Dracula* (here with Kate Nelligan); George Hamilton, about to get it in the neck from Susan St. James in the spoof *Love at First Bite*; Jamie Gillis and Annette Haven in the inevitable porn version *Dracula Sucks*; Klaus Kinski and Isabelle Adjani in a German update of the silent-film classic *Nosferatu*; and John Amplas as a bloodthirsty teenager—well, actually, he's 84 years old but is remarkably well preserved—in George (Dawn of the Dead) Romero's *Martin*; here his prey is Sarah Venable.





SPACED OUT: Sci-fi fare has really taken off. In *Alien*, above, the scantily clad crew of a space freighter awakes from extended sleep (they shoulda stood in bed). *Shame of the Jungle* (right) features multiple-mammaried Queen Bazonga, who lives in a rocket ship. *Moonraker's* Roger Moore and Lois Chiles make love weightlessly in space (below).





LAW AND DISORDER: *Saint Jack*'s Ben Gazzara wants desperately to open the best whorehouse in Singapore, with the aid of Monika Subramaniam (above); soon they're entangled with mobsters and a CIA type. Another Agency man, played by Roy Scheider, becomes involved with Janet Margolin in the Hitchcockesque thriller *Last Embrace* (above right). Jim Brolin, as a truck driver whose daughter has been kidnaped, takes a look on the seamy side in *Night of the Juggler* (right) and meets, among others, ex-Bunny Dana Valentien (at right) and porn queen Serena BlaqueLord (left). And Christopher Plummer, as a frustrated bank robber who's been bilked by Elliott Gould in *The Silent Partner*, takes out his hostilities on singer Nancy Simmonds (below). Chris may look affectionate here, but he's really about to beat the girl up.





UNGOVERNABLE: *Americathon* postulates a 1998 U.S. so broke that Harvey Korman (in an excised scene with Darlene Joy Dickquist, left) runs a telethon to fill Federal coffers. In *The Seduction of Joe Tynan*, Senator Alan Alda cringes as Meryl Streep lagers his privates.



NEWSY NUDES: Villainess Kreea Borgia gives a flash to reporter Clark Click in a hard-core film that was to be called *Superwoman* (left) until DC Comics and Warner Bros. took legal action. Sylvester Stallone's fame prompted rerelease of *Italian Stallion*, a sexpot-boiler Sly made (with Henrietta Holm, below left) in pre-*Rocky* days. Meanwhile, Hollywood vet Aldo Ray appears (with Carol Connors, below) in a new porn flick, *Sweet Savage*. No, Aldo does not participate in its hard-core action.





SEX ITALIAN STYLE: With such sultry home-grown symbols as Laura Antonelli, Marcello Mastroianni and Giancarlo Giannini—and such ravishing imports as Germany's Nastassja Kinski and Dutch-born Sylvia Kristel—to work with, Italian films are steaming up screens around the world. Antonelli, who in real life is the latest love interest of Jean-Paul Belmondo, actually appears in four of the five films shown here. She stars opposite Giannini, as her errant husband, in *The Innocent* (above left) and with Michele Placido, as her lusty Tuscan chauffeur, in *Till Marriage Do Us Part* (left). Mastroianni and Kinski, who the plot tells us just may be his illegitimate daughter, flirt with incest in *Stay as You Are* (above); offscreen, Kinski does considerably more than flirt with director Roman Polanski, who has cast her in the title role of his upcoming film version of Thomas Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. Sylvia (*Emmanuelle*) Kristel, Laura's co-star in *Wild Beds*, entertains Italian comedian Orazio Orlando, right; and Mastroianni reappears as Antonelli's spouse in *Wifemistress* (below right, he's indulging in a bit of hanky-panky on the road with the cuddlesome two-some of Olga Karlatos and Annie Bell).



FOREIGN BODIES: In *Get Out Your Handkerchiefs*, a French comedy that won audience favor and an Academy Award for best foreign film, Carol Laure makes it with a 13-year-old (Riton, above). Dirk Bogarde stars in *Despair* (right), a German film version of Vladimir Nabokov's novel, and Bibi Andersson discovers lesbian love with Sandra Dumas in *Twice a Woman*, a Dutch release with an English-language sound track (below).





ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR: Past battles are now relived on film without the obligatory one Texan, one Brooklyn Jew, one Midwestern hayseed of bygone days. Holland at the onset of Hitler's blitz is the setting for *Soldier of Orange*, with Rutger Hauer and Belinda Meuldijk in the scene, above left; Vietnam is the locale for *Apocalypse Now* (with Martin Sheen at top right, Playmate Linda Beatty's gatefold above right). It's back to World War Two for *Yanks* (with Richard Gere and Lisa Eichhorn, right); *Force 10 from Navarone*, with Yugoslav Partisan Barbara Bach coming clean for her Nazi master—not to mention her host of eager fans (below left); and Steven Spielberg's forthcoming and, we hear, outrageous *1941* (with Treat Williams, shorn of *Hair*, and pals, below right).





FLESH & BLOODLINE: Last time somebody made a movie from a Sidney Sheldon novel (*The Other Side of Midnight*), it was described, by the U.S. Catholic Conference, as "scrupulously faithful to its trashy origins." Sidney Sheldon's *Bloodline* fared little better with critics (the *Chicago Sun-Times*' Roger Ebert called it "the worst movie of 1979"), even though it boasts an all-star cast, including Michelle Phillips (below left), Audrey Hepburn, Ben Gazzara and Omar Sharif. *Bloodline* is full of snuff-film victims, although the scene above with October Playmate Ursula Buchfellner was snipped. That's Milda Jansen as one of strangler Mike Monty's victims below right; yet another is being fished out of the water at left.





*"Thank you for a lovely evening, Mr. Herbert.
Would you like to come in and get laid?"*

the ladies and the candle

Beth Mild, she was a servant maid
And she a place had got
To wait upon two ladies fair;
These ladies' name was Scott.
Now, Beth a certain talent had
Whatever she might handle
And on these ladies every night
She used a large, thick candle.

So push, push, shove, shove.
Drive away with all your might.
Push, push, shove, shove.
'Tis that which yields delight.

Although these ladies modest seemed,
In truth, they only mocked,
Pretending, if they saw a man,
Their modesty was shocked.
In fact, these wantons thought it best,
Avoiding any scandal,
Instead of living flesh, to use
A cobbler's twopenny candle.

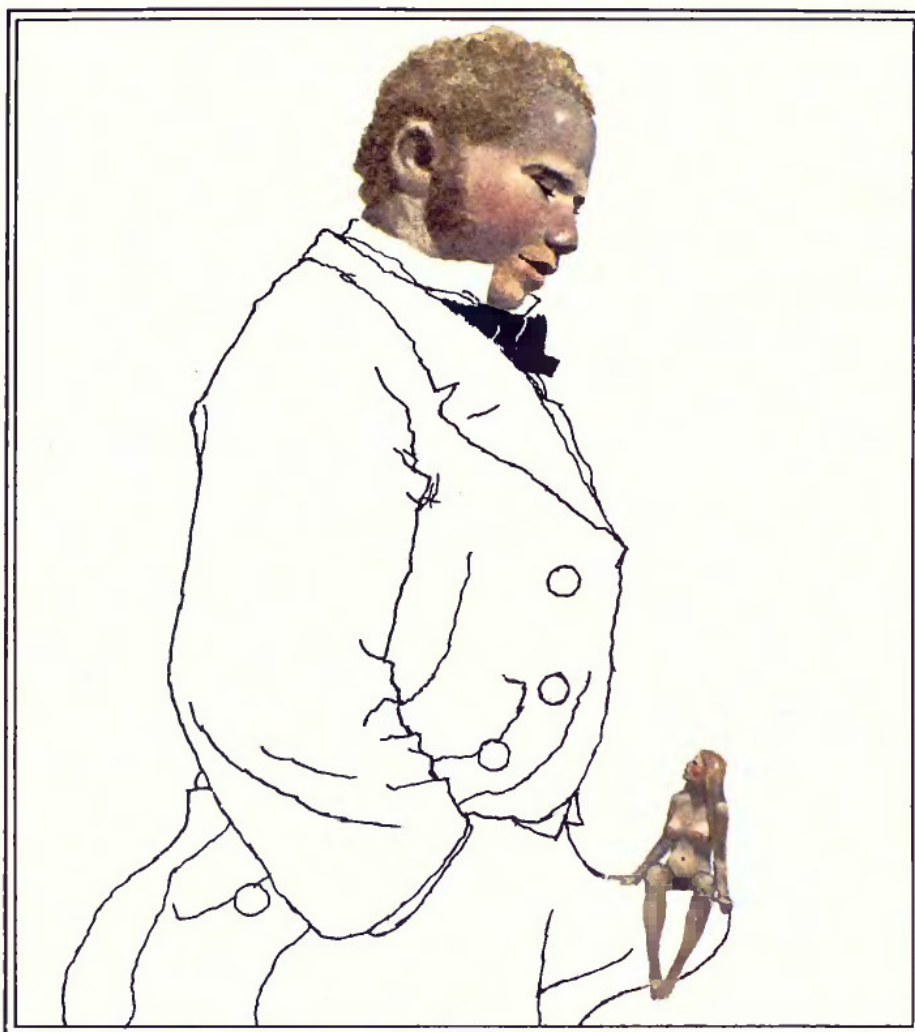
Now, Betty's sweetheart in the house,
The handsome footman Ned,
He slipped into their room one night
And crept beneath the bed.
And there he saw them at their fun
While he his tool did dandle.
Thinks he, I'll show them something
Much stouter than a candle.

So Ned, he made poor Betty drunk,
Then took her in his arms,
Carried her upstairs to bed
And rifled all her charms.
Quickly all her toggery donned,
Her shift, her cap, her sandal.
And underneath the clothes, of course,
A living Roman candle.

He went into the ladies' room,
Demurely bowed his head,
And played his part so very well
That no one twigged 'twas Ned.
Into the bed they quickly got,
Reached down, began to handle
Something stiffer, stouter than
The cobbler's paltry candle.

Fainting with joy, the ladies cried,
"Why, Betty, how is this?
Where did you get this candle
That brings such utter bliss?
Unless the thing is melted quite,
Please give us one more caper!"
So Ned, with strong and manly thrust,
Inserted still more taper.

The weeks went by; the ladies swelled,
And so did Betty Mild.
"Oh, dear," they all agreed one day,
"It seems we're all with child."
A few months more, the truth came out,
Likewise, three little Randles.
So, ladies all, a warning take:
Don't play with Roman candles.



man's yard of stuff

When Nature formed man,
as the story is told,
She poured the new clay in a very
close mold,
And when she was finished—
'tis true, I declare—
He'd a yard of good stuff left over,
to spare.

He was quite discontent with this thing,
I am told,
For it often was frozen all stiff with
the cold.
And he found it decidedly less than
good fun—
It refused to go soft in the warmth
of the sun.

So Nature created a woman as next,
But while casting the mold,
she grew pretty vexed.
She'd used all her clay—and here, what
a botch!
She'd left a big hole right under
the crotch!

When the woman beheld the man's
yard of stuff,
You may guess that she got in a deuce
of a huff.
And she raged and she nagged

and she swore by her soul
That she needed that yard just to fill
up her hole.

She teased the poor man nearly out
of his life
Till at last he agreed,
just to finish the strife.
He inserted his yard in her hole,
I declare,
And found that it fitted her just
to a hair!

Of a sudden, consumed by benevolent
fire,
He discovered the cure that his heart
did desire:
When his yard was all frozen
and stiff as a stick,
He could put it in her
and thaw pretty quick!

And she, from that time, has had
as her goal
To get the stout fellow to fill up
her hole.
Since she got the short end,
'tis justice enough
She can have on demand all his yard
of good stuff.



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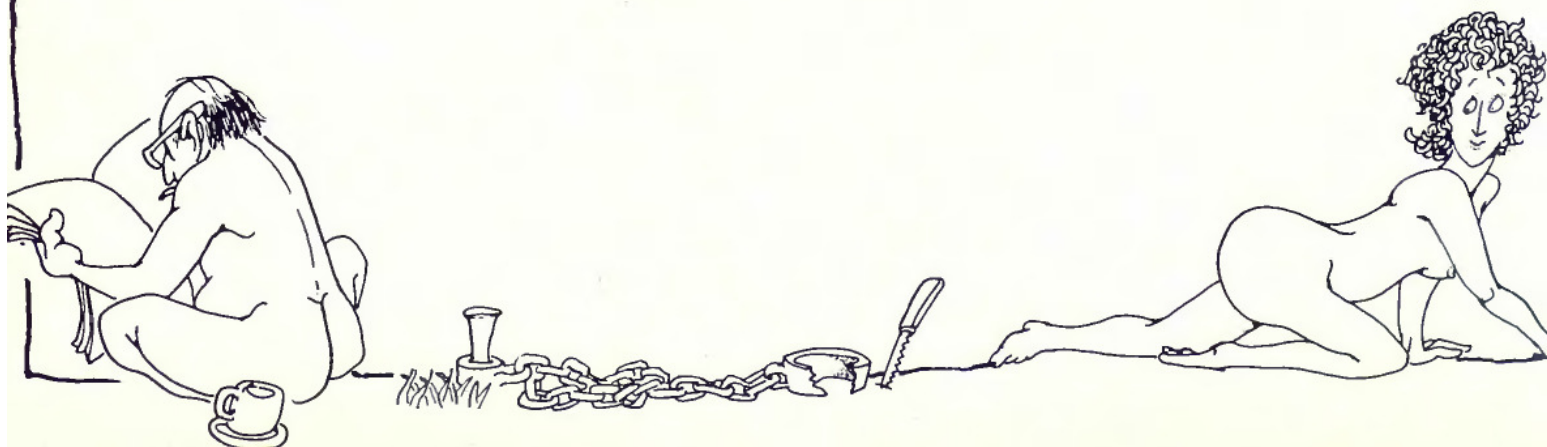
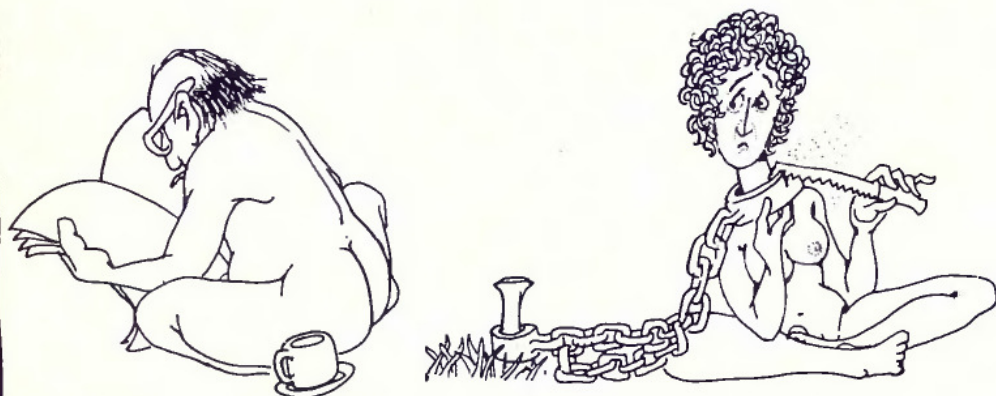
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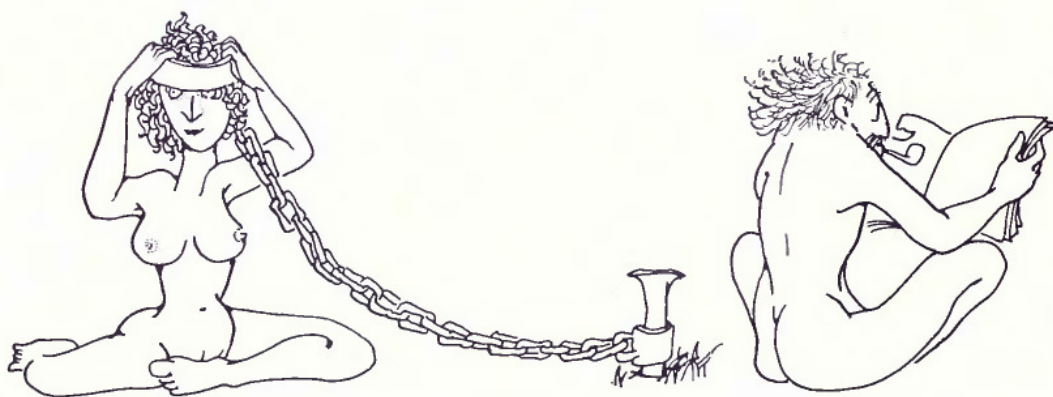
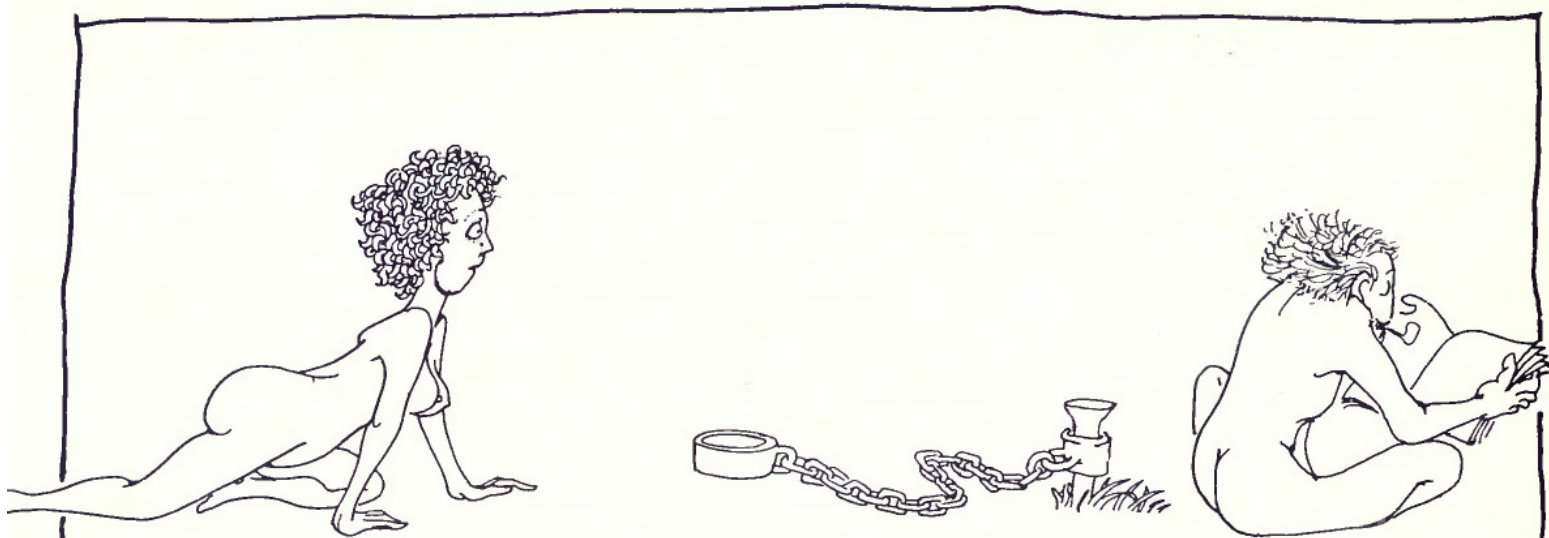
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"Gary opened the truck door and a burlap bag tipped over. It sounded like it held half a dozen guns."

along the interstate at just such a speed until he went around a slow graded turn and disappeared from sight and left her mind free to think of one and then another of the small things she must do that day.

II—THE WHITE TRUCK

1

About the time Max Jensen was starting work at the Sinclair gas station, Gary Gilmore was in the showroom at V. J. Motors on State Street, about a mile away, coming to terms with Val Conlin about the truck. There wasn't going to be a cosigner, after all. Gary was going to turn over his Mustang on which he'd already paid close to \$400 (if you gave him credit for the battery) and he would produce another \$400 in two days, cash. Then he would come up with another \$600 by the fourth of August. Val would let him make the transfer now and he could sign the papers tonight.

Rusty Christiansen could hear them talking, and had to smile. She had come in to work part time on the books, reconcile Val's bank account, get license plates and, in general, help. She knew some of the ropes by now.

Rusty's unspoken opinion was that the truck had to be disgustingly overpriced. It was selling for \$1700 and, with interest, would come to \$2300. Val probably hadn't paid \$1000 for that carcass. Now he would have the Mustang to resell, plus \$1000 in cash by the first week of August. Otherwise, he would repossess the truck. He wasn't taking that big a chance. Gary could sure have found something better for the money than this white angel with 100,000 miles on her. He had fallen in love with a paint job.

It was moving toward dark when Nicole's mother, Kathrynne, saw him. Some of her family had come over that day. The cherry trees were ripe in the yard, and everybody was out with the kids, picking fruit. At that point, Gary came to the back door and said, "Could I talk to you?" Kathrynne invited him in, but he kept saying, "I have to talk to you outside. It's important."

She went and took a look at his truck, oohed and ahhed. He looked odd to Kathrynne, not drunk, exactly, but made a point of telling her how sober he was. In fact, she couldn't smell alcohol on his breath. He did seem odd, however. She

said, no, she hadn't seen Nicole. He said, "As far as I'm concerned, your daughter can go to hell." Then he looked at Kathrynne like some nut in him was being tightened right off the threads and said, "She can get fucked."

That really shocked Kathrynne. She could hardly believe Gary would use such words for Nicole. Then he looked at her in that way he had of getting into every little thought you might like to keep to yourself and said, "Kathrynne, I want my gun back."

Kathrynne said, "Gary, why don't you come back tomorrow and pick it up when you're sober?"

He said, "I'm not drinking, and I'm not going to get in trouble. Moreover, if I want to use a gun"—he pulled his jacket open—"this little baby takes care of it all." That was one pistol she recognized. A real German Luger stuck in his pants. "In addition," he said, "I got a sackful." At that point, he opened the truck door and a burlap bag tipped over. By the clanking, it sounded like it held half a dozen more guns.

Kathrynne said to herself, "What does it matter?" She took the Special out from under the mattress and gave it to him, and stood with Gary in the twilight, trying to calm him down. He was so angry.

Then Nicole's sister April came running out of the house. She was close to hysterical. "Where's Pat?" she asked. "Where's Pat?"

"She's gone, April," Kathrynne said.

"Oh," cried April, "Pat promised to take me down to K Mart to get my guitar string."

At this point, Gary said, "I'll run you over."

Quickly, Kathrynne told her, "You don't need to go."

But April jumped into the truck and Gary said, "That's all right. I'll bring her back." They were gone.

It was in this moment that Kathrynne realized she didn't know Gary's last name. Knew him as Gary, just Gary.

They sat in the kitchen among all the boxes of cherries they'd picked. Kathrynne wasn't about to call the cops. If the police stopped Gary, he might open up on them. Instead, she waited till her friend Pat got back and went out with her to look for the white truck. They

drove till one or two in the morning, going up and down roads. No way they were going to find him, it seemed.

2

April moved in close, turned on the radio, said, "It's hard to get along if you have to wait too long. The rooms get narrow and very often there is a dog." She began to shiver as she thought of the dog. "Every day," she said, "is the same. It's all one day," and nodded her head. "You have to get them used up."

"That's right," he said.

Just before he arrived, she had been lying in the grass, watching others pick cherries. She was playing the guitar with the broken string. It came over her that Grandmother was going to die if she didn't fix the string. April was letting her soul run wild as she played, and thought of Jimi Hendrix and Otis Redding dead, and that made her start thinking hard about the diseases. The bugs, spiders and flies bring it in, and the fevers give a humming sound until they are aroused, then they make a noise like a breaking string. Death would certainly come to Grandma if she didn't fix the string. That was her thought in the grass. As she looked up, there was a dog in front of her.

This dog started crying. It sounded like a man crying his heart out. The recollection of that sound got April nodding full force. She didn't like such feelings. When she nodded that way, she might just as well have been galloping on a horse. Her head was certainly being snapped each step the horse came down. It got her to the point where her personal motor turned on again, as if Satan was running her body, and pulling in all the people who usually floated around as personalities from Mars and Venus. The guitar certainly needed a new string to attract more harmonious spirits. "I," said April to Gary, "am the one swinging on the string." She nodded, careful not to do it so hard that the galloping horse would snap her neck.

"Look," she said, "my grandma's washing machine is next to the sewer. That's why those people are floating around. I hate filth." She could feel her mouth twisting from her nostrils to the corners of her lips. "Oh, Gary, I'm cotton-mouthed," she said, "I need Midol. Can you get me a toothbrush?" She could feel him patting her. He said he would get her what she needed.

It was crucial to put it across to people that you didn't go to a store and pull things from the counter, but took a good look at the object you were going to buy and inquired of it. There were all sorts of answers: The object could say, "Go away," or "Please steal me." It could

even ask to be bought. The objects had as much concern about themselves as anyone else. Gary just went plink, plink, plunk, got her Midol, got her toothbrush, got her the hell out of there. He wasn't drinking beer. Boy, he was uptight.

Now they were driving in Pleasant Grove again. "I don't want to go home. I want to stay out all night," she said.

"That's cool," he said.

3

Craig Taylor was just putting the kids to sleep, when Gary knocked on the door and introduced this girl as Nicole's sister April. They looked odd. Not drunk, but the girl was in bad shape. She walked around Craig like he was a barrel or something.

Gary came out of the bathroom and asked did he still have the gun. Craig said, Yeah. Gary asked to borrow it back. Plus a few shells. "Oh, yeah," said Craig. "Well, it's yours, I'll give it to you." Craig didn't exactly have a good feeling as he passed the shells. Gary seemed awfully emotionless. "Gary, I can't refuse you," Craig said, "it's your gun," but he took a good last look. It was a gold-trigger Browning Automatic with a black metal barrel, nice wood handle.

"I don't want to go home," said April when they were in the truck again.

"Hell," said Gary, "I'll keep you out all night." He drove to Val Conlin's to sign the papers. On the way, April realized they hadn't gone to the K Mart after all. She still didn't have the guitar string. It got too complicated to ask again. She felt like she was fighting spider webs.

When they came into V. J. Motors, April said aloud, "Hey, that's a show for free." Gary and this fellow Val kept looking at car keys like magicians studying old dried herbs, weird! She wandered around and the room distorted. Warp was in the atmosphere. So she sat down in a corner. That way you could hold the thing together.

Rusty Christiansen was bored. She wouldn't be home till a quarter of ten. The interest still had to be calculated and the payments worked out. They kept going out to the lot to take numbers off the car and the truck. Once in a while, this little girl April in the corner said something in a big voice.

For that matter, Val's voice was pretty good, too. "I'm going to take a chance," said Val, "because you've been good with me. But goddamn it, Gary, you better pay."

"Right," said Gary.

"OK," said Val, "I'm going to take a chance."

Gary went to transfer some clothes from the Mustang to the truck, and

while he was gone, Val looked at the little broad in the corner and said, "Hey, what are you on?"

She looked at him like she had just come in from the next century, and then she honked, "Wha-whaa-wha. . . ." Val thought, Whee, she's plain out here in orbit. The girl looked at him steadily and said, "Sometimes I'm not even a girl." She began to cry.

When Gary returned, Val said, "If you don't pay me that first four hundred in two days, I'll take the truck back so goddamn fast you won't even know you had wheels, pardner. You won't have the truck and you won't have the Mustang, understand?"

"Understand," said Gary, "no problem. OK." He signed the last papers and Val turned the truck over.

When they got in, Gary drove around looking for Nicole. "Use your radar," he said. She didn't want to tell him how interference could keep the most powerful forces of mind from entering a focus. So they kept driving. April kept hoping she could say something proper. That could regain a lot of force. That was what it took. A word to go out and get all ugly things back in harmony.

"When I was young," said April, "my grandpa put me on the back of a hog in the pigpen and scared me half to death. There was a bunch of wild hogs loose and they was chasing us. I hid in the bathtub. Wasn't much to do that night, but I learned to hide. You hide by getting half inside." She snickered. "You see, Gary," April said, "I always wanted to be a pig." She was feeling the force of the pig.

Gary pulled the truck over and parked it. "I'm going to go make a phone call," he said; "see if your mother's heard from Nicole."

After he got out, she listened to a group sing *Let Your Love Flow*. Two guys, not a sad group. "Let your love flow and let your love grow." She was trying to remember going through people's medicine cabinets in olden times when she baby-sat. "Let your love flow and let your love grow." It used to be like love was flowing through her fingers as she went through cabinets taking out the right pills to get stoned. Oh, to be inside a trance again with black beauties. She loved the way she got on them. Black beauties could be sweet as the harmony of the spring. "I mean," said April to herself, "I can always talk to the radio if I'm that desperate. Disc jockeys realize that people are talking to them."

4

Gary walked around the corner from where the truck was parked and went

into a Sinclair service station. It was now deserted. There was only one man present, the attendant. He was a pleasant-looking, serious young man with broad jaws and broad shoulders. He had a clean, straight part in his hair. His jawbones were slightly farther apart than his ears. On the chest of his overalls was pinned a name plate, MAX JENSEN. He asked, "Can I help you?"

Gilmore brought out the .22 Browning Automatic and told Jensen to empty his pockets. As soon as Gilmore had pocketed the cash, he picked up the coin changer in his free hand and said, "Go to the bathroom." Right after they passed through the bathroom door, Gilmore said, "Get down." The floor was clean. Jensen must have cleaned it in the last 15 minutes. He was trying to smile as he lay down on the floor. Gilmore said, "Put your arms under your body." Jensen got into position with his hands under his stomach. He was still trying to smile.

It was a bathroom with green tiles that came to the height of your chest, and buff-colored walls. The floor, six feet by eight feet, was laid in dull-gray tiles. A rack for paper towels on the wall had Towlsaver printed on it. The toilet had a split seat. An overhead light was in the wall.

Gilmore brought the Automatic to Jensen's head. "This one is for me," he said, and fired.

"This one is for Nicole," he said, and fired again. The body reacted each time.

He stood up. There was a lot of blood. It spread across the floor at a surprising rate. Some of it got onto the bottom of his pants.

He walked out of the rest room with the bills in his pocket and the coin changer in his hand, walked by the big Coke machine and the phone on the wall, walked out of this real clean gas station.

5

After a while, Gary came back. April had been smoking a smoke and waiting. "Come on," he said, "let's go."

As they pulled up to the drive-in theater, April saw *Cuckoo* in the title, so she thought they were going to see *The Sterile Cuckoo* with Liza Minnelli. April had always thought her own looks outside had to be just like the way Liza Minnelli felt inside, so she was looking forward a lot to seeing the movie. But right as they stopped under the light of the ticket booth, she could see that Gary's pants had blood on the cuffs.

(continued on page 264)

*we've seen doughboys, dogfaces and grunts, but this new army
is going to take some getting used to*

DONOVAN, AT EASE

MOST OF YOU ex-GIs are going to find some of what follows a little hard to understand. For instance, when we use the term U. S. Army, we are not talking about the same Service you came to know and hate. No, sir, this is a visionary Army; modern, liberated, forward-looking, even pleasant. It's an Army you'd be proud to serve in, one you'd regret being discharged from. In short, it's an Army with women in it. Or, specifically, an Army with Colleen Donovan in it.

Specialist Four Donovan, you'll notice, is not like

the average soldier you may have had the misfortune to serve with. She's softer, rounder, more pleasing to the eye. Indeed, she's the kind of soldier who could make a six-day bivouac seem like a Cape Cod clambake.

Before you dash to your recruiting office to re-enlist, though, we should tell you that Donovan is just finishing a three-year hitch and is about to be mustered out. But we're ahead of ourself.

Colleen's olive-drab odyssey began three years ago at Fort Jackson in South Carolina. That's where she did



Army lab technician Colleen Donovan (above and right) jogs her daily five miles before heading for duty at Walter Reed. She wears whites in the lab, fatigues for heavy work and something simple after hours.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

her basic training. Boot camp, even for a distaff warrior, is no snap. "Basic taught me that you can live under far worse conditions than you think you can," says Donovan. "Some girls had a hard time because they weren't prepared for all the work, much less the loss of sleep. But I expected the worst and I think that that helped me get through it. After the initial shock, it was just like summer camp."

Next stop for Donovan was lab-technician school at Fort Sam Houston in San Antonio, where she was trained in the finer points of chemistry, hematology and microbiology in preparation for her present job as a lab technician at Walter Reed Army Medical Center.

Being a pretty soldier helps on the job, Colleen has found. "Men, even officers, aren't used to us yet. They always want to do things for me, like lifting heavy objects. I don't mind that, though. I'll gladly leave the lifting to someone stronger."

One would think it would be hard to maintain one's femininity in fatigues and combat boots, but Colleen has no problem. "The way you feel about yourself comes through, no matter what you're wearing; you can use eye contact,

The Army may have a new look, but it's the same old ramrod-stiff, heavy-discipline, spit-and-polish outfit; right, Calleen? "Well, not exactly; we cheated a bit on the combat boots. We had a spray to make them shiny." Nice skivvies, though.





"Sexwise," says Calleen, "I guess I'm pretty liberal. Anything that's good between two people is all right with me. Being turned on by someone is all that matters. Affection has to be there, but love isn't always necessary." Our defense posture, obviously, has never been better.



smiles, body language. It's not necessary to be in sexy clothing—certain things will still show."

But, as we mentioned earlier, Colleen will soon be in civvies and she's excited about her prospects. "I've been taking pre dental courses at the University of Maryland, so that when I get out, I can go to dental school; I just made it under the wire to be eligible for the old GI bill."

Now, that's what we call putting our tax dollars to good use: making a visit to the dentist enjoyable.



SEX IN CINEMA

(continued from page 174)

"What alarmed most viewers in 1979 was the violence that overflowed from the screens into the streets."

what the board terms "a sexually derived expletive" produces an automatic R, no matter how inoffensive the context may be. The R can be appealed—and has been, successfully, for such films as *Stevie*, *Norma Rae*, *An Almost Perfect Affair* and *Same Time Next Year*; but when Diane Keaton suggested to Woody Allen in *Manhattan* that he "fuck off," the appeal board twice decided to let the R stand.

During the past year, the M.P.A.A.'s rating board has come increasingly under attack, and not without reason. Criticism has focused not just on the so-called language rule (a policy, incidentally, that board director Heffner himself opposes, saying he would prefer to base ratings less on text than on context) but on the whole theory behind the X rating, which by this time has become established in the public's mind as having a sexual connotation. Many producers are either finding ways around the X or openly opposing its use. Ads for *Richard Pryor Live in Concert* (not submitted for a rating) carried the warning, "This film contains harsh and very vulgar language and may be considered shocking and offensive." Bill Sargent, producer of the show, reported that that didn't seem to keep the customers away. Nor did Russ Meyer offer his *Beneath the Valley of the Ultra Vixens* for the M.P.A.A.'s scrutiny; instead, with a certain tongue-in-cheekiness, he preceded his film with the cautionary title "Parental guidance suggested."

And many major motion-picture companies have been resubmitting their formerly X-rated products for reclassification simply because they have come to realize that the X has the effect of severely limiting their distribution. Television won't touch them, and in some 40 cities newspapers refuse to accept their ads, even when the X is applied to a film that isn't specifically sexual. The issue was joined earlier this year when United Artists appealed the Xs previously applied to two imports by the late Pier Paolo Pasolini, *The Canterbury Tales* and *The Arabian Nights*. Granting the "mature" nature of those films, the company argued that the X has been so widely used to designate pornographic movies that neither the general public nor most newspapers are able to differentiate between "adult" and "porn." What the company was asking for, significantly, was not the milder R rating for its two films but the abandoning of

the X as an M.P.A.A. symbol. Similarly, George A. Romero, writer-director of the slick, sick *Dawn of the Dead* (which abounds in stomach-churning horror but has no sex scenes whatsoever), refused either to submit his film to the M.P.A.A. or to take a self-imposed X. "The X rating has come to mean in the public mind sex and obscenity," he contended, suggesting that an A (for adult) might be more appropriate to a film such as his. Other sources recommended making the X more specific—XS (for sex), XV (for violence) and XL (for language). To date, however, the M.P.A.A. has been resisting all change, feeling that its present alphabet has at least the virtue of familiarity.

Unfortunately for Jack Valenti and his organization, it's a virtue that becomes more obscure every time a review board crosses its own lines of demarcation to reclassify a film on appeal—and even more so when it crosses for some and not for others. *Same Time Next Year*, for example, uses the same four-letter word and in very much the same tone as does *Manhattan*, but on appeal was rerated PG. It can hardly be argued that there's a deeper moral issue involved in *Manhattan*; it may feature Allen having an affair with teenaged Mariel Hemingway while his good buddy, Michael Murphy, is enjoying adultery with Diane Keaton, but *Same Time Next Year* regales us with highlights from 25 years of an ongoing double adultery between the ever-sparkling Ellen Burstyn and a graying Alan Alda.

What alarmed most viewers in 1979, however, was neither the Anglo-Saxonisms nor the Anglo-sexisms of films but their violence—violence that overflowed from the screens into the theaters and often into the streets in a veritable flood of youth-gang movies of which Paramount's *The Warriors* only happened to be first. Onscreen within weeks of one another were *Boardwalk*, *Boulevard Nights*, *Over the Edge*, *Ravagers*, *Sunnyside*, *Walk Proud* and many more. Their theme was ominously, oppressively similar: The only people you can trust are the buddies in your own gang. Each gang has its own turf, which outsiders may traverse at their own risk, but members of rival gangs—never. *The Warriors* foreshadowed this with special emphasis. When a youth-gang chief is gunned down at a Bronx rally, the blame is placed (falsely) on the Warriors, a gang from Coney Island. Never has the sub-

way ride from the Bronx to Coney been more harrowing, since to reach home the Warriors must pass through the turfs of at least a dozen rival gangs, all lying in wait. Symptomatically, while there's a sexy girl, Deborah Van Valkenburgh, in the cast (and featured prominently in the movie's TV commercials), she has almost nothing to do in the picture. Nor do Pamela Ludwig in *Over the Edge* and Stacey Pickren in *Sunnyside* (in which she's cast opposite Joey Travolta, who isn't likely to give brother John many sleepless nights).

What made these films so frightening was the fact that, despite their varying quality (and some, notably *The Warriors* and *Boulevard Nights*, were quite well done), the youth audience embraced them with a ferocity unheard of since *Wild in the Streets* and the American International Pictures motorcycle epics of the late Sixties. Their showings were accompanied by shootings and stabbings, theaters were vandalized, gang wars reignited. *Chicanos*, complaining that the docudrama-styled *Boulevard Nights* portrayed their people in a bad light, set up mass picket lines—which were marred by knifings and shootings. Pickets came out again to protest the casting of Robby Benson as a *chicano* in *Walk Proud*; they wanted one of their own. And because that much-prized, much-feared youth audience was flocking to these pictures, regardless of their quality, theater owners spent the summer tossing on the horns of a classic dilemma: What do you want to do, sell tickets or avoid trouble? For those who plunked for selling tickets, the distributors offered to provide security officers—usually at shared cost.

The most obvious money-making alternative to the gang-warfare cycle was the monster syndrome touched off by the runaway success of *Alien* last spring. Again, it's important to note that *Alien* didn't create the species, no more than did U.A.'s recycled *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, which preceded it by a few months. It just means that something's in the air, something that producers sniff as much as two years ahead of time and roll their dice on. These days their sniffing has so little to do with sex. Although *Body Snatchers* vouchsafes a brief shot of a nude Brooke Adams as her body is about to be snatched by the dreaded pods, most of the film is concerned with Donald Sutherland's frantic attempts to ward off the invasion. (Significantly, unlike Don Siegel's classic 1956 version of the same story, this time there would seem to be no escape from podhood.) In *Alien*, we find two girls, Sigourney Weaver and Veronica Cartwright, aboard the doomed space freighter; but although both are reasonably attractive, none of their male shipmates (on an



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But the pleasure is
entirely yours.

Say "yes" to
the right one.

MARTINI & ROSSI



18-month re-entry!) displays the slightest interest in having an intergalactic affair. Toward the end of the movie, Weaver does an improbable strip down to damp T-shirt and bikini shorts, but it's far too little and much too late.

As noted earlier, George Romero's *Dawn of the Dead*, for all its cannibalistic zombies running rampant in a Pittsburgh shopping mall, is as devoid of sex as a 50th-anniversary convention of Franciscan friars. Not so Romero's *Martin*, which anticipated the current spate of Dracula movies and has become an overnight cult movie, reaping its rewards via weekend midnight showings coast to coast. *Martin*, which has to be one of the sickest films around, features a vampire who draws blood not with his teeth but with razor blades. But how does one explain the appeal of this to the teen-aged audience that turns out to see it week after week, especially since *Martin* (who is really 84) goes to great lengths to explain on a local radio show why he's unable to make it with girls—in the usual way, of course?

Again, it's that curious thing of homing in on a trend before the trend develops. Romero doubtless knew about the extremely successful *Dracula* revival in New York, starring Frank Langella, in a version of the Bram Stoker perennial that Universal subsequently brought to the screen with considerable stress on the count's sensuous appeal. He may even have known that American International was doing the George Hamilton rip-off *Love at First Bite*, in which Count Dracula, evicted from his estate by Transylvanian Communists, flies to New York to nuzzle fashion model Susan St. James, who admits to her psychiatrist (Richard Benjamin) that she enjoys being bitten on the neck. She calls it "a dynamite hickey."

But could Romero also have known that in Hollywood, practically at the same time, the veteran John Carradine was playing a broken-down Dracula in something called *Nocturna*? ("In my youth, I had magnificent fangs," he confides. "I was hung like a walrus.") Could he possibly have known that over in England, the venerable Christopher Lee was abroad with yet another Hammer production, *Count Dracula and His Vampire Bride*—not one of the best? Or that in Germany, the terribly serious Werner Herzog was doing a version, including the delectable Isabelle Adjani as Lucy Harker, based on F. W. Murnau's silent classic, *Nosferatu the Vampire*? Or, for that matter, that in Romania, Doru Nastase had directed a historical opus, *Vlad Tepes*—depicting the redoubtable count as a folk hero—which turned up at the Cannes festival in May as *The True Life of Dracula*?

Films, like bananas, come in bunches;

and when the bunches are as fully packed (and as eagerly gobbled up) as the youth-gang and monster movies of 1979, they become food for sociological speculation. One is forced to conclude that the same vibes that generated their production have struck a sympathetic chord in the mass audience. Perhaps it has something to do with the pervasive feeling that this world is slipping out of control and there's precious little we can do about it as individuals. We can't fight OPEC; hell, we can't even control our own politicians! What we can do (or at least some of us) is form into tight little bands and challenge anyone who dares invade our turf. It's an updated, urbanized form of vigilantism, more virulent than in the days of the old West, because, while the forces of law and order have again broken down, the enemies are less tangible, more cosmic. This absence in the real world of an immediately identifiable villain, a Darth Vader in black mask and cape, may also have a lot to do with the current popularity of monster movies. In those films—*Alien*, *The Dark*, *Prophecy*—the evil that we sense but can't see is suddenly personified; and no matter how sinister or powerful or Hydra-headed those creatures may be, most of the movies in which they appear end on the reassuring note that it's within our power to dispose of them.

With all this going on as subtext, these films seem to be able to do without sexual activity. Indeed, only in the diverse variations on the Dracula theme does sex rear its lovely head—usually to get bitten on the neck. As noted earlier in *Love at First Bite*, the sex in these movies veers toward the kinky, sadomasochistic variety. In *Nosferatu*, beautiful Adjani presumably makes the supreme sacrifice by inviting the vampire into her bed and entertaining him there until after the rise of the morning sun, upon which they both expire.

Curiously, sex also plays at best a minor role in several of the year's finest, most respected pictures. There's none at all, for example, in the explosive, prophetic *China Syndrome*, which opened only days before the tragedy at Three Mile Island. In the Academy Award-winning *The Deer Hunter*, Robert De Niro briefly, almost reluctantly beds down with lovely, lonely Meryl Streep. He's reluctant because she was the girlfriend of his buddy Christopher Walken, who's still off somewhere in Vietnam.

Apocalypse Now, at least in the work-in-progress version that Francis Ford Coppola agreed to unspool at Cannes last spring, contains only one sequence that might be defined as sexy—a bizarre scene in which a planeload of PLAYBOY Playmates descends into the Vietnam jungle to put on a show for the GIs, who are forced to watch it from

across the kind of pit that separates visitors from the animals at a zoo. In *Norma Rae* (which won her the Best Actress award at the Cannes festival), Sally Field plays a factory worker in a Southern textile town who's initially willing to go to bed with anyone who will show her a good time and break the monotony of her life. But then Ron Leibman, a Jewish union organizer from New York, turns up, and Sally becomes his first convert. It's like getting that old-time religion. She marries Beau Bridges and the sleeping around stops—though it's clear from her sidelong glances at Leibman that she hasn't stopped *thinking* about it. Field has a field day as an independent spirit who learns what it means to be liberated.

On the feminist front, the talented Jane Fonda has backed up her *Coming Home* Oscar with three scores—*Comes a Horseman*, *California Suite* and *The China Syndrome*. Still another, *The Electric Horseman*, with Robert Redford, is due before the year is out. *Comes a Horseman*, an ecology-minded Western, may be the least of the four, but in it Fonda proves, with the help of James Caan, that a tough-minded, hard-riding female can also be a loving and lovable woman. As a New York divorcee come to Beverly Hills to reclaim her child in Neil Simon's *California Suite*, Fonda displays a brittle wit and accurately timed one-upmanship over her screenwriter ex-husband (Alan Alda). But her greatest strengths are to be found in *The China Syndrome*, a picture that she helped make possible by joining forces with Michael Douglas' production company. Fonda had been planning to do a film based on the notorious Karen Silkwood case; but when that fell through, she eagerly espoused the antinuclear sentiments of Douglas' script. How much she had to do with the evolution of her own role—that of a TV newswoman unhappy with being consigned to "happy talk" when she has a hard-news story in her grasp—is impossible to say. It's obvious, though, that in this film she's responding directly to all the male put-downs she's ever encountered. It's a searing performance that arises out of sheer conviction. If this sounds like an unaccustomed paean to Ms. Fonda, it's only because she's the most accomplished, varied and courageous actress of our time.

Superstar Barbra Streisand, however, has her problems in *The Main Event*, in which she plays the reluctant manager of an even more reluctant boxer (Ryan O'Neal), whom she acquired as a tax write-off. There's a delicious role-reversal sequence in which, after having seduced her boxer into bed, she departs the next morning, with him begging to save his good name. Barbra

(continued on page 224)

PLAYBOY PAD:

MAKING ROOM AT THE TOP

a manhattan bachelor converts a conventional two-bedroom into a vast studio that's ideal for work and play

Right: A raised corner of Larry Solin's high-rise Manhattan apartment makes an ideal observation deck for urban astronomy.



MOST PEOPLE WOULD BE CONTENT TO have a luxury two-bedroom high-rise apartment on Manhattan's East Side. But bachelor owner Larry Solin isn't most people. Because he conducts much of his business at home, Solin hired the design firm of Bray-Schaible to change the floor plan of his apartment and make a huge studio apartment out of it—with the bedroom area separated by louvers that open and close electronically. Solin wisely kept the decor of the apartment clean and simple, choosing furnishings of black leather and chrome and mirroring walls. The result is a sleek, masculine environment in which it is as easy to conduct business as it is to nurture a social life—and Solin's definitely not hurting for either.

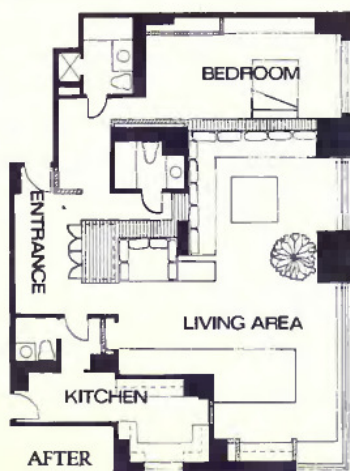
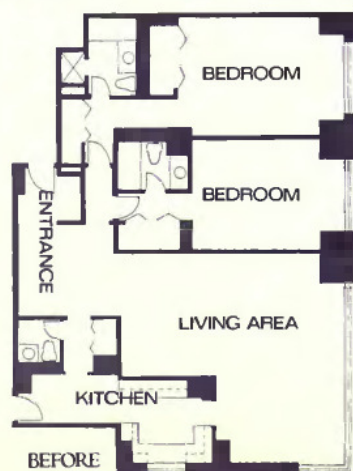
Above: The furnishings of Solin's mirrored bedroom include a chrome weight-training machine, a multiple-drawer storage cabinet and a custom chrome-housed control center for music and lights. (A more deluxe unit is located in the living area.) Right: Who said muscle building is its own reward?





Top: Solin's conference table/work desk doubles as a dining table. Behind it, he stores office supplies and photo-copying equipment, which can be made to disappear behind a sliding door at the push of a button. Above: The main seating area maintains the functional motif of black leather and chrome accented by tropical greenery. Right: A well-stocked bar awaits behind this industrially inspired sliding panel. It, too, can be opened and closed electronically.





Left: Floor plans show Solin's apartment before and after it was converted from a two-bedroom to a studio. Above: Here's the living area, with its custom Boulton stereo system adjacent to the couch and conference table. Louvers in the background can be electronically closed for privacy in the bedroom area or to make the vast living room more intimate.

"'Condo conversion is a sweetheart arrangement now between the banks and the big developers.'"

to that budget at the developer's discretion.

"There was a mortgage on the two buildings, securing the payment of a bank note in the principal amount of \$43,000,000. I have to believe that's about what the buildings cost the developer, because the banks are funding those guys close to 100 percent.

"So my simple mind figured the building was being converted to condominium at a before-tax profit to the developer of between \$10,000,000 and \$14,000,000. 'For what?' I kept asking.

"The engineering report on the building was written on the basis of a one-day inspection. There was a disclaimer in the report to the effect that no regard had been given to determining the energy efficiency of the buildings (surely something that is going to be terribly important in the years to come) or their 'feasibility' as an investment. Furthermore, I read that if I bought there, I would be signing up for partial ownership of a building that had already had major repairs on potentially troublesome areas—such as boilers, heat exchangers, pumps, cooling towers, fans—and that we would be depending on some basic equipment that had been installed 25 years before.

"To me, the risk was too great and the numbers were too high. We decided not to buy there. But in my city, the condominium craze is so bad that if you want to live in a decent area near your work, you've got to buy a condo. You either own or you get out, because all good buildings have by now been converted. That's just the way it is. So I bought a condo about a block from where we'd been renting, and I hope the market keeps going up 30 percent a year, like it has the past few years. Because with the price I had to pay for the place we bought, I need inflation to make my purchase seem sensible."

In journalism, the best sources are often the ones who come to you. Good reporting is made not by the reporter himself but by other people—brave people, men and women of conscience, who know their own businesses inside and out and who choose to say to a reporter, "Look, there's something that's not right here and I have to tell you about it." There may not be a surplus of such souls in this culture, but there are more than might be imagined. They fall like angels onto a reporter's shoulders, and they deserve protection.

Comes a day like any other, and then

the phone rings: A man wants to talk. He is a real-estate developer who has been in the business all his life and has made millions of dollars, some of them in condominiums. But he is not enamored of the condo process. Somewhere in the middle of small talk, he leans back and says casually, "Condominiums didn't come from God, you know. Condominiums—all housing—are man-made products of taxes and credit. Taxes first, then credit. You have to remember that. The decline in rental housing, along with the rise in condos, is due first and foremost to a deliberate tax structure. The current tax laws and tax decisions in this country created the condo developer. They made him happen."

The man takes a yellow legal pad and lists specific numbers from one of his latest deals. "You own a rental apartment building," he says, jotting down figures. "Inflation is hitting you like everybody else. Energy costs, replacement costs, repairs, maintenance, they're all driving you nuts as a landlord. Maybe your building is almost fully depreciated. You're tempted to get the building off your hands, and tax laws have structured your decision. You'll see in a minute that you're not free to do just anything you want with your building.

"Now, let's say a developer comes along who wants you to sell your building to him. He specializes in taking rental property and converting it into condominiums. He offers you a chunk of money. Maybe you don't know the tax laws like you should and you ask him a question. Maybe you want to convert the building yourself, and you ask, 'Hey, Jack, why should I turn my building over to you? It's my private property. Why can't I convert it myself?' That guy's going to laugh in your face.

"Just try converting your own building yourself," he'll say. "You'll be classified as a dealer by the IRS. You'll be taxed the ordinary-income rate on all your profits—up to 70 cents on the dollar. But if you sell your building to me, it'll be capital gains to you. A maximum of 28 cents on the dollar."

"That's an enormous difference. Which do you think the rental landlord is going to take? Ordinary income or capital gains?"

The man stops writing. "See what I mean? The entire condominium-conversion process begins with a tax law. Once that kind of thing was in place, the result was inevitable."

What this man has just explained is how the Government, or the forces be-

hind it, created a middleman—the condo developer. Uncle Sam helped legislate inflation. He concentrated power through taxes, limited competition and made sure the conversion process would be placed in the hands of a few people.

"Every step along the way as a building is converted is inflationary," says the developer. "More money has to be borrowed because the building has to change hands one more time. Good for the banks. Good for the Government. The original landlord has to sell to the developer, and that developer is a specialist at getting money out of property. The banks fund him. Then they do the end loans to the consumers.

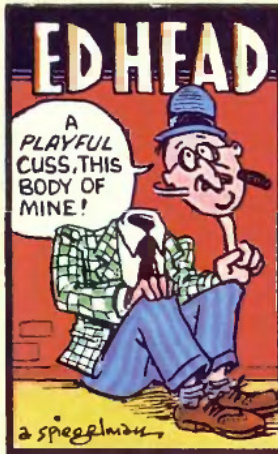
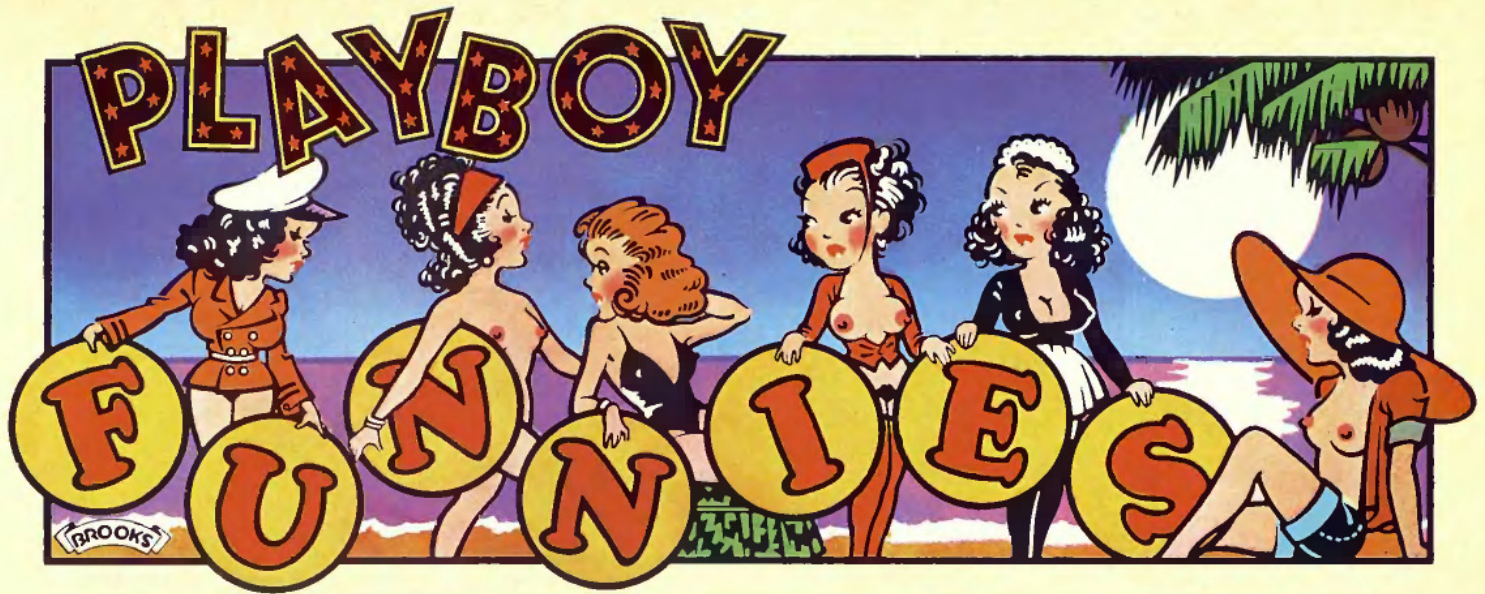
"We've got this mania for centralization in this country. But I think in times of hyperinflation, we should encourage more competition. Let the rental landlord into the process on the same terms as the developers. Let's treat building owners the same, whether they're going to convert to condo or to co-op. Most owners do their own co-op conversion because their sales to a cooperative corporation will be treated as a capital gain. So why handle condos any differently? Let's take the action out of the hands of the few. Condo conversion is a sweetheart arrangement now between the banks and the big developers. I guess I resent that, even though I stand to profit from it."

He lights a cigar and there's a long silence. "I think the people who are buying into condominiums don't know what they're getting themselves into," he says. "On the credit side of the question, I really think the banks are extending end loans to people who are going to have trouble later on."

The interview winds down with bits and pieces of business news: stories of exorbitant interest rates on loans from banks to developers, of ways in which one major condo corporation is sending most of its profits offshore and avoiding U.S. taxes, of the intense pressure to push earnings in all companies and an increase in the number of condo investment ventures by insurance companies, service corporations, furniture companies, and so on.

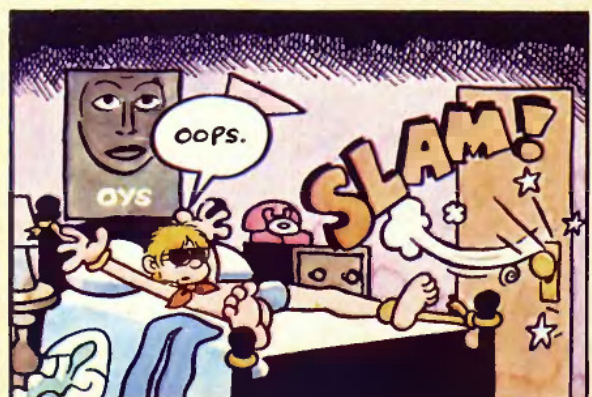
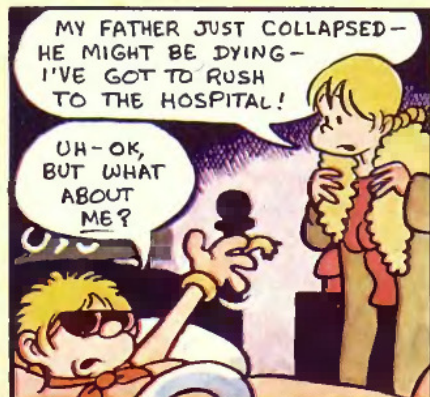
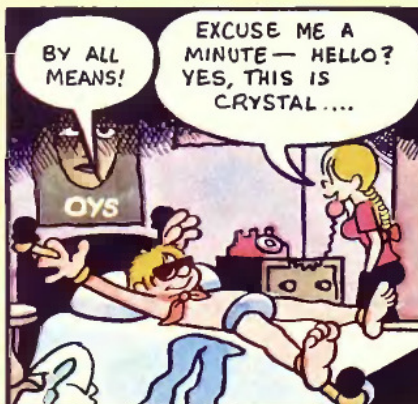
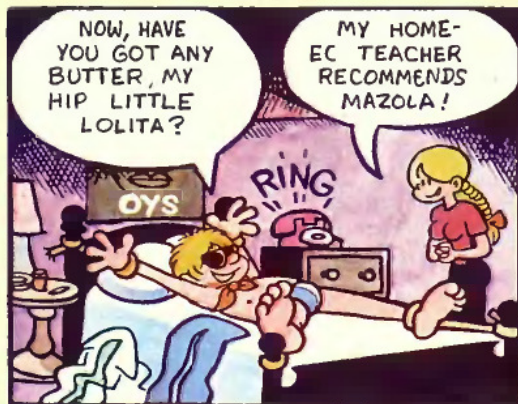
Then, asked for suggestions on improving condominium conversion, he counts the points on his fingers: "One, let the rental landlord into the act and open up competition. Two, boost tax advantages for rental housing. Taxes are man-made. Don't let the tax structure dictate that only condos are decent investments as compared with rental housing. Three, somebody's got to show how the banks are behind this process, how they're underwriting it, pushing it, profiting from it. Four, apply some kind of windfall-profits tax on the developers who take a rental building, spruce it up and sell it out in a few months. They're

(continued on page 252)



CRUISER

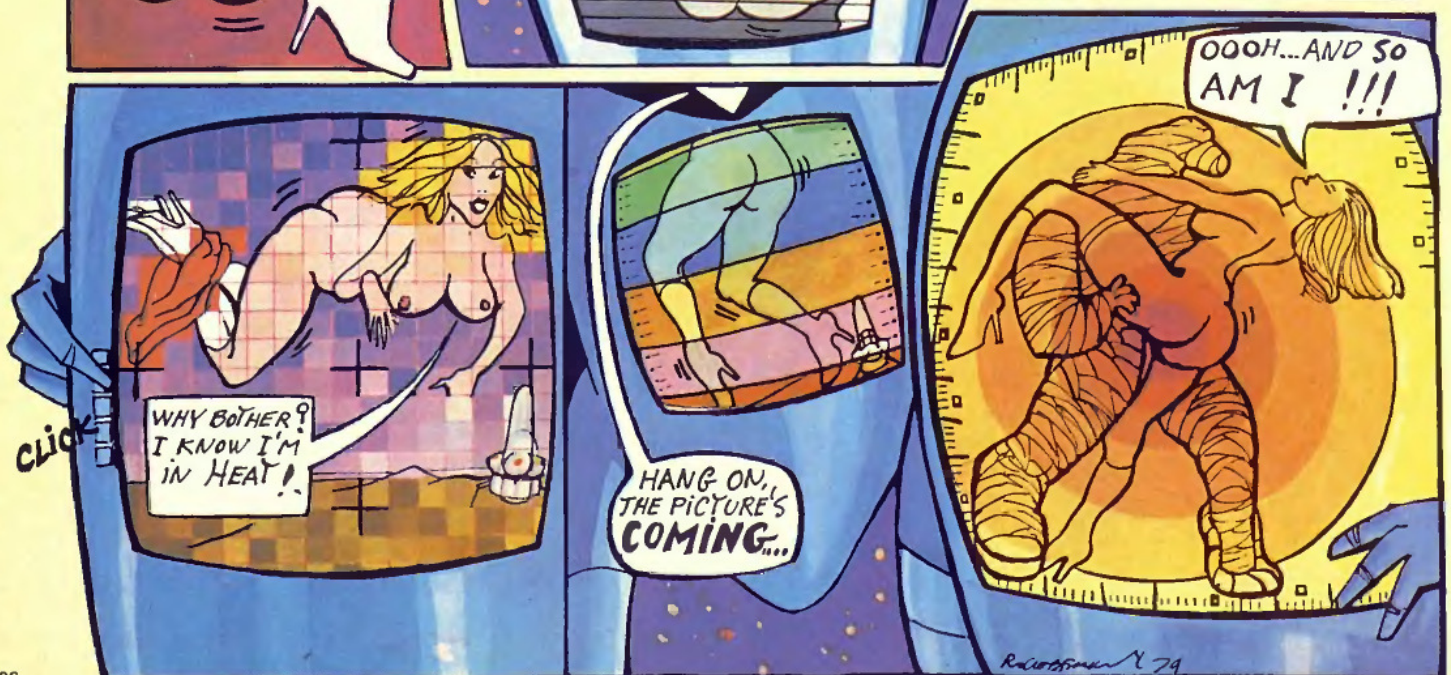
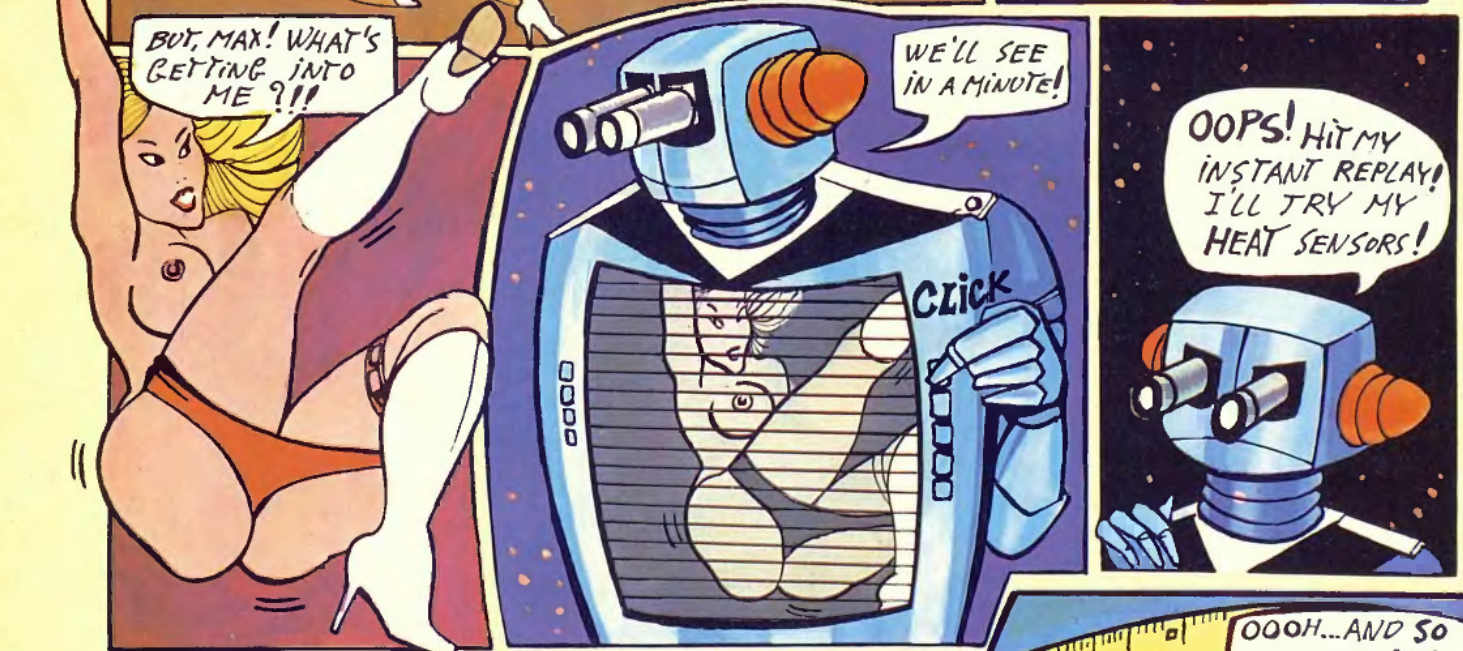
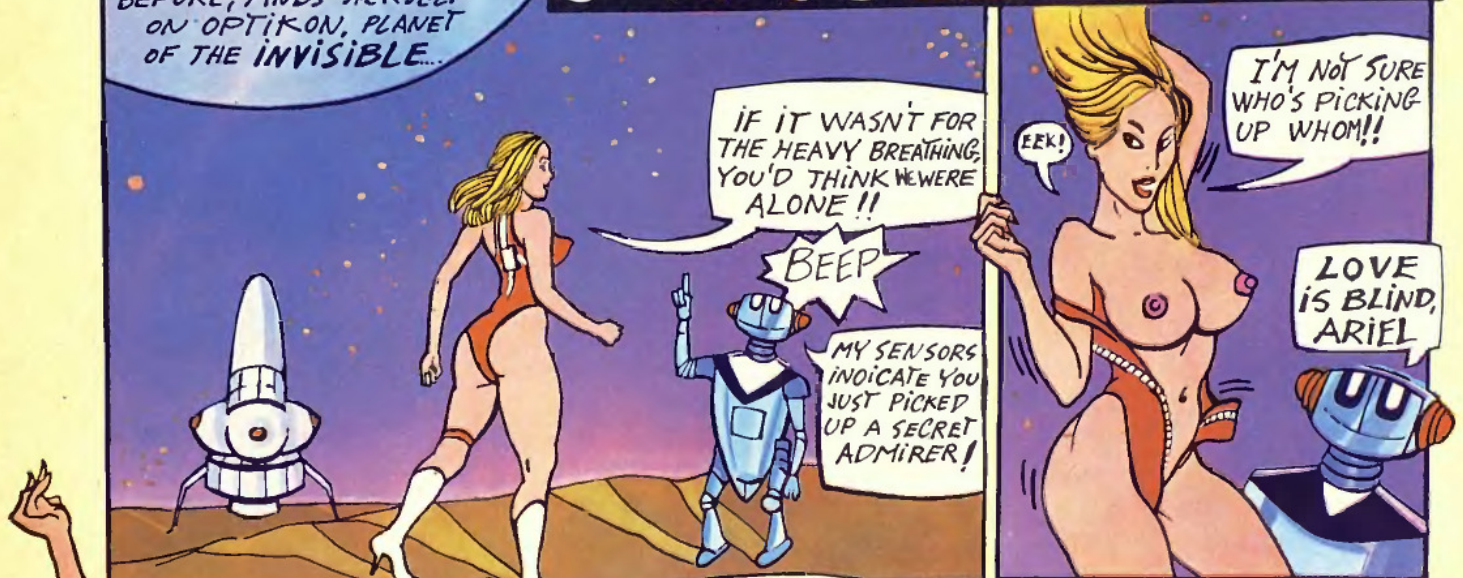
by Christopher Browne



ARIEL CONTINUING HER FIVE-YEAR MISSION TO BOLDLY COME WHERE NO WOMAN HAS COME BEFORE, FINDS HERSELF ON OPTIKON, PLANET OF THE INVISIBLE...

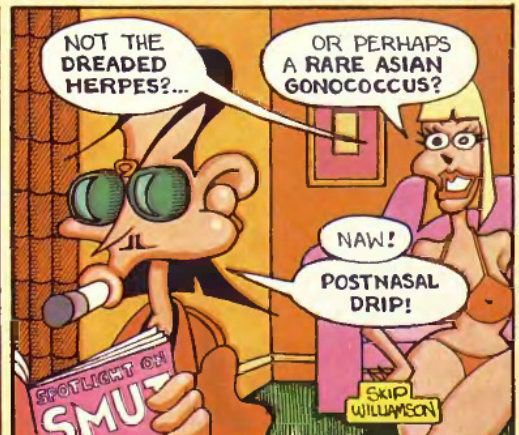
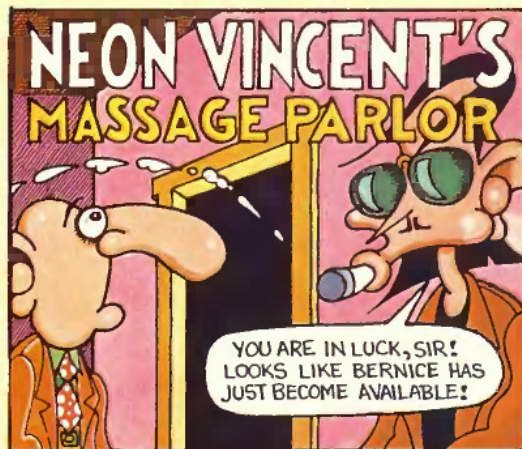
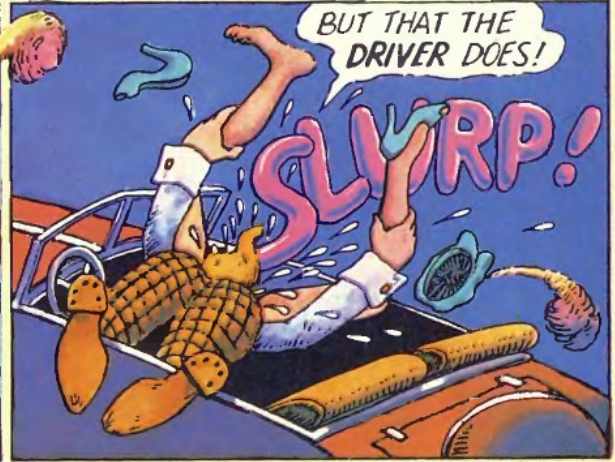
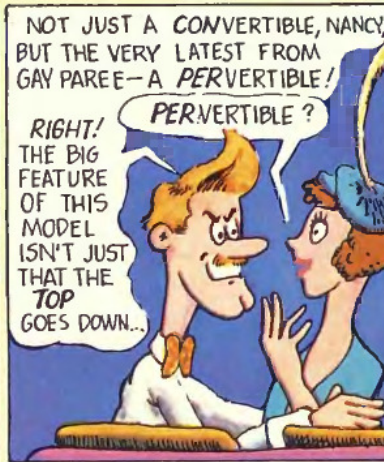
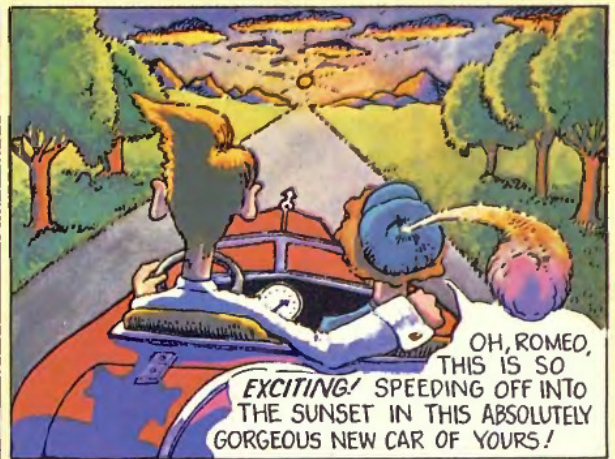
ARIEL

ROCHBERNY.
RON MARTINEZ



Romeo Schwartz

by Frank Collyer





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MAN & WOMAN



DEALING WITH HER ROOMMATE

You and your woman had her apartment to yourselves last night and you made the most of it. But this morning it's a different story. Beyond that bedroom door, someone's busy in the bath or in the kitchen: the roommate. You feel inhibited and consider yourself an interloper.

We hate to be the one to break the bad news, but, according to Letitia Baldrige, an interloper is exactly what you are. Miss Baldrige, who last year revised and expanded *The Amy Vanderbilt Complete Book of Etiquette / A Guide to Contemporary Living*, tells us unequivocally that "a sex life cannot be shared in a shared apartment." The social arbiter's solution? "Go to a motel or borrow the pad of a friend who's away."

You've been officially put in your place, sir. But if some morning you find yourself, invited, of course, in a lady's shared living quarters, it would be wise to bear a few things in mind.

Miss Roomie might feel she's something less than presentable. And she might not have had the good fortune to spend the night with someone as attractive as you. Recognize the beauty beneath all that facial cream and make her feel welcome in her own home. Smile. A reservoir of good will can be useful when, later on, you politely ask her to turn down the stereo, spare the last of the orange juice or stop blowing smoke in your face.

Don't be intimidated by that bathroom queue. These days, a man's toilette doesn't take a back seat to a woman's. It's not necessary to depart rumpled and unshaven. You didn't arrive that way. But remember to wipe your whiskers from the washbasin and return the toilet seat to the down position.

It is possible, Miss Baldrige's admonition notwithstanding, that you may be invited for a return visit, perhaps many of them. If you become a regular at the women's residence, you'll have to sell yourself to the second party. A bottle of wine for the cupboard or an extra theater ticket can help, not to mention the old stand-by of cleaning up after yourself. Also, put your carpentry or plumbing skills to occasional use. Nothing establishes credit better than a nonrefundable contribution.

Keep in mind that the ladies' rooming arrangement wasn't created to last a lifetime. Roommates spend less time together when one is involved with a man. Rooms may go uncleaned and bills fall past due. If the roomie has a legitimate beef against your girlfriend, exert a little influence on her behalf. And don't hesitate to let the roomie know what you've done.

Relating to the roommate doesn't mean that you should always be on your best behavior and keep a low profile. If she has treated you unfairly, speak up. It will

clear the air and may well alleviate the problem. If you're open enough with one another, you might wind up great friends. You could even become more than friends. You and the roommate, that is. Or maybe all three of you.

EARNING LESS THAN SHE DOES: PART I

The American male's image as sole breadwinner is getting a bit stale. Madison Avenue—which does not expend precious advertising dollars without research—is pitching high-ticket items to the affluent female. You may shortly discover that your dinner companion, that enchanting executive or lovely lawyer, earns and spends quite a bit more than you. If your own career hasn't taken off yet, you'll need a strategy to deal with the disparity in incomes. This is a many-faceted problem and one that we will address again in later months. But first, let's concentrate on the dining problem. If you're buying, choose that out-of-the-way place where the proprietor cooks for his two dozen guests as though they're family. The tariff will most often be reasonable. And you pay for fresh *pâté* and homemade pasta, not for a view of the skyline. Another advantage: Because many such establishments cannot afford a liquor license, they often allow you to bring your own wine (call ahead to find out). If so, you'll save the hefty liquor markup restaurants levy.

The day when man could impress with wallet alone may be drawing to a close. A female financial expert we know asserts that the "new" woman is more savvy in general because she has learned to compete in a man's world. You'll have to make an extra effort to hold her attention when it comes to dining in particular. Ethnic food offers the most sure-fire possibilities. Whether *sushi*, Szechwan or Southern barbecue, it's almost always interesting and often downright cheap. And if she's so savvy, she'll try anything once, right? If you have a cash-flow problem, you might want to serve cocktails and hors d'oeuvres at your place, then take your girlfriend out to dine. The saving can be even more substantial if you feed her at home, too.

When a lady insists that you dine with her at the most expensive restaurant in town, accept graciously. That she'll pick up the tab should be implicit in the invitation. If not, ask her what time she'd like to pick you up. She should get the idea. Feel free to order anything on the menu. After all, she picked the place. When it comes time to settle the bill, relax while those beautiful eyes scrutinize *l'addition*; and when she allows that she'd like to head home and slip into something more comfortable, you may wonder why you worried at all about this income-disparity business.

—WARREN KALBACKER

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL:
11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

The Vantage Point

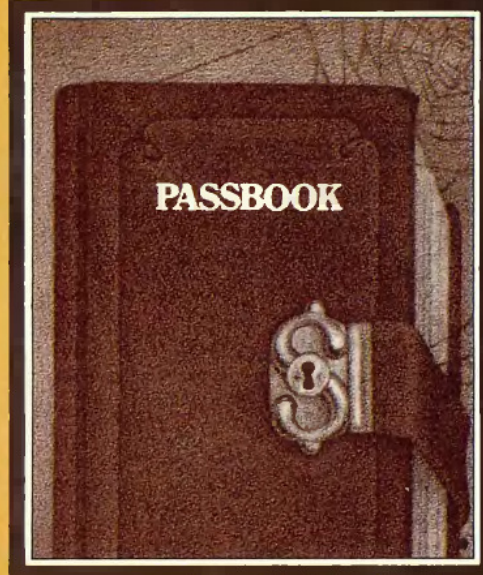
Where great taste and
low tar meet.



Great taste once belonged only to high tar cigarettes. Not any more. The secret? The specially designed Vantage filter works together with our rich 'Flavor Impact'™ tobacco blend to deliver satisfying flavor in every puff. That's Vantage. Low tar with a uniquely satisfying taste. And that's the point.

Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100's

ALL ABOUT KEOGH AND IRA PLANS



There was a time when writers, artists, doctors, shopkeepers—*anybody* who free-lanced or owned his own unincorporated business—couldn't sock away anything in a growth plan for retirement without incurring immediate tax liabilities on the gains. You got kicked two ways: You paid taxes on what you needed to spend next week and you paid taxes on what you wouldn't spend for 20 or 30 years. And if you were a nine-to-fiver and your employer didn't have a pension or retirement plan, you were also in poor straits. Locked into a nominally increasing salary, your income was fixed and you had enough difficulties keeping up with living costs, let alone setting aside retirement money. Plus, even if you *could* manage to stash away a few bucks, you had to worry about taxes on the interest they bore.

YOUR RETIREMENT FUND

This sorry state of affairs is phenomenally better nowadays. Thanks to the Self-Employed Individuals Tax Retirement Act of 1962, improved by the Employee Retirement Income Security Act of 1974, you are now allowed to set up your own tax-sheltered retirement fund. If you're self-employed, a Keogh Plan is what you should start. If you work where there is no company pension or profit-sharing program, you should start an Individual Retirement Account—IRA for short.

How much better are the prospects for building a respectable retirement fund since you've been given some incentive? This much better: If you put \$1000 a year into a Keogh or an IRA account for 30 years and get eight percent interest, the sum you'll have when it comes time to tap it is \$122,341. In a regular savings account (I'll assume you're in the 40 percent tax bracket), the total will be only \$40,369.

ESTABLISHING YOUR ACCOUNT

The IRS, being the IRS, doesn't trust you to keep tabs on your retirement fund. (The tax on the amount is deferred, the fund is not *tax-exempt*, and it wants to track it through the years.) You need a trustee for the account, and you have several choices: savings banks, savings and loans, brokerage houses (which spread your money among annuities, stocks, bonds and/or mutual funds), mutual-fund companies or insurance companies. The paperwork can range from mildly confusing to hands-in-the-air frustrating, but your trustee will guide you through it. Take a good look at where your money will be invested—and take a *better* look at charges levied against it (commissions, brokerage or administrative fees) for maintenance. Such fees can have effects erosive to

your money and demoralizing to you. One thousand dollars deposited with an insurance company, for example, can be worth \$870 after Year One because of charges. That's not a great start in building future security.

If you're in doubt about which route to take, go with a savings bank. Your account will begin earning interest at once and you needn't fret about fees, since most banks charge little or nothing. Later, if you've become more astute about investments, the law allows you to switch your account from one type of investment to another. In fact, you can jockey your fund from institution to institution, year after year, if you choose.

With a Keogh Plan, you can put away 15 percent of your yearly earnings, up to \$7500 (whichever is less). In an IRA account, the limit is also 15 percent, but the maximum dollar amount is \$1500 annually. You can technically open either type of account at a bank with a nominal contribution, but a significant amount, such as \$1000, can entitle you to preferential interest rates. About those rates: Only a third of the country's commercial banks give the eight percent ceiling on these accounts. If you start your fund in a bank, find one that is competitive with another bank, not with you. And that top rate, with daily compounding in savings certificates, actually gets an effective yield *better* than eight percent.

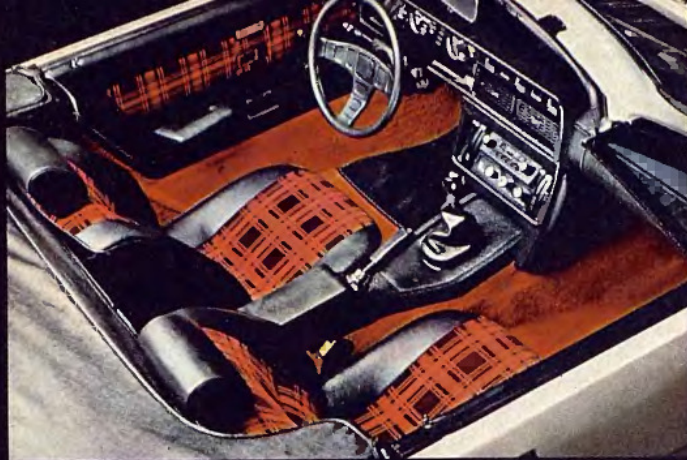
GETTING OUT EARLY

Suppose you start a Keogh Plan or an IRA account and, several years hence, you want to pull out some cash and use it? Go ahead—it's your money. But you'll pay a price: a nondeductible ten percent excise tax on what you withdraw, *plus* income tax. (If it's a Keogh Plan, you can't contribute to it again for five years.) That's a stiff penalty, but then, the idea is *not* to touch the money until you retire. (In both types of plans, that's no earlier than the age of 59 and a half or no later than the age of 70 and a half.)

THE BEAUTY PART

Keogh Plans and IRA accounts also have another advantage; not only can you save fruitfully for your own retirement, picking the type of investment you want, but all payments to your plan will reduce your *current taxable income by their exact amount*. Whether you itemize deductions or not, contributions come off the *top* of your income. On earnings of \$20,000, a single man can put \$3000 into a Keogh Plan (the 15 percent maximum) and, under current rates, it reduces his Federal tax bill by over \$900 this year *alone*. Dividends and interest accrued are also deferred. Start saving!

—JOHN BENSINK



The new convertible TR7—the first new production convertible in a decade. Modern engineering has been skillfully wed to legendary excitement in the newest Triumph, the TR7 convertible.

Its bold wedge shape cheats the wind at every turn. It handles the open road with competition-proven performance. Response of the 2-liter overhead cam engine is instantaneous and the 5-speed transmission is precision itself. For those who prefer not to shift, a 3-speed automatic is optional (not available in California).

The EPA estimate with manual transmission is 19 mpg, with a highway mileage of 28 mpg. Remember the circled EPA estimate is for comparison; your mileage may vary

depending on speed, weather, and trip length. California figures are lower, and your actual highway mileage will probably be lower than the highway estimate.

TR7's list of sports car features will warm any purist's heart: MacPherson struts... rack and pinion steering... front disc brakes... and wide steel-belted radials. Refinement of the TR7 has led to numerous changes, from a modified cooling system to a new Triumph emblem. Triumph engineers even developed a unique front bumper for the convertible which helps filter out harmonic vibrations.

The interior of the TR7 is designed around the serious driver, and is at once both functional and comfortable. Controls and instruments have been logically and conveniently arranged for easier, more enjoyable driving.

Attractive and uncomplicated, TR7's convertible top gives you unobstructed vision through the 3-piece rear window. Putting the top up or down is a simple one-person operation.

Now, a true convertible sports car at an affordable price. From Canley, England, where Triumph craftsmen have harbored a passion for the open sports car for over 50 years, comes the new TR7 convertible.



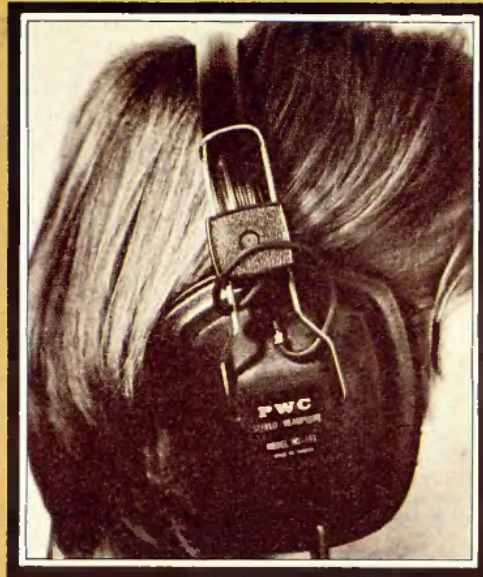
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TRIUMPH INVITES YOU TO A NEW OPENING



THE SHAPE
TR7

PLUGGING INTO HEADPHONES



Headphones have come a long way from the clumsy tinny-sounding harnesses once used only by telegraph operators and short-wave-radio freaks. Today, we have lightweight models that provide luxuriant full-range stereo that is often better than what you hear from loud-speakers.

SPATIAL KICKS

When you wrap stereophones (the term was coined by John Koss, whose company may be credited with having evolved a nuts-and-bolts audio tool to the status of a deluxe consumer product) around your ears and listen, you are transported to a superstereo realm. Breadth and depth in the music are highlighted. Often the sound seems to be coming from beyond the headset. For a neat aural trick, put on stereophones with the system switched to mono. Listen for a moment, then switch to stereo. The music that was in your head before is suddenly expanded all around you.

The reason for this effect is that with headphones each channel feeds only one ear. With speakers, there's an acoustic mix so that a little of each channel spills over into the other. Headphones, in other words, provide you with more specific directional clues.

Headphones also put you closer to the signal, since the problem of room acoustics is obviated. A record that sounds shrill or boomy because of bad listening-room acoustics can sound smooth and clear over headphones. Conversely, any defect in the recording will also show up over headphones. In this use, headphones serve as an audio man's stethoscope. When a trained sound man wearing headphones says, "I can hear this amplifier breathing," he has not flipped out. Believe it, he actually is hearing some circuit quirk that is all but inaudible over loud-speakers.

And, if you are tape-recording a live performance and do not have the luxury of a soundproof control room, a headset plugged into the recorder is the only way you can monitor what's going on without distracting the performers. A performer, too, may wear headphones if he has to add his part to a group effort already on tape.

TYPES AND CHOICES

As with loud-speakers, there are two broad classes of headphones: dynamic and electrostatic. Dynamics are far more numerous, cost less and are easier to use; you just plug them into the headphone jack on a receiver, amplifier or tape deck. Electrostatic headphones (and their first cousins, the electrets) are fewer in number, cost more and

require the use of an adapter box that is connected to the speaker terminals on a receiver or amplifier.

Do the added bulk, involvement and cost of the latter get you better sound vis-à-vis the dynamics? In my opinion, if you are talking about such models as the \$275 Infinity Systems ES-1, or the \$150 Audio-Technica ATH-7, the answer has to be a soft yes. Some of the top-of-the-line dynamics (which cost far less) can also give you a who-can-ask-for-anything-more? feeling. Some models to try include the AKG K-240, \$80; Beyer DT480, \$115; Koss PRO-4AAA, \$80; Pioneer SE-700, \$100; Sansui SS-100, \$118; Superex SM-700, \$70; and the Yamaha HP-1, \$65. Aside from functioning as a normal headset, the JVC HM-200E, \$100, has tiny built-in microphones for live binaural recording.

Lower-priced models that I have found to be satisfactory are the AKG K-140S, \$50; Sennheiser HD-400, \$44; Koss K/6ALC, \$35; Superex CL-1, \$60; and the Panasonic Duo-Cones headphones, \$40 and up.

A unique headset is the wireless type, in which the electrical umbilical cord running back to the equipment is eliminated. Instead, the headphones receive signals transmitted from a sending box wired to the sound system. This combination minibroadcast setup and headphones is costly; the Beyer system, with headphones, transmitter and rechargeable battery, is priced at \$410. The sound is great—if you don't exceed the right distance (about ten feet) or turn your head at too pronounced an angle from the transmitter.

THE FIT

Selecting headphones is a more personal matter than choosing speakers. You not only will be listening to them, you actually have to wear them. So try them for both sound and fit. As with speakers, listen for full-range tonality, solid but well-defined bass, smooth middles and extended easy highs.

Try them plugged into a receiver (or amplifier) and into a tape deck. Many will produce less volume from a tape deck, but even these can sound acceptably loud if the deck itself has ample signal gain.

Also check the cable length by backing away from the plug-in to see just how far you can position yourself before the cable begins tugging.

Finally, decide whether you want to enjoy complete sonic isolation or still be able to hear the telephone ring when you're wearing headphones. If the former, choose the kind that wrap your ears completely. If the latter, pick the type that rest against, but do not wholly enclose, your ears. Good listening! —NORMAN EISENBERG



The new Panasonic portable VHS™ tapes little games outdoors and big games indoors.

The little games with all those big moments. Your kid's first birthday. Your parents' 50th anniversary. Tape them now on the new Panasonic portable VHS. So you can relive them years from now.

The portable VHS home video tape recorder (PV-2200) and color camera with sound (PK-300) are lightweight. They work anywhere with rechargeable batteries. So on a single charge you can shoot for 30 minutes, unlike Super 8 where you have to stop and reload every few minutes. And with tape there's no developing. You can also use it over and over. You can actually use the camera's 1½" TV screen to see an instant replay of what you taped. That means you won't come home missing any of those great shots.

At home, watch more than your kid's little games. Because the Panasonic portable VHS—like every Panasonic VHS—lets

you record from your TV for up to 4 hours on one cassette to catch those long movies and extra-inning big league games.*

The new Panasonic portable VHS works indoors and out. So you can record life's prime times.



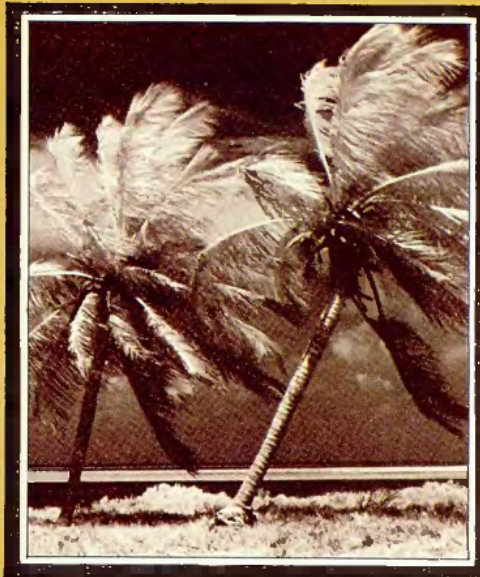
TV picture simulated.
Cabinet is simulated woodgrain.

*CAUTION: Unauthorized recording of copyrighted TV programs, films, video tapes and other materials may infringe the rights of copyright owners and be contrary to copyright laws.



Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time.

KEYED UP OVER KEY WEST



It has had a lot of names over the years, from Cayo Hueso (Isle of Bones) to Conchtown, but it wasn't until Jimmy Buffett hung out there and wrote *Margaritaville* that it got one that fit. Key West is a hot-blooded tropical island at the end of the road (U.S. 1), and its color, pace and shimmer do make you think of that laid-back drink with its rim, like the island's, encrusted in salt.

Which may be why Key West has drawn so many people over the years whose portable talent enables them to live as they like. Ernest Hemingway went in the Thirties and his house on Whitehead Street is now a tourist attraction. Tennessee Williams went in the Forties and symbolizes another aspect: the tasteful, theatrically gay of Key West (three theater companies in a town of 32,000, and a large gay community). The novelist Thomas McGuane, Buffett's friend, went later and, though he only visits now, represents the literary-macho element of the key's ethos. As for Buffett, he moved to Aspen—to escape the tourists.

WHY GO THERE?

What's to do in Key West besides soak up the sun? Well, you can fish, eat, drink, dope, party, gossip or pedal a bike around and see the sights. Key West has been a pirate stronghold, a Navy base, a home port for rum-runners, gunrunners and, lately, doperunners, as well as for the modern world's most successful treasure hunter, Mel Fisher. Located 160 miles southwest of Miami, it has a tropical climate that encourages a nonchalant minimalism in clothing and an understaffed, underpaid police department that regards with a cheery permissiveness most behavior that is victimless.

THE LAYOUT

In a sense, Key West is two islands: Old Town, where an orgy of restoration has seen to the boutiqueization of a peeling fishing village while leaving enough of the raffish original to be interesting, and Searstown, which is the shopping-center suburbia you see first when you drive in on U.S. 1. The citizens are a mix of conch (original white settlers who took their name from the mollusk they ate), Latins, blacks, rich Yankees, gays and straights.

You can fly in on Air Sunshine (Air Sometimes), get a classy room at Pier House Inn and Beach Club on the Gulf side for \$63 a day, double occupancy, in the "old" building or \$70 a day in the "new" building closer to the beach. Inland, you can stay at the non-air-conditioned Eden Hotel for about \$33 a day, double occupancy, with its wicker furniture, louvers and whirling ceiling fans. On the Atlantic side, stay at the luxurious

Casa Marina, with 1100 feet of ocean front. Double-occupancy rates begin at \$48. (Reservations at all hotels are recommended.) Nearby is the continental U.S.'s only living coral reef. Charter fishing boats and dive shops abound. (At sea, keep an eye out for jettisoned bales of Colombian gold, a heap of which made one local a millionaire.)

After you've settled in, rent a bike for about four dollars a day or a moped for about three dollars an hour and explore alleys with the look of a Bahamian village. Sun glints on tin roofs and throws deep shadows in courtyards from prodigious glossy tropical plants. It is a limestone island, protected by the reefs, so the beaches are only so-so except where improved.

WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN

Sunset is co-opted there into tradition: Everybody watches. For the detached of mind, there's the view from the top of the seven-story La Concha Hotel, the island's tallest. Better is Mallory Square Dock, a scene reminiscent of the square in Marrakesh, where conga drummers, tumblers, jugglers, belly dancers, panhandlers and dope dealers congregate for the dousing of the light.

Because it combines the Latin with frontier *machismo*, Key West is a late-night town. Port of Call is probably the best restaurant, but also try Poor Richard's Buttery, Claire, Chez Emile, Rose Tattoo, Pier House, Las Palmas del Mundo, Pigeon House Patio and Kangaroo's Pouch (silly name, great fried squid). Martha's, a steak house, is a fine change of pace from seafood. Cuban restaurants are inexpensive and ideal for lunch, and so is such street food as conch fritters and chowder. There is also a plenitude of natural-food emporiums.

Carousing is a way of life in any great bar town, and Key West has more than its share. Disco is found at Fitzgerald's in La Concha (mainly straight) and at The Monster (mainly gay, and better for its unfettered theatricality). Live rock at the Bull and Whistle, whose hirsute clientele spills onto Duval Street almost until sunrise, or at Capt. Tony's Saloon, which was Sloppy Joe's when Hemingway drank there. Sloppy Joe's, now on Duval, is largely a tourist place. The Full Moon Saloon is more laid back and the place to meet hip locals.

Key West is going through changes these days—an influx of well-to-do Northerners and piracy-level property prices—but so far, it has kept much of its old character, which combines a weird insular cosmopolitanism and raffish swashbuckle with a touch of easy gentility. It is still what the title of a local guidebook calls it: *The Last Resort*. Or, as McGuane says, "Key West will always be a honky-tonk town." —JACK MC CLINTOCK

MONTY PYTHON

(continued from page 161)

"It's a film about suburban England, cleverly disguised as a Biblical epic with expensive sets."

is Brian. The rest, as they say, is history.
PLAYBOY: Thanks. Won't a lot of people see the movie as a blasphemous travesty on the life of our Lord?

IDLE: I don't see why. He's *our* Lord, too.

PLAYBOY: There are a lot of references in the film that some may interpret as anti-Semitic. Are there any Jews in Monty Python?

IDLE: Nobody's admitted it, but lots of us are circumcised. Sure, I expect there'll be a little bit of fuss, but anyone with a grain of brains will understand it's not an attack on Christ or on Jews; it's just a critical look at the Church establishment. But the most important thing is that George has to get his money back.

PLAYBOY: George?

IDLE: George Harrison. He financed the film, went into hock for it. He also appears in a bit part in the film. He plays the man who rents out the Mount for the Sermon.

PLAYBOY: What did it feel like, being crucified in the film?

IDLE: Very nice, thank you. I did yoga. We were up there for days. A very uncomfortable way to die, I'm sure. You died of exposure, not the nails. The nails are no big deal, nothing to get hung up about. That's what struck us when we first thought up the idea: the irony of a carpenter ending up on a wooden cross. Naturally, we started out with some awful jokes, how Jesus was really a terrible carpenter who kept hammering nails through his hands, and how the cross kept toppling over so he'd have to yell instructions. That's not the direction we took, finally.

PLAYBOY: How did you decide on the final tone to take in the movie?

IDLE: After we'd gotten the bad jokes out of our system, we all went off and did independent research—read books on the period, the Dead Sea Scrolls, contemporary histories. I became fascinated with the origins of Jewish monotheism and dug out embarrassing facts about Solomon, for example, who worshiped 400 gods when he died. But what was interesting was that none of us came back with material about Christ himself. There is nothing particularly funny or mockable about what he said. They were just simple, basic truths and moral precepts. But everything that went on in Christ's lifetime gave enormous scope for comedy—the authorities, the people, the churches. They were as prone to human error as anything that goes on today, and that's the direction we took.

tilted at one taboo too many?

IDLE: Religion, or the Christian religion, really, is a taboo that nobody is allowed to satirize. But, as I wrote in the foreword to the book version of *Brian*, one way of measuring the freedom of any society is the amount and style of comedy that's allowed. A healthy society allows more satirical comment than a repressive one, so if comedy is to act as a safety valve, it has to deal with taboo areas.

Did you know that blasphemy is actually illegal in England, meaning you can be tried and convicted for it? Not too long ago, a Danish film maker was in England to raise money for a movie about the sex life of Christ. He was immediately deported. If he'd been making a movie about Buddha's sex life, that would have been perfectly OK.

PLAYBOY: So you think you'll have less trouble with it in America?

IDLE: What I like about America is that the country is based on people running away from religious persecution and from British tax laws—which is exactly what I'm doing, at least as far as taxes go. So fuck George III and all his descendants, and fuck the cretinous English bureaucracy, too.

PLAYBOY (to Terry Gilliam): Give us your version of what you tried to do in making a film satirizing Jesus Christ.

GILLIAM: I don't think you can call it a Jesus Christ movie. It's hardly religious, in fact.

PLAYBOY: How do you see it?

GILLIAM: It's a film about suburban England, cleverly disguised as a Biblical epic with expensive sets and costumes. The title that kicked the whole thing off was *Jesus Christ, Lust for Glory*. A fantastic title, I thought, but it got lost in the shuffle. We shied away from what we originally planned. There was a steady retreat from all references to Christ, so that the film is now more about revolutionaries attacking the Roman establishment. I suppose everyone felt they didn't want to knock Christ himself, which is fine, but there was a certain amount of pussyfooting, a dilution of original intent. Instead of going for religion in this film, Python attacked the area they know best, suburban England. Maybe it's because the other guys all come from conventional middle-class English backgrounds, went to either Oxford or Cambridge and find it easier to laugh at that than at religion. I don't know that they're particularly religious themselves, but my guess is that none of them had the strong religious upbringing I had. I

come from a quite rigorous American church family. I suspect they're afraid to tackle religion, whereas to me religion is familiar territory, and I'm not afraid to attack it at all.

PLAYBOY: Nobody would accuse you of showing undue reverence after seeing the animated sequence you did in *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*, in which God appeared between the clouds and told people to stop groveling in front of Him because He found it annoying.

GILLIAM: Well, there's no mystery about the subject for me. When we started *Brian*, I wasn't afraid to deal with Christ, but some people really got bothered. I once did a bit about a telephone lineman working up a pole. The camera pulls back to show the guy's working on one of the three crosses, with wires strung between them, and the guy's having a problem getting an answer. This really bothered John Cleese, not through any conviction, I'm sure, but through some vague concern that Christians might be offended. And this shying-away process still goes on. Since the editing is just being finished now, they're talking about pulling out the scenes with Otto and his wonderful Jewish suicide squad. Apparently, they showed it to the guys at Paramount and half of them shorted out their pacemakers.

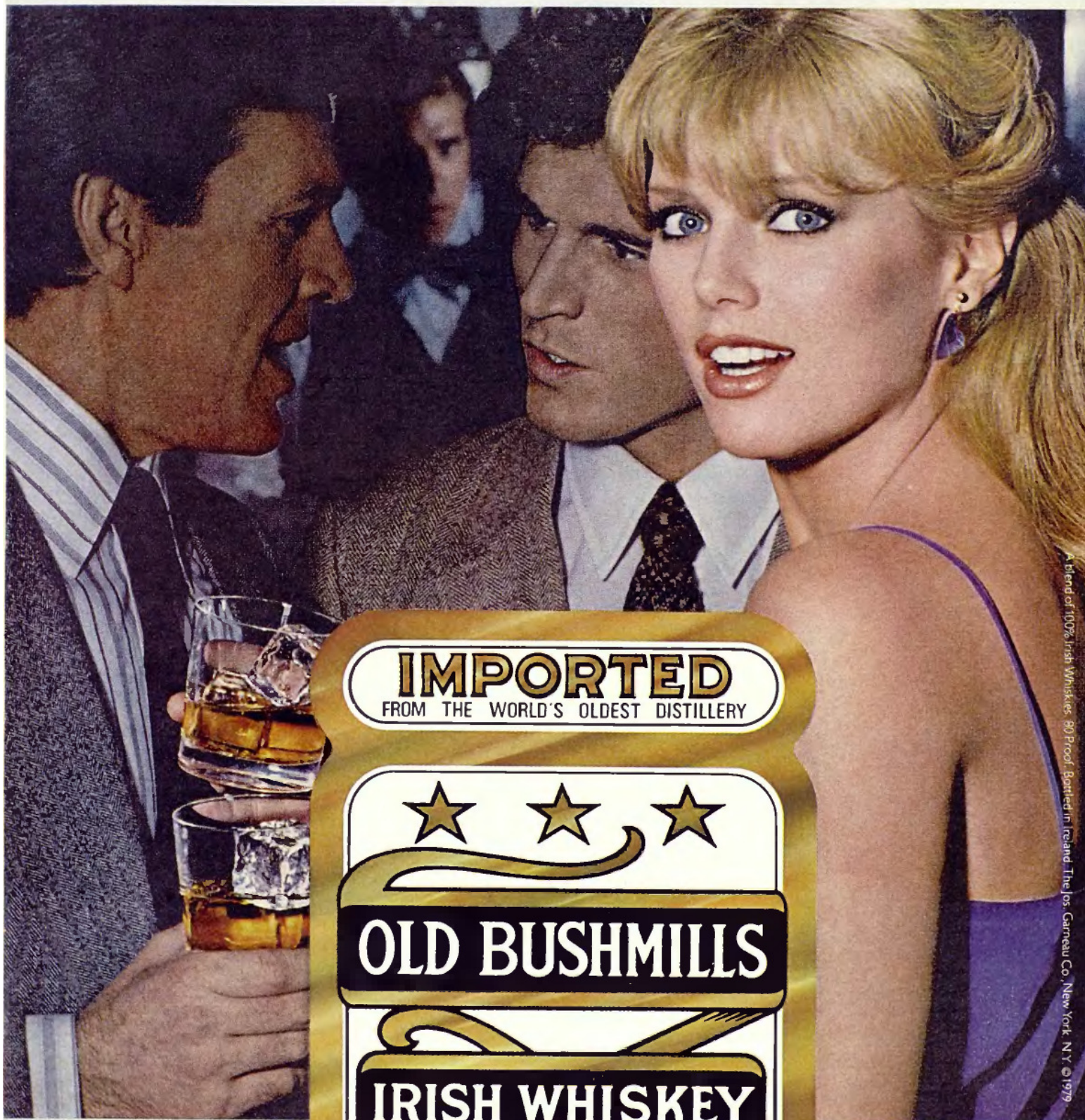
PLAYBOY: Perhaps that was because, from the rushes we saw, Otto and his men were proto-Nazis wearing an emblem that looked rather like the Star of David reshaped into a stylized swastika.

GILLIAM: But that's no reason to take it out, I don't think. It's crucial to the ending. I especially like it after Otto and his guys have killed themselves, and they're all lying on the ground, tapping their feet to the song the crucified guys do at the end of the picture, *Always Look on the Bright Side of Life*. This works really well, but there's been pressure from people in the States to drop it, when, from my point of view, the more it irritates and offends, the more reason to keep it in. If it gets people's backs up, terrific, especially if they're studio bosses. We've got to maintain a certain level of offense; otherwise, we're just entertainers. It's one way of proving to ourselves that we're not just in it for the money.

PLAYBOY (to Michael Palin): Gilliam says *Life of Brian* isn't about the times of Jesus Christ but about suburban England. Do you agree?

PALIN: Actually, he's not far off the mark. Most of us come from an English middle-class background, quite normal, and to that extent, *Brian* resembles all Python material, in that it's just another version of things seen from our particular viewpoint. In the case of this particular film, we decided to ignore the divine element in the Bible story and concentrate instead on the historical background of a

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small country called Judaea dominated by the great imperial power of Rome. No doubt, Judaea had its own urges for self-expression and independence, and Rome probably reacted to those in the same way as all colonial powers do when the rightful owners kick back. All of this is a perfect area for Python to work in, the ludicrousness of power itself, authority, the trappings of authority—and the extraordinary lengths to which authority must go to preserve its credibility. A wonderful area for Python to make jokes about pomposity and the deflation thereof. It's all part of what very clever people call the ongoing process of demystification of the hero.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any qualms about turning the Crucifixion into a comic turn?

PALIN: I must say, I found myself wondering how on earth we could handle it, but once we'd acknowledged the idea that it wasn't only Jesus who was crucified, that, in fact, crucifixion was an established form of capital punishment, as well as a grand public spectacle, it was possible to let the mind roam and look at other aspects of crucifixion—the attitudes, for example, of other people involved in arrangements.

PLAYBOY: Such as the centurion you play in the film?

PALIN: Exactly. There's this pathetic young man, a draftee in the Roman army, just been transferred from Italy to Judaea, and it's his job to mark the victims off on a list as they leave the cells. He doesn't actually say "Have a nice day" as they go out, but he's that type, gives them a bright, reassuring smile and an encouraging pat as they trudge off. And, of course, the locals are there for a day's outing, a treat, just like the crowds that used to fill the streets of London to watch public executions not too long ago. People haven't changed that much in 2000 years—a violent death happening to someone else always cheers them up.

PLAYBOY: Who did the research for the film?

PALIN: We all did, with varying degrees of interest. One book I read gave some excellent insights, for example, into the prophet and messiah business of the day. There were an awful lot of them on the loose. I think there was a certain amount of integrity in the writing. I mean, we didn't just make jokes about Jesus falling off his donkey. We'd had all that, gone past that stage. Laughed ourselves silly at trying to reserve a table for the Last Supper, Jesus saying, "Book it in the name of the Lord," and being told he could have only two tables for four people and one for five. We felt that area was too easy. We wanted to go further.

PLAYBOY (to Terry Jones): As director of the film, how would you answer people who find *Life of Brian* blasphemous?

JONES (taking dictionary from bookcase): I'd suggest that they look up the word. Here, blasphemy: "A profane speaking of God or of sacred things; impious talk." Nobody can accuse us of that; in fact, I think the film is almost disappointingly reticent in its references to Christ or God. In the Middle Ages, the Roman Catholic Church tried to claim that criticism of the Church was the same as blasphemy, which, of course, it is not. I don't see how anyone can seriously contend that criticism of an earthly institution is the same as defaming God or Christ. I suppose some people may get upset by the film, some will probably insist on being upset by it, but I rather doubt that our little comedy is going to shatter the faith of anyone who genuinely holds a serious belief. They might even appreciate the occasional trenchant point the film makes.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

JONES: One example is where the crowd, having decided that Brian is a new savior, finds a sandal on the ground. Some of the people shout, "It's a shoe!" Others shout, "No, it's not, it's a sandal." One group isn't interested in the sandal; they find a gourd lying around and decide that *this* is the object they should venerate, and so they stand around arguing about these things and what they mean, then they all split into factions and go off in different directions. It's a bit like a three-minute history of the Church.

PLAYBOY (to John Cleese): Had you given much thought to religion before you started writing *Life of Brian*?

CLEESE: My own view is that religion has been a dead weight on England for years, a view that was reinforced by the research we did for the film. The Bible story itself just doesn't wash. Too many loose ends and inconsistencies, especially about Jesus Christ. At Sunday School, we learned that he was the meekest of men, but he raised holy hell in the temple, virtually demolished the place, or so we're told. What about the time when Mary comes to him and says, "I am your mother," and he says, "Piss off, I have no mother, no family"? This is a picture of a man who's totally alienated from his mum!

Was he really a man who followed his own advice to turn the other cheek? It's quite obvious that this philosophy doesn't work in real life; we all know that groveling gets you nowhere, it only incenses people, so if Christ said it, I'm sure he didn't mean what we assume he meant by it. I often wonder how we came to adopt such a morbid, masochistic religion as Christianity. From the little we know of Jesus, I'm sure he would have gone along with the general principle that if a chap kicks you in the goolies, you give him one back. Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, what bullshit! The man was a renegade who denounced and

attacked every orthodox religious and political figure of the day. That's why they strung him up. He was a revolutionary, like all great religious leaders, like Mohammed.

PLAYBOY (to Graham Chapman): As the person who plays the title role of Brian, surely you must have some thoughts on religion.

CHAPMAN: I'm surprised that more churches don't go in for hallucinogenic mushrooms. It would make Communion a more meaningful experience.

PLAYBOY: Until the churches reform themselves, what do you recommend?

CHAPMAN: Staring into the middle distance. One thing to do when you stare into the middle distance is use your imagination. If imagination made us what we are, perhaps it can come up with a cure for what appears to be global seizure of possibly terminal silliness. Look at Iran, for example, where you get an extremely silly monarch being replaced by an extremely silly fanatic. Does this represent change? I can't understand why the Ayatollah, who is portrayed as the epitome of the ascetic, austere religious visionary, chose a naughty place like Paris to spend his exile. Why not Baffin Land? Maybe he wanted a *fun* exile. Possibly he nipped out now and then for an occasional midnight flit in his Levis and T-shirt. But more likely he just put on his robes and pretended he was a sofa. Why the Persians want to be led by a man who looks like a piece of angry furniture is something one would have to take up with the Persians. Possibly because they're all stark, raving mad, just like the rest of us.

PLAYBOY: You obviously have deep thoughts about religion and world affairs. As an actor who first earned his medical degree, you served as unit doctor in Tunisia during the filming of *Brian*. There you were, playing a role of a guy who is mistaken for Christ, and you were healing the sick offcamera. Now, isn't all this a little over the edge?

CHAPMAN: Oh, I just looked at people's dicks and gave them pills. There were only two chronic sufferers from gonorrhea—I'm not saying whether they were actors or crew—one threatened involuntary abortion and an unbelievable number of diarrhea cases. We all came back alive, I believe.

CLEESE (to PLAYBOY): Excuse me.

PLAYBOY: Yes?

CLEESE: Here we are, waffling on about religion, and all those columns of type will run in the magazine, surrounded by glossy ads for after shave and tight trousers. Will anybody read this? Surely, people will just want to turn to the tits, won't they?

PLAYBOY: No, our readers are too pious for that.

CLEESE: Oh. I was misinformed.





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**RÉSUMÉS by
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JAMBEAUX

(continued from page 134)

"No one knew how far over the edge he had gone, and only Link saw the brutal ugliness on his face."

in the 95-degree heat.

And when they began again, Page started calling the fastest, loudest numbers he could think of, one after another. He screamed at the microphone in a weird alien voice until he was hoarse and the trumpet players were begging him to slow down and call an easier tune.

"Eat shit!" Page hollered at them. "If you can't play good, play loud," and he launched into yet another hard, fast song, wearing the crowd down, actually working it, as if by sound alone he could force them to dance themselves to death. His voice went out to them like a directed-energy weapon, lethal and unrelenting. Without realizing it, he was singing better than he ever had. The crowd was going wild, but Page couldn't tell. He stood there in the white-hot light, screaming and sweating and shivering.

And then something shifted deep inside him—an enormous piece of emotional cargo loose on the deck—and the wall of pretense collapsed then and there. He turned around to call the last song of the set and Link could see that Page was practically blue. He gave Link a sick grin and grabbed the microphone before naming the final number.

"Oh, my," he said, hoarse and weary. "We lit that *hard boogie light*, didn't we, now?" The crowd roared at him and it shook him. He hadn't noticed they were paying attention. "My, my," he sighed. "We gonna *slow it down* a little. Might play a little number called *Rivers of Babylon*. Might just *do that*." He was breathless and a pool of sweat had formed at his feet. "Oh, yes, yes! And if we did, it might just go something like *this*." He raised his hand in the air and when he brought it down, the other guitar player hit it. As he sang, no one had any idea how far over the edge he had really gone. Even Link, who had seen the brutal ugliness on Page's face, didn't know. Link stepped up right beside Page and sang harmony:

*"But the wicked carried us away
captivity,
Require from us a song.
How can we sing King Alfa song
In a strange land?"*

That last night at The Riptide Rendezvous wasn't just another lost gig in the long line of lost gigs they'd played since Vietnam coughed Link and Page back into the World. Their last night in Galveston, landmark time.

When Page awoke the following morning back in his apartment in Houston,

the only thing he could remember about it was Link's hand pulling him away from the microphone and the club manager screaming at him from beneath the stage. "What happened?" Page asked Link.

He sat heavily on the disheveled couch, as discouraged and depressed as he could be, yet somehow glad to be out of it, to know he wouldn't have to go back to The Riptide Rendezvous.

"Oh, there was that Melanie chick you met. She caught up to you while I was getting our stuff from the stage and you was out in the Land Yacht humping her when her boyfriend showed up."

"What?"

"Yeah, I just happened to come out there. I think he was fixin' to kill you a little bit, too."

"No shit."

"They was pretty haired off, her boyfriend and two others. Kind of calmed down, though, when I showed 'em my bidness." What Link called his bidness was an Ithaca Auto and Burglar, a cut-down 20-gauge double-barreled shotgun that had been sold in the Twenties for home protection. It was small enough to stick in your waistband.

"I'm really sorry, man," Page covered his eyes and hung his head.

"No sweat," Link smiled tolerantly and went to take a shower. Page just sat there, looking around the living room. The apartment unit was on Timmons Lane in one of those motel-style complexes that had been thrown up in ever-expanding fairy rings around Houston as the city grew outward, uncontrolled. Link and Page had shared the furnished apartment for some time now and it had taken on the character of so many bachelor-musician apartments. It had two bedrooms decorated in ascetic motel style, airless and lightless and cluttered. It always smelled of tobacco and grass and stale beer, just like a night club. The pseudo-imitation tangerine rat fur of the rug came out in great hanks, like hair off the head of a chemotherapy victim. The thin Sheetrock walls transmitted sound with remarkable efficiency.

The shades were drawn tight against the hammer heat of the Texas latitudes, shrouding the room in half darkness through which Page made out the litter of ashtrays, dirty dishes, clothing, sheet music, records, toys, manuscript paper, female underclothes, used guitar strings, cigarette papers, magazines and various trash from McDonald's or Church's or pizza places—the musician's C rations. Page knew there was no beating it. It

was as if entropy crept in every day at dawn and rattled their world: the second thermodynamic law of music. Page shivered in the air conditioning, slowly coming to the realization that something would have to be done. The same fatigue that had thrown his panic switch last night manifested itself right here in this apartment: He didn't even have the inspiration to pick up after himself.

"So what do you want to do now?" Link came in toweling himself dry.

"Start a band," Page said without hesitation.

"Never happen." Link didn't even look up.

"Oh, yes." Page leaned forward. "This time I want to do *my* songs. We put together a band. You, me, Butch, Blye and Scoop. We make a demo. We do the entire number, you know, money, fame, satisfaction," Page smiled. "Nooky." Link was not amused.

Nevertheless, over the next few days, Page rounded up the musicians. And when he did, everyone was so pleased by the reunion that they decided to have a little party. They wound up drinking and smoking and gobbling up whatever potions and pills they could find lying around, until a gray light came creeping around the edges of the drapes and doorways like an extraterrestrial force seeking entry. Page watched Butch lurch across the room toward him. Butch put his hand on Page's shoulder in a sloppy gesture of affection.

"So what'll we call the band?" Butch asked.

Page just leered at him. "You lookin' real fine, Coach. You eyes nearly as red as mine."

"Fucked up like a ten-dick dog," Butch agreed.

"Let's call it Jambeaux," Page said.

"What's that?"

"Nothing."

"Then how come we should call it Jambeaux?"

"Now, how the fuck should I know that?" Page asked indignantly. "Can't you tell I'm drunk?"

"You musta got it somewhere."

"There's a Swahili word, *jambo*, that means hello." Page lost his balance and found Link beside him. Link straightened him up.

"Why Swahili?" Link asked.

"Because musicians are the niggers of the artistic world," Page allowed thoughtfully. "And the e-a-u-x ending makes it look Cajun, dig it? That's the sound I been talking about, Afro-Jamaican-Cajun funk."

"I can fade that," Link said.

"And the word jam, too," Page continued. "You know, sounds like you're jammin'."

"Jambeaux." Butch weaved, half in a trance. "Yeah, and the French, Les Beaux Jams."

"Right. What do you say?" Page turned to Link.

"I can definitely feature it."

"Jambeaux," Page repeated. He didn't remember much more of the evening. Somehow, they all managed to get home alive.

Link popped out of bed at one in the afternoon and began crashing around the apartment. He shook the couch where Blye was sleeping.

"Haw! Fok!" Blye shouted, instantly awake. "Splice the main brace! Avast, me bloody beastly fucking hearties!"

Once he was sure that Blye was on his way, Link picked up the phone to call Scoop and Butch. By the time Page appeared, gasping for breath from the cold shower he'd taken, Link had made coffee and scrambled eggs. Page's stomach lurched against his ribs at the smell of food, but he ate anyway. They had a lot of work ahead.

After breakfast, they went to Butch's place. He had apparently showered, dressed and lapsed into a profound coma. A girl who looked to be about 11 years old wandered into the room, yawning and rubbing her eyes, stark-naked. When she saw the home invaders dragging Butch out, she let go with a yell like a cat set afire and locked herself into the bathroom. As they half-carried Butch, all he could say was, "Whatzit? Whozit?" And they just laughed.

"Damn," Link said, "you're sure not acting like a star."

"Ladies and gentlemen," Page intoned, "the esteemed Senator from Utah."

"Whozit?"

They found Scoop leaning against the wall of his apartment with a Lone Star beer in his hand, fast asleep, naked except for sunglasses. Half an hour later, they had him propped up on the stage at the Burning Spear.

Soon the sounds began to come through the thin club walls and blossom out onto Fannin Street. The bell-like guitar and bass notes, like the call of some futuristic satanic church, beckoning to the faithless. The slash of a Zildjian cymbal, the crisp crush roll of a snare. Finally, the great golden bird, the molten honking of Butch's tenor saxophone. The beauty is on duty, Page thought, listening to Butch play over Link's hell-gong bass-line.

Page didn't realize the microphone was open when he started to speak. "*Rock and roll!*" he said, and the sound lashed across four lanes of traffic. He cut the switch and spoke to the band, laughing. "Line of departure, boys. Lock and load. Time to play some mew-zik. How about *I Shot the Sheriff?*" he asked. "In A?"

"You singing lead?" Link was changing the chord that ran from his bass to the amplifier.

"Yeah," Page said.

"Where's my flute?" Butch searched through the jumble of instrument cases and wire. He found the slim black case and assembled the silver tube and they all tuned to the piano.

They began the song three times and Page stopped them. The harmony was wrong. Page, Link and Butch were carrying the triad and someone was off. So Butch sat down at the piano and played out the parts until they had them right. They began again. Page stopped them once more in the middle of the song and asked, "Captain, say, you want to put an extra rim shot in there where I say 'Deputy'? On the end of three?"

"Super, yes. You mean like this?" Blye made two explosive sounds, using the head and metal rim of the snare simultaneously, like 16th-note gunfire.

"Yeah," Page said. They tried it again and this time ran all the way through. Link's bass line moved up and down the lattice of sound like a muscular vine. Blye's drums were crisp as autumn in Michigan, covering fire with heavy artillery in the background. Scoop's guitar solo was a laser-guided missile, still on the drawing board but pure essence of rock and roll. And the rangy flute Butch played, humming over the actual note, was like a jungle lizard watching the entire operation, heavy-lidded, missing nothing.

There it is, Page thought, as he tuned his ear like a wire, that *sound*. Rough and raw as it was, blurred around the edges of someone else's song, he heard it, embryonic, pulsing.

When they finished, even Scoop was smiling. They had actually played a song together. It wasn't much, it was terribly unpolished, but the peculiar sounds of those five men mixed like the strange ingredients used in gumbo—bats and roof rabbit, filé and alligator and unheard-of spices. It would clearly take a while for the flavors to blend, but the smell that filled the kitchen was dizzying.

Page knew the feeling: like the very first time he'd taken down a girl's underpants. And the woman in this case was endless, boundless. However crude the initial grope, they had made music together. And he could see the others had heard it, too. But there was no time to savor it. Jambeaux had to play five real sets that night, for money, to a live audience. The whole thing had suddenly ceased to be theoretical. Raw or not, it was a working band.

"*The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down*," Page called. "Key of C."

"You want me on organ?" Butch asked.

"No, piano, remember?" Page played the five-chord intro on his guitar to illustrate.

Butch went over to the club's old, beat-up piano. "Is this thing miked?"

"I don't think so." Link crossed the stage and moved two of the boom mikes

over to it. Butch played the five chords and shook his head in dismay.

"Man," Butch said, "this really blows it."

"Come on," Page said. "Let's play the son of a bitch."

"Oof!" Butch said, ringing into the introductory chords as Blye kicked the first note with his bass drum.

"Yes, yes," Page said into the microphone, ignoring the sad sound of the piano, digging it, it was *their* sound. He came in rolling: "Virgil Cain is my name and I served on the Danville train."

Scoop filled with subtle, discreet bursts of guitar until they went into the chorus: "The ni-i-ght they drove Old Dixie down."

"Hold it!" Page shouted; and the music machine rolled on under its own momentum. "Hold it!!" Finally, it ground to a halt. "We've got those harmony parts all fucked up. I'm singing the three there."

"Yeah?" Butch leaned around to look at him.

"You should be on the tonic." Page plucked a C on his guitar. "I'm on the word night."

"Ni-i-ght," Butch sang a C.

"Right, and you're on the five." Page turned to Scoop. "G, right?"

"I was on the tonic," Scoop said.

"Sing the five next time around, Gee?" Page sang the note, tilting his head to one side, questioning. Scoop nodded assent.

"Link, you're doubling the fifth?"

"I was doubling you an octave up."

Link sang in two steps, two distinct notes, modulating, "Niii-iiiight," and explained: "D and then C."

"Ahh," Page smiled. "There you go. Fine." He turned full around to nod at Butch and Blye to begin again. This time, when they hit the chorus, the voices were all there, right on the good notes, and Page wanted to leap up and down because it sounded so slick. He felt the hair on the back of his neck stand up, and then he just sang it out, whooping at the end of the song. "ROCK AND ROW-WOOL!" he shouted. A few songs later, they were so intent on the music that the applause took them completely by surprise. Scoop jumped clear off the stage. When he realized what was going on—that some customers had come in and were drinking beer and having a good time—Page looked around at the others to see their reaction. Link was grinning wildly.

"Pucker, motherfucker," he laughed at Page. "I didn't even see 'em."

"Nearly took an embolism." Page shivered with the giddiness.

"Jesus wept," Blye whispered, picking up the drumsticks he had dropped.

"Oh, this is gonna work." Page said it like a prayer. "I can smell it."

They rehearsed through the afternoon, the excitement so high they didn't even take a beer break. This was the largest afternoon crowd the Burning Spear had had in months. After a five-hour rehearsal, the band had enough standard nightclub numbers roughed out to get them through the night's work, however haltingly.

By the fourth set of the night, they were exhausted. Flubbed notes began to creep into the performance. They were short on material and had to go back and repeat some songs from the first set. But Page just grinned through the pain, there it was, his band, he could hardly believe it, it had been so many years now.

When they ended the night with *You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling*, Page had to fight to keep his throat open to sing harmony behind Link's bold, warbling, gravel tenor. No one wanted to party that night.

They awoke refreshed the next day—not a hangover in the crowd—and Page made arrangements for an early rehearsal that was more concentrated, lasted longer and left them with the feeling that they might actually be gaining on something.

By the third week of this, they were skating through the night's work, packing the house. Page began springing his own tunes on the audience. Jambeaux was averaging eight hours of playing a day and Page talked the club manager into letting them play only four sets a night

for the same money. He could hardly refuse. Business was too good.

After six weeks of solid playing, Jambeaux had become a single organism, all systems functioning with graceful interdependence. They had become obsessive about it and constantly discussed new songs, endlessly going over the tiniest problems that arose. They rehearsed new harmony voicings while riding in the car and even got into heated arguments about such minutiae as an additional half-beat rest somewhere. But the thing began to tighten down, the spaces closed so that nothing could slip through. And as they put together each new song that Page wrote, it was like watching a pyrotechnist assemble a shell for a fireworks display—these pellets here, this powder there, wrapped tight as a drum—so that when it finally detonated high in the sky, it would be in perfect symmetry. And as one rehearsal blurred into the next, the days and nights ran together and the weeks whipped by.

Then one day came the realization that there was nothing left to do with the band. Page's next move had arrived: studio time. That sound he'd been hearing for so long in his head was no longer just a notion, it was something anyone could come into the club and hear for the price of admission: the real thing, *that sound*. Now all Page had to do was get it on tape. Then maybe they could get out of this town.



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SEX IN CINEMA

(continued from page 200)

"Will Robby Benson desert her, now that she won't be rich? Did Don Ameche desert Sonja Henie?"

is unquestionably the lady in charge in this movie; but sometimes she makes her heroine intuitively bright and at other times incredibly klutzy.

On the other hand, as her own producer (with Jon Peters), Streisand's choice of a story with a boxing background reveals that her instincts are solid. Never before have sports been so strongly in evidence as in the films of 1979. What makes this so paradoxical is the fact that, until *Rocky*, it was almost axiomatic in Hollywood that movies about sports lost money. Unquestionably, *Rocky* not only disproved that theory but established the pattern for most subsequent sports-themed films—including Sylvester Stallone's own, enormously successful *Rocky II*, which the muscular star also wrote and directed. And why not? It's virtually a reprise of the earlier movie—same cast, same runs through the streets of South Philadelphia, same fight with Apollo Creed. The only difference is that this time he's married to Talia Shire, who's about to have a baby, and now when he goes the distance with the champ, it's not just for self-respect: He needs the bread.

The Champ, directed by Franco Zeffirelli, stars Jon Voight as a broken-down boxer, once married to Faye Dunaway, who only wants to give their little boy a good home. It's tear-stained merchandise (the kid really loves his dad), but the bruising, climactic fight easily equals the one in *Rocky II*. In *Every Which Way but Loose*, an easygoing Clint Eastwood picks up extra change by taking on challengers in bare-knuckles brawls—when he isn't off in hot pursuit of two-timing Sondra Locke. (It was a drastic but ultimately profitable career change for Eastwood after establishing himself indelibly as the grim, hard-eyed Dirty Harry.) In the subsequent *Escape from Alcatraz*, Eastwood switched again, from rogue cop to the mastermind of a jailbreak from a maximum-security prison whose scrapes are less with the law than with a brawny homosexual con whose advances he had spurned.

Players moves the action from the center ring to the center court at Wimbledon for a world-championship play-off between Dean-Paul Martin (Dean's son, himself a tennis pro) and tennis champ Guillermo Vilas. Flashbacks keep reminding us how Martin got there—mainly by hustling everybody, including Ali MacGraw, who shares with him her bed and the tennis court in her Cuernavaca villa between flights to Monte Carlo at the behest of Maximilian Schell.

After all, it turns out, Max is paying her bills. Martin's on-again, off-again affair with MacGraw never gets any hotter than the film's PG rating would indicate, and it's all sandwiched between so much tennis that you're better off watching ABC's *Wide World of Sports*.

Goldengirl offers the novelty of a flash-forward—to the 1980 Moscow Olympics, with emphasis on the 100-, 200- and 400-meter sprints. *Goldengirl* (statuesque Susan Anton) is in training to win all three, backed by a consortium that plans to exploit her commercially after she does so. The girl is too psyched out to mind, but she's befriended by her agent (James Coburn) and demonstrates her gratitude by breaking training for a whole night with him. Her sprints at the end are intercut with actual footage from a previous Olympics, but the real interest in this movie lies neither in the races nor in its foolishly complicated plot. It's in Anton herself, a stunning tawny blonde who comes on like Farrah Fawcett-Majors, only more so—more hair, more smile, more teeth. She even sings! With luck, her next film outing will give her something to sing about.

If 1979 brought us a movie on just about every sport you can think of—basketball (*Fast Break*), bowling (*Dreamer*), pinball (*Till*, in which the precocious Brooke Shields demonstrates that she's beginning to grow in everything but talent), pro football (*North Dallas Forty*, with Nick Nolte splendid as an over-the-hill grid star who's just beginning to grow up), running (*Running*), wrestling (*Take Down*)—so, too, was there a romance built around virtually every affliction known to man, with *Ice Castles* enjoying the best of both possible worlds. Not only does it have an ice-skating background but its youthful heroine is partially blinded in a freak accident just as she's being groomed for the Olympics. Will boyfriend Robby Benson desert her, now that she won't be rich and famous? Did Don Ameche desert Sonja Henie? There are some fascinating glimpses of behind-the-scenes maneuverings at the rinks, and Lynn-Holly Johnson (late of *Ice Capades*) shows great promise as an actress. As a romantic duo, however, Benson and Johnson don't melt any ice.

Despite a sappy script, Amy Irving and Michael Ontkean have a lot more going for them in *Voices*. She wants to be a ballet dancer; he wants to sing in night clubs. Problem: She's deaf. But Ontkean fixes the speakers so that she can feel the beat through the floor

boards, and all's well that ends well, as some scriptwriter once observed. Next problem? In *The Promise*, Kathleen Quinlan gets her face crushed in a car accident while eloping with Boston blue blood Stephen Collins. His icy mother (Beatrice Straight) offers to pay for the plastic surgery on the promise that Quinlan will never see her boy again, because she's from the wrong side of the tracks. She emerges from the operation looking more like Kathleen Quinlan than ever, so she's miffed that Collins, who thought she was dead, doesn't recognize her when they meet a year or so later. It's the kind of movie we thought they didn't make anymore.

In *The Bell Jar*, based on Sylvia Plath's semiautobiographical (and prophetic) novel, Marilyn Hassett plays a suicidal college girl brought to New York as the guest editor of a woman's magazine. Her contacts, including a bitchy female editor and a dykey fellow student, induce a nervous breakdown that her all-American jock boyfriend (Jameson Parker) not only is unable to prevent but probably contributed to. Hassett, we finally discover, hated her mother, loved her long-dead father. In *Old Boyfriends*, it's Talia Shire's failed suicide that triggers what little plot there is—a *recherche du temps perdu* in which the woman, rather morbidly, goes back to see whatever became of her old beaux. One (John Belushi) had shamed her in high school by bruiting it about that he had scored with her; she gets even. Her first love, it turns out, died in Vietnam, but she succeeds in seducing his brother (Keith Carradine). One winds up wondering what she and the movie are trying to prove.

Old Boyfriends was written (with an assist from brother Leonard) by Paul Schrader, who also wrote *Taxi Driver* and, earlier this year, both wrote and directed *Hardcore*. *Hardcore*, as we mentioned last year in this space, ran into immediate opposition from the Adult Film Association of America, whose members produce most of the "mature" entertainments purveyed in this country, because its plot narrowed to a search for a scabrous producer of snuff movies. (The same device has turned up, more recently, in *Sidney Sheldon's Bloodline* as one of the kinkier aspects of a prime murder suspect in that film.) The A.F.A.A. contended that no such films exist. Bruce Williamson, who has been keeping tabs on X-rated merchandise for *PLAYBOY* these many years, declared last May that he had never seen a bona fide snuff movie, and added fervently, "I hope none exist." To which I can only add that in the 15 years that I've been preparing this series for *PLAYBOY*, neither have I—and so do I.

The fact is that George C. Scott's excursion through the porno nether world in search of his missing daughter is

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dispiriting enough without it. A stern Calvinist from Grand Rapids, he discovers that the girl—who went to California on a church-sponsored outing—has been found playing in hard-core movies. (Scott's agony as the evidence is unspooled for him by detective Peter Boyle has to be one of the year's thespian high points.) He is still marvelous when, dressed in dungarees, he prowls the hot spots of San Diego and enlists the support (for cash) of parlor girl Season Hubley. Disbelief creeps in when he sets himself up as a porno producer in Los Angeles—and even more so when, on his own, he crashes the emporium of the presumed producer of snuff movies. What could have been—and should have been—an examination of two clashing cultures, Scott's scriptural upbringing and Hubley's pragmatic, amoral philosophy, is ultimately dissipated in the melodramatics of the final chase. When Scott rediscovers his daughter, she rejects him—just as he rejects Hubley, the only one who has really helped him. It's a nihilistic finale to a movie that had every possibility of making an interesting statement about our mixed-up morality.

For that statement, look to Woody Allen's extraordinary *Manhattan*. What Allen seems to be saying in this multi-layered salute to the city he loves is that we're all living too easily, grabbing at whatever brass ring of happiness is presented to us without considering the consequences to ourselves, or to those who may love us. It's a serious, sobering film, even though there's an overlay of Allen's scatty humor—"You're so beautiful," he tells Diane Keaton in a taxi, "that I can't keep my eye on the meter."

In *Manhattan*, Allen is a successful, insecure writer of television comedy shows who's sleeping with a 17-year-old senior from the Dalton School (Mariel Hemingway) who adores his "wry sense of humor and astonishing sexual technique." But when Philadelphia-born, Radcliffe-trained Keaton is dumped by Allen's best friend (Michael Murphy), he promptly switches his affections to her, even though Woody is at the opposite pole of every one of Diane's aesthetic and intellectual pronouncements. In an endearing sequence of shots, however—in the Museum of Modern Art's sculpture gardens, at the Hayden Planetarium, beneath the Queensboro Bridge just before dawn—she edges her way into Allen's life, though still not certain she has Murphy out of her system. Meanwhile, in a beautifully modulated scene played at a soda fountain (with the girl sipping on a malted), Allen breaks off with a tearful Hemingway. It's a kind of "marriage-around" without the marriage. When Murphy decides that he wants Keaton after all, she dumps Allen.

In the old days, this kind of incessant bed switching would have been considered highly immoral; but that isn't

the kind of morality that concerns Allen. There isn't the slightest raising of an eyebrow when Murphy carries on an adulterous affair with Keaton nor, for that matter, over Allen's sleeping with a teenager (who, the script makes clear, has already had several lovers—and she's almost 18). What does concern Allen is the toll that this hedonism takes on the people involved.

Clearly, in *Manhattan*, Allen is presenting a deeper and more meaningful vision of morality for our time—not a morality that seeks to preserve imposed conventions but one that questions the right of one human being to hurt another in the quest of his own gratification. Underneath, it's every bit as serious as last year's *Interiors*, but this time blended with the wit and charm of his *Annie Hall*. To put it bluntly, it's a masterpiece; one would have to turn to the European cinema to find its rival.

One would look first, of course, to Ingmar Bergman, a director revered by Woody Allen. In *Autumn Sonata*, however, we find Bergman at his second best, despite superb, wrenching performances from both Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann, cast as mother and daughter in a film that seeks to probe the bonds between the two. Bergman (Ingrid, that is) plays a concert pianist, a sophisticated, imperious creature who years ago had given up the joys of domesticity for a series of extracurricular affairs. Shaken by the death of the man she had lived with for seven years, she accepts the invitation of her daughter (Ullmann) to visit and recuperate. But Ullmann's show of filial devotion barely masks her deep-seated resentment of a woman who is more beautiful, more talented and more self-sufficient than she. In a series of flashbacks, we see why she remembers Momma with less than perfect love—but we also see that the daughter is a petty, self-righteous bitch who is getting a morbid kick out of flinging the past in her mother's face.

Much less somberly, Italy has suddenly leaped into the cinematic spotlight, notably with two pictures starring the elegantly fleshy Laura Antonelli, who has become Italy's hottest sex goddess since the palmier days of Lollobrigida and Loren. In *The Innocent*, directed by the late Luchino Visconti, Antonelli plays opposite Giancarlo Giannini, as her husband whose attentions have wandered to Jennifer O'Neill. When the wife has an affair, however, he suddenly is hungry for her again—only to find that her liaison has borne fruit, which damages his pride and dampens his ardor until the child is eliminated. Not surprisingly, the U.S. Catholic Conference condemned the movie flat-out for its marital infidelity, infanticide, suicide and "extravagant, at times ludicrously so, use of nudity"—none of which hurt the film's chances in the American mar-

ket. The alluring Antonelli scored again in *Wifemistress*, this time with veteran Marcello Mastroianni as her husband. Hiding out from the law, he keeps an eye on his supposedly invalidated wife from a window across the way and discovers, to his chagrin, that his absence has turned her into a very busy body—which, between frequent house calls from her passionate young doctor and a little lesbianism with shapely Olga Karlatos, is kept very much in evidence. Unfortunately, the film gives Mastroianni little opportunity to do more than look frustrated. He fares better in *Stay as You Are*, in which, after spending a night with gorgeous Nastassja Kinski, he discovers that the girl just might be his own daughter by a former mistress. What to do? Mastroianni struggles manfully with his conscience, but the girl is so desirable that he ultimately decides to continue the affair, incest or no. After all, it's possible that she *isn't* his daughter.

The top French import of the year, according to both the critics and the box office, was Bertrand Blier's *Get Out Your Handkerchiefs*, a decidedly Gallic comedy in which Gerard Depardieu, unable to arouse his attractive young wife (Carole Laure), hands her over to a total stranger (Patrick Dewaere) who might have better luck. It doesn't help; she goes on listlessly knitting sweaters for both men. But when a 13-year-old schoolboy rouses instincts in her that are far from maternal, he's rewarded with a lot more than just another sweater. Also coming on strong is *La Cage aux Folles* (on this side of the Atlantic as *Birds of a Feather*), with Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Serrault as two gentlemen sharing a transvestite night club in St.-Tropez. All goes well until Tognazzi's son, from an earlier liaison, turns up with a fiancée whose strait-laced parents want to meet their prospective in-law before giving their consent. The fun comes from this odd couple's frantic efforts to convince the parents that there's really nothing at all odd about them. A midsummer box-office hit in Paris (which means that the chances are good we'll be seeing it here soon) was Claude Lelouch's *A Nous Deux* (*To Us*), starring Catherine Deneuve as a woman who, after being raped, makes a business out of being "the other woman" for wives wanting a divorce and blackmailing the men with whom she's had affairs.

For the past several years, considerable critical attention has been focused on West Germany and the emerging new German cinema, spearheaded by the prolific Rainer Werner Fassbinder, Werner Herzog, Volker Schlöndorff and Wim Wenders. Their pictures have won an overwhelmingly favorable reception from critics at international festivals, but public response, especially in this country, has been negligible. That may change with Herzog's *Nosferatu* (mentioned

earlier), backed in part by 20th Century-Fox, and Wenders' *Hammelt*, which he's preparing for Francis Ford Coppola, to be filmed on the actual sites visited by Dashiell Hammett when he was employed as a Pinkerton agent. Much hope is also centered on Schloendorff's *The Tin Drum*, the most expensive German production to date, cofinanced by France, Poland and Yugoslavia. Based on Günter Grass's novel, it's a wide-ranging allegory on German history, from near the turn of the century to 1959, as seen through the eyes of a sardonic, sensuous and willful dwarf. Rumor had it that the role would be played by the diminutive Roman Polanski, but the final choice went to an undersized 12-year-old, David Bennent, whose dimensions made it possible for him to crawl under tables (and peer up women's skirts) as witness to the hypocrisies of his times. *The Tin Drum* shared (with *Apocalypse Now*) the Golden Palm at this year's Cannes Film Festival.

Important, too, is *Woyzeck*, which Herzog directed (back to back with *Nosferatu*) from the famous play by Georg Büchner, with Klaus Kinski in the title role as a lowly orderly in the Imperial German army who knifes his prostitute mistress to death in a jealous, helpless rage when she takes up with a superior officer. Uncommon international partners, Israel and West Germany, have financed Menahem Golan's *The Magician of Lublin*, based on the novel by Isaac Bashevis Singer and starring Alan Arkin (as a Jewish magician with an irresistible charm to women), with a bare-breasted Valerie Perrine, Maia Danziger and Shelley Winters among the women unable to resist.

This year, however, the focus of critical attention has shifted to the emerging cinemas of Canada and Australia, whose film makers seem suddenly to have found their own voice and style. In Canada, it came through a drastic liberalizing of the rules governing foreign (largely American) participation in productions underwritten by the government-backed Canadian Film Development Corporation. Recent pictures financed, at least in part, by the Canadian government include *Agency* (with Robert Mitchum), *Meatballs* (starring *Saturday Night Live*'s Bill Murray), *It Rained All Day the Night I Left* (a Canada-France-Israel co-production starring Tony Curtis and Lou Gossett) and *Running*, with Michael Douglas. It's a system that seems to be working well for the Canadians, since it leaves them free to underwrite such less obviously commercial efforts as *Mourir à Tue-Tête* (*A Scream from Silence*), a film about the making of a film on the trauma of rape, and *Summer's Children*, a low-budget movie concerning the incestuous relationship of a young man and his sister.

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on every ear but their own, the Australians are not quite so able as the Canadians to pretend that their product is international, despite the occasional presence of an international star in their casts. This year, however, with the formation of the government-funded Australian Films Office, the Aussies are beginning to press firmly into the American market—and, with pictures such as *The Last Wave* and *Picnic at Hanging Rock*, to some measure succeeding. Oddly enough, the Australians began to think globally, at least as far as films are concerned, about 1973, when the success in England of two "nudie-cutie" movies, *The Adventures of Barry McKenzie* and *Alvin Purple*, encouraged them to raise their sights. (Australia has always been a profitable market for American-made hard-R merchandise, while Australian television abounds in nudity and four-letter words.) Typical of the newer product is *Snapshot*, a thriller set in the demimonde of fashion photography in Melbourne, where an attractive hairdresser's assistant (Sigrid Thornton) is trying to make it big as a model. Apparently, a pretty girl with large ambitions meets the same vicissitudes in Melbourne as anywhere else in the world. Everyone, including lovely Chantal Contouri, wants a piece of the action, and there are just enough nude shots of Thornton to explain why.

If the Australians and the Canadians are beginning to find their own identities on the screen, England, the mother country, has just about lost hers. It's becoming increasingly difficult to differentiate between an authentically British production (*Moonraker*, for example) and one that's simply British-based (such as *Superman*)—particularly since they're aimed at the same audience, which is both British and American. Their international casts, crews and financing only confuse the issue further. So why bother? These days, it's hard enough to separate Superman from James Bond, especially since in his latest outing—his 11th—007 actually engages in a little levitation and a weightless roll in the atmosphere with beauteous Holly Goodhead (Lois Chiles). ("He's attempting re-entry," explains M, Bernard Lee, when closed-circuit television reveals their amorous dalliance aboard a spaceship.) Unlike the earlier films in this series, *Moonraker's* nudity is confined to those silhouetted cuties in Maurice Binder's striking title designs, and the sex to Moore's insouciant one-liners whenever he's introduced to yet another of villainous Michael Lonsdale's seemingly inexhaustible supply of nubile minions who, like those drugs in a cold capsule, are released every few minutes to revitalize a flagging plot.

Oddly enough, there's a lot more nudity (and often considerably more sex as

well) in a number of the British-based movies that are essentially action pictures. In *Force 10 from Navarone*, for example, Barbara Bach, a former woman in Bondage, plays a Yugoslav Partisan who pretends to be the mistress of the Nazi commandant. For reasons that have little to do with sanitation, she takes a bath in full view—his, and ours. Both *The Great Train Robbery* and *Hanover Street* offer ample opportunities to inspect the charms of the ravishing Lesley-Anne Down, whose star is rapidly rising. *The World Is Full of Married Men* suggests that it is also full of extremely available women, including Carroll Baker, Sherrie Cronn and Georgina Hale. Written by Jackie Collins (often described as the Jackie Susann of England), *World* takes a strictly feminist look at the double standard as it crops up in the glamorous milieu of advertising and fashion models. And for those who may have missed the sun-ripened assets of Joan Collins in last year's *The Stud*, in which she carries on with a considerably younger man, she's back to flaunt them again this year as *The Bitch*.

Which returns us, albeit circuitously, to this continent, where the generation gap continues to gape. The Canadians handled it well with *In Praise of Older Women*, with young Tom Berenger as the nascent seducer who finds much to praise about such older women as Karen



Black, Marilyn Lightstone, Helen Shaver, Alexandra Stewart and Susan Strassberg, all of whom shine as beacons along his primrose path. No beacons in *Moment by Moment*, however—just two stars who fail to twinkle. It probably looked great on paper: Lily Tomlin as a Beverly Hills housewife, separated from her skirt-chasing husband and living in their super Malibu pad, who gets picked up by this beach boy, played by John Travolta, the hottest thing in town. Unfortunately, not only was there no chemistry between the two but the plot kept getting spongy just when it should have been tough. Wisely, soon after the reviews of *Moment by Moment* appeared, Travolta announced his withdrawal from the cast of Paul Schrader's *American Gigolo*, which, opposite an older Lauren Hutton, promised more of the same. Much the same premise underlies *An Almost Perfect Affair*, with young Keith Carradine as an American film maker who has just done a documentary on the execution of Gary Gilmore and wants to show it at the Cannes festival. To ease it past the French censors, he enlists the aid of Monica Vitti, the 40ish wife of Italian producer Raf Vallone. What Carradine intended to be simply a one-night stand elongates into the almost perfect affair of the title. And then there's *Wanda Nevada*, in which Peter Fonda escorts a petulant Brooke Shields

on a gold hunt in the Grand Canyon. The script repeatedly suggests that she'd settle for Fonda but, no doubt with at least one eye on the censors, refuses to explore the consequences.

But there's one movie in 1979 that tries, successfully, to bridge the generation gap: *Hair*. When *Hair* had its stage premiere back in 1967, it came as a summation of all the youthful rebellious attitudes of the Sixties. Audiences were attracted by its originality, its score, its high energy—and, no doubt, by the promise of a little skin, which was still a novelty in those days. But no one thought there was a movie in it. Movies—and especially movie musicals—cost too damned much to take on themes that might possibly offend anyone anywhere. Perhaps the people at United Artists were correct in assuming that the protesters of the Sixties had become the ticket buyers of today; at any rate, the movie recaptures a moment in time in terms that we all can understand. It's still antiwar and anti-establishment. There's still a bit of incidental nudity in it. But, essentially, it's a celebration of the rightness of those youthful convictions, set forth in terms that audiences a dozen years later can respond to.

There's one more movie that I want to include in this annual roundup of *Sex in Cinema*, and I've saved it for last not because it comes from Playboy Produc-

tions but because it doesn't slip conveniently into any of the categories discussed thus far. In *Saint Jack*, Peter Bogdanovich as director and Ben Gazzara as star have created a nether world in which a pimp can be a man of conscience, in which the good guys aren't necessarily all that good or the bad guys all that bad. The story is set in Singapore, where Gazzara wants to open a brothel. When his operation is smashed by the local underworld, he cynically takes on odd jobs, revolting finally when a U.S. Intelligence agent (played by Bogdanovich) offers him \$25,000 to entrap a U.S. Senator with a secret fondness for boys. Gazzara plays, superbly, the kind of role that would have been offered first to Humphrey Bogart if he were still alive and well; his supporting cast, headed by the superlative Denholm Elliott as an old British hand beginning to suffer from jungle rot, includes at least half a dozen well-stacked Oriental beauties—notably, Monika Subramaniam—who are his main stock in trade. But the point is that there are moral choices to be made, and the movie eloquently tells us why and how a man can sink so low and still make them. *Saint Jack* is a credit to everyone concerned—and should promise, at the very least, an Oscar nomination for Gazzara.



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 per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.

"Did I get it right, Kennerly?" Ford asked with a grin. 'Spoken like a true native,' I assured him."

DeSantis, U.P.I.'s picture editor, had submitted a portfolio of pictures I'd taken in Vietnam, India and Cambodia to the Pulitzer committee. The Pulitzer citation read: "For an outstanding example of feature photography, awarded to David Hume Kennerly of United Press International for his dramatic pictures of the Vietnam War in 1971." They also noted, "He specializes in pictures that capture the loneliness and desolation of war."

After a couple of more years of covering combat, I decided it was time for a change of scenery and moved back to Washington, D.C. One of my first assignments was to cover the man who might possibly replace resigned Vice-President Spiro Agnew.

I'd never met Gerald R. Ford, but that morning the House Minority Leader granted me a few minutes to take his picture in his Capitol Hill office. "You're wasting your time," he said with a grin.

"At least you'll have a portrait to hang on your wall," I told him.

I spent only five minutes with Ford, posing him near the window, where the light was good, and then departed for the office.

After shipping the film to New York, I waited anxiously for the announcement. President Nixon's choice, he informed the dignitaries in the East Room of the White House, was Minority Leader Ford. Ford was wrong—I hadn't been wasting my time. And I had my first *Time* cover.

The next chance I had to talk with

Ford was on a plane heading for the West Coast. "Looks like we both made it," I said with a smile.

"It's my first time on the cover, too," he pointed out, and I found myself struck by how unlike Agnew this man was. Here I was, actually sitting with the Vice-President-designate in his Air Force jet. I no longer had to jump out of bushes to get my pictures. Ford would be a relief—for me and for the country.

One of the stops on Ford's previously scheduled West Coast itinerary was my home state of Oregon. It was going to be great fun for me, returning home in such style, but I was worried about Ford. He kept referring to the state as "Ora-gawn," just as virtually everyone born east of the Great Divide does. And if there is anything Oregonians hate more than Californians, it is people who mispronounce the name of their state. "If you want to score points with the locals, pronounce it 'Orygun,'" I told him.

Later, when Ford reached the point in his speech where he said, "It's good to be here in"—he shot me a sly and mischievous glance—"Orygun."

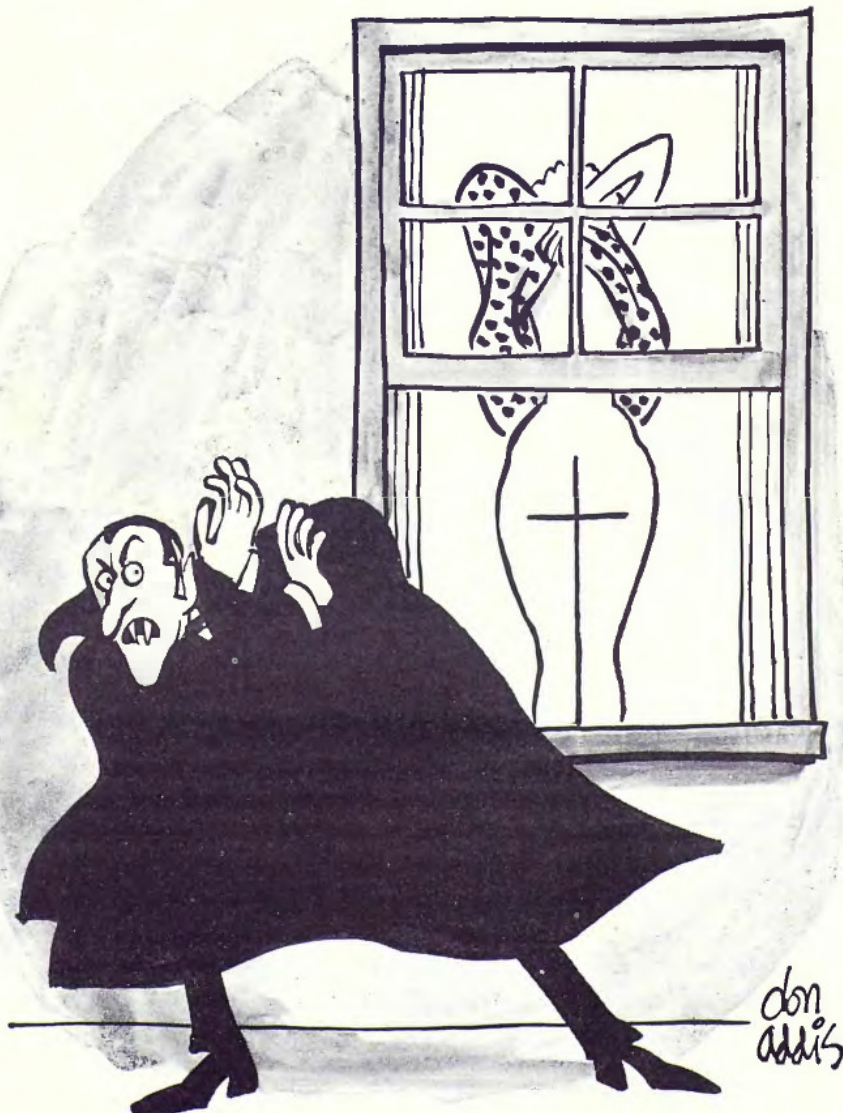
"Did I get it right, Kennerly?" he asked with a grin as we reboarded his plane.

"Spoken like a true native," I assured him.

My primary assignment in those days soon became the Fords. *Time* magazine wanted an extensive layout on the family that could be run when he was sworn in as Vice-President. Without Betty Ford's help, I never would have been able to complete my job. There are some people in this world you like right off the bat, and Mrs. Ford is one of them. I strongly suspect the reason is that she likes people; her affection is infectious. For instance, one of our first encounters occurred on a Sunday morning. I was supposed to arrive at their home early to take some pictures for the spread *Time* was planning. Instead, I called to say I'd be a bit late (too much partying the night before). Although I didn't say so, my voice must have sounded like it, for when I finally arrived, Mrs. Ford was standing at the door, waiting for me. In her hand was a cold beer. "Drink this. You'll feel better," she said. She then invited me to share Sunday breakfast with the family.

Sunday was the only day I could get the two senior Fords together for the picture we'd planned to be shot on the grounds of their church, which was only a few blocks from their home. It was autumn and the trees were turning brilliant colors. The Fords were dressed casually, and as they walked quietly down the street, their affection for each other was as obvious as their enjoyment of that moment of serenity.

The Ford family rarely assembled in one place, except at Christmas, when they traditionally went skiing at Vail,



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6 Turbine

3 Compressor

1 Fresh
Air

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Drag Race

by Alan M. Newman



A paper and pencil game for two players

Equipment: One gamesheet and one pencil

Object: To be moving at the highest speed at the end of the game, by out-guessing your opponent

Play: Each player chooses one of the cars on the gamesheet. Either player may go first. Keeping the gamesheet out of his opponent's view, the first player marks the top half of one circle (A, B, or C) in the first horizontal row under his car. His opponent then guesses which letter was chosen. (You can use the bottom halves of the circles to keep a record of guesses, for future strategy.) If the opponent's guess is wrong, the first player darkens the top square on his side of the speedometer. If the opponent's guess is right, the first player does not darken any squares.

Next, it is the other player's turn to mark one of his circles in secret, and the first player's turn to guess which one was marked. Play alternates in this fashion throughout the game. On the second round, circles in the second row are marked, and so on until the last row has been completed.

Advancing:

When in first gear, cars accelerate by darkening 1 square at a time.
When in second gear, 2 squares at a time.
When in third gear, 3 squares at a time.
When in fourth gear, 4 squares at a time.
Each square moved represents an increase of 5 miles per hour.

Winning: The player with the highest final speed (most squares darkened) at the end of the race is the winner.

Car Number One				Car Number Two				
	A	B	C	Speedometer		A	B	C
FIRST GEAR	☐	☐	☐	☐	50	☐	☐	☐
	☐	☐	☐	☐		☐	☐	☐
	☐	☐	☐	☐		☐	☐	☐
	☐	☐	☐	☐		☐	☐	☐
SECOND GEAR	☐	☐	☐	☐	100	☐	☐	☐
	☐	☐	☐	☐		☐	☐	☐
	☐	☐	☐	☐		☐	☐	☐
	☐	☐	☐	☐		☐	☐	☐
THIRD GEAR	☐	☐	☐	☐	150	☐	☐	☐
	☐	☐	☐	☐		☐	☐	☐
	☐	☐	☐	☐		☐	☐	☐
	☐	☐	☐	☐		☐	☐	☐
FOURTH GEAR	☐	☐	☐	☐	200	☐	☐	☐
	☐	☐	☐	☐		☐	☐	☐
	☐	☐	☐	☐		☐	☐	☐
	☐	☐	☐	☐		☐	☐	☐
Final speed MPH					Final speed MPH			

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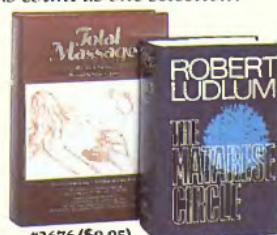
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Colorado. Mr. Ford believed in taking that vacation, and after he was sworn in as Vice-President, he maintained the old tradition. That meant that I went to Colorado as well. I'd never been skiing before, so when we got to Vail, I gazed up at the snow-covered slopes with great trepidation. It was clear to me that I couldn't really do my job properly if the Vice-President went up the mountain and I stayed below, so I was determined to take a crash course in skiing. Crash is exactly what it turned out to be, and I was plenty sore after the first couple of days. As the Vice-President was overheard to say, "Kennerly skis with ten percent talent and 90 percent intestinal fortitude."

I never did get to the point where I could ski backward and shoot pictures, but I was able to negotiate the slopes without serious injury, which for me was a major accomplishment. To repay the Fords for their hospitality, I threw a dinner party at a Japanese restaurant for them while we were in Vail. There were 14 of us at the table, and after dinner, the management sent over a huge tray of fortune cookies. Everyone took one, including Mr. Ford. He opened his, studied it a moment and slapped it down on the table, covering it with his hand. Mrs. Stan Parris, wife of the Congressman and friend of the Fords, was sitting next to the Vice-President. It was she who read the message aloud to the gathering: "You will undergo a change of residence in the near future." It was the first time in my memory that a fortune cookie had ever been truly prophetic.

The next dinner of mine that the Fords attended was of my own making. It was a small gathering at my house in Georgetown to celebrate my 27th birthday. When Vice-President and Mrs. Ford showed up, Mr. Ford had a huge package wrapped in gold tucked under his arm. Inside was a case of Coors beer, the first I'd seen since Vail. Having the Vice-President of the United States over to dinner is a memorable event, particularly if you're a bachelor living alone. I had done the cooking myself, with a great deal of able support from my mother, who was one of the guests. I had two big pans of beef Stroganoff simmering in the small kitchen, and the other two burners were also in use. The already hectic situation wasn't helped any by the Secret Service agent watching the proceedings. He wasn't there to make certain I didn't poison the Veep—he was watching the rear entrance of my house—but the effect was the same. Every now and then, I'd offer him a taste of the food just to get another opinion, and he agreed it wasn't a bad effort. I somehow managed to serve the whole dinner without dropping anything into anyone's lap, and my mother received a great many compliments on the food. No one

would believe I'd had anything to do with it.

When my friend and colleague Dirck Halstead wasn't in town, *Time* assigned me to cover the White House. Things at the Executive Mansion had gotten worse for photographers since my return from overseas. If the story itself hadn't been so good, I don't think I could have put up with it. On one occasion, the metallic drone of the loud-speaker in the press room announced a "photo opportunity" in the Oval Office: Energy Chief William Simon was conferring with the President.

I hadn't seen Nixon in over a month, and I was shocked at his appearance. He looked tired and haggard. After taking the obligatory shot of the two men across the desk from each other, I took seven tight frames of Nixon's face with a small telephoto lens. The following week, *Time* ran one of the close-ups of the embattled President. One of his dark-ringed eyes drooped and the right side of his face appeared to sag. The White House reacted violently to my photo, labeling it "unfair," and the U.P.I. vice-president for news pictures suggested in a letter to all U.P.I. clients that my photo was "out of context."

Now my integrity was at stake. Those incidents were serious, and I felt obliged to defend not only my taking of the picture but also *Time's* excellent use of the image. In a private cable to picture editor John Durniak, I pointed out that the light in the office was exactly the same as at every other time I had been there, and that there was nothing unusual about the expression on Nixon's face, or anything that would cause any distortion. In short, the picture was a true representation of how Nixon looked at the time.

In the U.P.I. executive's letter, he'd said, "If any one of our photographers makes 30 different views of the President, and one of those views makes him look significantly different than the 29, the rule of thumb is not to use it." The implication was that I'd gotten one shot that made Nixon look unusually bad; the truth was that the other frames actually made him look *worse*.

The letter also said that the U.P.I. executive had "examined more than 100 U.P.I. pictures taken over the past two months, and they show no discernible change in his appearance." That led Halstead to comment, in a separate note to Durniak, that "it can only be interpreted as an indictment of the lack of perception of either U.P.I.'s photographers or editors." Halstead went on to say that U.P.I. photographers have to get their shots of such a meeting in the less than 60 seconds afforded photographers in the Oval Office, and they don't have the luxury of being able to concentrate on Nixon the man. A year later, I was told by General Alexander Haig,

who had been Nixon's chief of staff at the time—and one of the few who knew the true story—that the day I took the picture, Nixon hadn't slept well for three days. He'd been reviewing the White House tapes or transcripts containing the infamous 18-minute gap.

•
"Our long national nightmare is over." With those words, President Gerald R. Ford announced the start of a new era, one with which I would be intimately associated.

After the swearing-in ceremony, Mrs. Ford invited me to their home in Alexandria. They were having a small dinner for some of their personal friends that night, and I knew there would be dozens of my colleagues outside the Fords' home when I arrived. I didn't want them to know I was going to be taking pictures—they would have objected to the show of favoritism—so I got one of Ford's Navy stewards to help me out. He met me in the parking lot of a school near the Fords' home and we put all my cameras in a cardboard box. Then he walked by the assembled press with the carton, which I'm sure they thought was more food. And I entered without my cameras, just like any other invited guest.

I got some pictures of the toasts being made to the new President and made one of my own with a glass of champagne. During the buffet supper, the President asked me if I would mind staying after the other guests left. When, in time, they did, President and Mrs. Ford and I sat down together in their living room. We spent some time discussing the day's events, and then he asked me what I'd like to do if I were to go to work for him. Until that moment, we'd never talked about that possibility, and, to be quite frank, I found the whole idea of Ford's wanting to discuss a job for me on the same day that he became President of the United States almost surreal. I seized the opportunity, however, and told Ford that to produce a true photographic document of his Presidency, I would have to have unlimited access to his meetings. He allowed as how the idea had merit and then suggested we go into the den to watch the 11-o'clock news, which would have coverage of his swearing-in ceremony. The television in that room wasn't working, so we went upstairs to their bedroom to watch. Mrs. Ford sat in a chair; he, on the edge of the bed. Susan came in and lay down near her father.

I could have pinched myself. Not only was I sitting with the man whose image was being relayed around the world as he was sworn in as President but also that same man was talking about a job for me on terms that satisfied both of us. "Dave," he said to me as the broadcast ended and I was preparing to leave, "if you come to work for me, won't it be taken badly by your colleagues? I mean,

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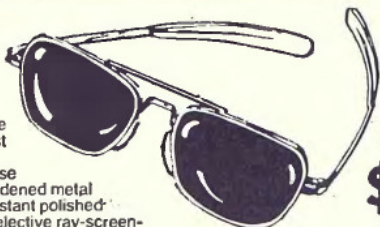
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after what's happened the last few years and all." Unreal. The President, with all the problems he had to face, was worrying about me.

The next day, I was sitting in the Time office when the phone rang. "It's the President for you," said the shaken operator.

"How would you like a job?" he asked.

"When do you want me to start?" was all I could think to say.

"Get over here right away," he responded. "We can't have you wasting the taxpayers' money by working only half a day." Slamming the phone down after Ford had hung up, I jumped up and yelled to my best friend, Dave Burnett, "I got it!" And, blue jeans and all, I charged across Lafayette Square to the White House. After I showed my press pass, someone from the photo office came to take me to the press room to look over my new digs.

At 4:05 that afternoon, I got an urgent call from Nell Yates, the President's receptionist. I was expected in the Oval Office immediately. In fact, the President had been expecting me at four P.M. sharp, but nobody had bothered to tell me of the appointment. Off to a great start: Late for my first meeting, I thought as I ran up the stairs from my basement office. But, as it turned out, the President just wanted to say hello, and after taking a few pictures, I left.

Over the next few weeks, I had the walls to a White House office adjoining mine knocked down and enlarged the available staff space to three times its original size. In doing so, we acquired—and I took over—a nice wood-paneled office that had once been the White House vault. Scouting around for furniture in the attic of the Old Executive Office Building across the street, I found a rocking chair that White House historians told me had once belonged to President Kennedy. I temporarily took it over, too. Then, instead of a regular rectangular desk, I chose a round table. I added table lamps and a striped couch, got rid of the more formal straight-backed chairs, and suddenly the place looked like home. A good thing, too, for I was spending more time there than in my Georgetown house.

My new telephone had a silver handle that read, ROBERT HALDEMAN, given to me by someone who had worked for him. It also had several buttons connecting me to the White House operator and to various other staffers. I felt I was flying a jet whenever a bunch of calls came in at once. On my walls hung signed photos and other memorabilia. In back of me on a table was a tank full of fish, a gift from Jack Ford. My favorite was an ugly Oscar named Zarkov, who ate only live goldfish. It never occurred to me that his eating habits would create trouble, since big fish eat little ones every day. But when someone from the *National En-*

quirer did a very descriptive piece about the poor little goldfish that were being torn to bits and devoured by big, mean Zarkov, I started getting mail from goldfish lovers around the country. One was addressed to: "David Kennerly, Barbarian, The White House." They went downhill from there.

On top of my book cabinet was a small box known as a "family locator." Secretary of State Kissinger, Vice-President Rockefeller and all members of the Ford family were hooked into this system, and every time one of them changed locations, the locator beeped and their new destination appeared in orange letters on a tiny screen. The box was devised by the Secret Service to keep track of everyone's whereabouts, but it was also immensely useful to me. My sanctum was 50 paces from the front door of the Oval Office, and there was a direct line between the two. If an unscheduled guest showed up to see the President or if Ford wanted a photograph, Nell would pick up the hotline that ran directly from her desk to my office. Then I or one of the other photographers would bound up to the Oval Office in less than 15 seconds.

The President had a little buzzer that he could sound when he wanted his assistant, Terry O'Donnell, to come into the office. Next to that buzzer was a panic button, which summoned the Secret Service if something untoward happened in the Oval Office. During the first week the President was in office, he accidentally hit the wrong button while I was with him. All three doors to the Oval Office flew open simultaneously and agents charged in from all sides—scaring the hell out of both me and the President, the only people there at the time. At least they didn't draw their guns.

One day some weeks later, I was standing in Nell's office when the President succeeded in hitting the right button and got Terry, who entered, and found the President talking to Kissinger. Kissinger asked Terry to get Helmut Sonnenfeldt, one of his aides, on the phone. Terry returned to Nell's office to call Sonnenfeldt at the State Department. For some reason, he had trouble getting through, and after a brief delay, the door to the Oval Office burst open and Kissinger strode out.

"Where is he?" Kissinger demanded.

"We are having a problem reaching him," Terry replied.

"I want him here," Kissinger said, jabbing his finger in 30 directions.

Terry interpreted that to mean that the Secretary wanted Sonnenfeldt physically present. When he finally did get hold of Sonnenfeldt, he told him to get to the White House as fast as possible.

Once again, Kissinger came charging out of the Oval Office.

"Where is he?" he again asked, even more impatiently than before.

"He's on his way here," Terry said.

"What! I don't want him *here*," Kissinger said, pointing to the room in general. "I want him *here*," he said, pointing to the phone. O'Donnell gestured helplessly. Kissinger looked at him with complete disdain and said, "Then get me one of my idiots."

•

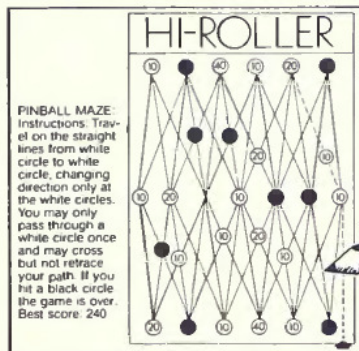
Things looked bad for Vietnam. Quang Tri had fallen to the advancing North Vietnamese army, and it looked like the country was coming apart at the seams. I wanted to go back. The President liked the idea. "OK, Dave," said President Ford, "you can accompany General Weyand. When you return, I'd also like your view of what's happening."

When I arrived in Saigon, it was obvious to me that the end was at hand. Vietnamese friends were begging me to take their children with me when I left the country. They had lost all hope.

I traveled the length of Vietnam, photographing refugees fleeing the advancing Communists, and even made a side trip to Cambodia to check out the situation there. In Phnom Penh, I ran into my old friend Matt Franjola, the A.P. bureau chief there. He had just written the latest Sean Flynn story, based on an interview with a Khmer Rouge political commissar who had defected to the government. The official had told Matt that he personally saw Flynn killed by the injection of a lethal drug at a field hospital a year after his capture. The order, the commissar had told Matt, came from a higher command. When Franjola showed the defector a number of pictures of missing journalists, the Khmer Rouge operative immediately picked out Flynn's. As usual, there was no way of verifying the story, but Matt observed that the commissar didn't know who Flynn's famous father was and, as far as Matt knew, he had no reason to lie.

After two weeks of watching the rapid disintegration of Vietnam, I was totally convinced it was a wrap for South Vietnam. All that remained for me now was to convince the President that the end was in sight, in the best way I knew—through my photographs. General Weyand and his staff were preparing their report. I was formulating my own. President Ford was in Palm Springs, so that's where Weyand's plane landed. Ford wasn't home when we arrived, but Mrs. Ford was. She was sitting by the swimming pool; when I walked out, she immediately leaped up, threw her arms around me and gave me a kiss. "We got a report that they'd shot at you, David, and we were so worried," she said. I assured her I was all right but that Vietnam wasn't. We talked for a time and then I excused myself to ship my film on to Washington for processing. I was eager to deliver my photographic report on Vietnam to the President, and as soon as my developed pictures arrived in

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Palm Springs late the next afternoon, I showed them to him.

"This is what's going on," I said as he slowly studied each photograph. He sadly shook his head, first at the pictures of ships filled with refugees from Da Nang, then at the buses crammed with fleeing villagers in Nha Trang, and finally at the dying civilians in Phnom Penh. "Mr. President," I said in my typically diplomatic style, "Vietnam has no more than a month left; anyone who tells you different is bullshitting." He was devastated.

It may have been the first time in history that an American President had ever been shown the human side of war almost as it was happening. It was one thing to read the weekly body count and the other statistics, and quite another to see those bodies before your eyes. My stark, black-and-white photographs of refugees and civilian casualties soon replaced the color prints of dancers, state visits and similar events that hung in the corridors of the West Wing. My pictures were everywhere you turned, even in the hallway leading to the staff dining room, and many people reportedly couldn't eat after seeing them. (I only wish my pictures had been hung in the White House when the war began, rather than as it ended.) I began to receive complaints about those grim pictures and decided that the President should decide whether they stayed up or not. "Leave them up," he said emphatically. "Everyone should know what's going on over there."

Less than two weeks after the evacuation of Vietnam, the President faced another international crisis: A U.S. cargo ship, the Mayaguez, was captured by Cambodians. Initially, the Administration tried to secure the release of the crew through diplomatic channels, sending messages through the Chinese to the Cambodians. There was no reply, however, and there was some doubt that anyone, including the Chinese, really knew who was running Cambodia at the time. The President knew one thing for certain—he had to get the crew back. The National Security Council was called into emergency session and contingency plans were presented to the President, ranging from massive B-52 strikes against Cambodia to more localized military operations. Throughout the ensuing debate, I shot photographs of the Council in the Cabinet Room. Around the table were the nation's heavies: the President, the Vice-President, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of Defense, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the director of the CIA, the Chief of Naval Operations and the Deputy Secretaries of State and Defense.

I had never before spoken out in a Presidential meeting, but this time I couldn't contain myself. I was almost certainly the only person in the room

who had been in Cambodia. The discussion centered on the problem of releasing the captured ship, and each proposed solution assumed the existence of a viable government in Phnom Penh, one that would cave in under military pressure. They were talking about darkening the skies above Cambodia with B-52s flying wing to wing, the very sight of which would bring the Khmer Rouge to their knees. "Has it occurred to anyone," I asked the startled group, "that this whole thing may have been the act of one local commander taking matters into his own hands and seizing the ship?"

The President did not choose to exercise his strongest option, the use of the B-52s. They never took off from Guam. Instead, Navy fighters from a nearby aircraft carrier made an air strike around Kom Pong Som and the Marines landed on a small island where the seamen were thought to be held. Ford also ordered jet fighters to blow some Cambodian patrol vessels out of the water. It was that act, Captain Miller of the Mayaguez later said, that saved him and his crew. I photographed the President jubilantly announcing to his top aides that the crew had been released. You could almost see the weight of the past three days lift from his shoulders as he spoke.

One of the responsibilities of the President, in his role as a world leader, is to visit other heads of state. He travels on Air Force One, a beautiful blue-and-silver Boeing 707. Inside, the big jet is plush and functional. The President has his own cabin-office and he travels with a full staff, including Secret Service, press aides, communications experts, military aides, advance men, secretaries and his personal physician. The only thing that changes is the scenery.

Air Force One has the best communications setup in the world, and I occasionally used it for my own purposes. If you were to find yourself on the receiving end of one of my calls, a voice would say, "This is the White House signal operator. I have a call for you from Mr. Kennerly on Air Force One. Please remember that these calls may be monitored, so don't discuss classified information. Mr. Kennerly's code name is Hot Shot. Please use that when talking to him. Go ahead." By this time, the party I was calling would be slightly disconcerted, and when my voice crackled on the line, the first question was usually, "Where are you, Hot Shot?"

These state visits are superficial, largely ceremonial affairs that transport the Chief Executive and his entourage—including, of course, his chief photographer—through countries so fast that you sometimes wonder if you've really been there. Scheduling is so tight that those who plan the President's itinerary have to build in a few minutes during the day when the President can go to the

bathroom. This is called "personal time."

On all previous foreign assignments, I'd had an opportunity to photograph everything that was going on. Not so on a Presidential trip, where the man himself was my only subject. On one of those outings, there was no way to take in the local atmosphere or the local culture, and certainly no way to get any outside pictures. Unlike the intense experience of war, such trips provided little more than a break in White House routine. They did, however, make for occasional excitement. The odd, amusing incidents I prefer to describe the way they happened: quickly.

Austria: The President's most spectacular arrival. WELCOME TO SALZBURG, MR. PRESIDENT, read the signs at the bottom of the ramp, but Ford had little chance to read them, since he tripped and fell down the stairs. It seems that the day before our arrival, the ramp that had been designated for the President's aircraft was taken to the other side of the field. In its place was substituted a ramp that had no antiskid material on the stairs. It was raining when we landed, and a steward handed the President an umbrella as he stepped out of Air Force One. He held it in the air with one hand and guided Mrs. Ford with the

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other. Then his foot caught on a stair tread and one of his heels came off. When he pitched forward, Mrs. Ford grabbed the umbrella and moved gracefully aside, like a matador passing a bull, as the President hurtled by. He wasn't hurt, but he was frightfully embarrassed. Typically, Ford held no grudge against the photographers who took pictures of his fall. "They were just doing their job, and they would have been fired if they'd missed it," he said later.

The Vatican: Classified cables had been exchanged by the White House and the Pope's aides concerning my attire for this trip. The Vatican was somewhat concerned about "that wild, bearded photographer the President will have with him." Someone in Rome had apparently read a press clip describing me as frightfully irreverent. I never wore a tie, it said, and preferred blue jeans while working at the White House. The Vatican requested that I wear a dark suit, white shirt and tie when meeting His Holiness, Pope Paul VI. Ford's advance staff assured them that I would be dressed correctly for the occasion.

To get into the Papal library, where the Pope was waiting, we had to pass under numerous arches and down several long corridors. I walked ahead of the President down those quiet hallways where the only sound was the slap of leather soles stepping on cold marble. Everyone spoke in whispers, if he spoke at all. In order to position myself for a picture of the Pope greeting the President, I entered the library first. His Holiness was expecting a President, not a Presidential photographer, even one in a dark suit and tie. His hands were held out in greeting, but he quickly drew them back when he saw me and my camera.

Poland: A big motorcade was arranged to greet President Ford on his arrival in Poland in July of 1975. Arrangements are usually made for photo trucks to carry the photographers on such occasions. In this case, however, the Polish government had arranged for only two jeeps, one for the Polish photographers and one for the Americans. The motorcade got no more than 100 yards out of the airport when the American jeep stalled. We pulled off to the side of the road and Ford, passing by in his car, gave us a quizzical look. We immediately jumped out of the disabled jeep and started flagging down other cars in the motorcade. Six of us, myself included, piled into a car that looked like a Checker cab but was actually a Russian-made car of some kind.

Every time the motorcade slowed down, we'd make a mad dash toward the front, our objective being the Polish photo jeep. We were well back in the motorcade at the time, and although I ran as fast as I could toward the Presi-

dent's car, before I could reach it, his car started up again. I was only three or four cars from the front of the motorcade, and I had to do something fast or once again find myself stranded.

There was a big car near the front with only one lady in the back, so I motioned to her and she waved me inside. I could scarcely talk, I was so winded, but I did manage to introduce myself. Her English wasn't good, but she managed to introduce herself: "I'm Mrs. Piotr Jaroszewicz," she said, "and I'd like you to meet my husband, the Prime Minister." She pointed to the man sitting next to the driver. Christ, I thought, now I'm in for it. I glanced out the rear window and, sure enough, there was a car full of Polish security agents behind us, and they were madder than hell.

When the motorcade slowed down again, I thanked Mrs. Jaroszewicz for the ride and hightailed it for the front of the motorcade. This time I made it to the Polish photographers' jeep and they pulled me aboard.

Finland: On July 29, 1975, the President and 30 other heads of state attended the Helsinki Conference. It was there that I got one of the best shots ever of one of my favorite subjects, General Secretary Brezhnev. In fact, I liked one so much I later sent it to Moscow for Brezhnev to autograph. The photo showed the General Secretary, a cigarette in one hand, glancing slyly out of the corner of his eye. General Brent Scowcroft, who had dealt extensively with the Russian leader, told me it captured his personality perfectly. My courier for this errand was Peter Rodman of Kissinger's staff, and Rodman presented the print to Brezhnev during a break in one of the General Secretary's meetings with the Secretary of State. The Russian leader looked at my photograph for a couple of minutes. He then walked out of the room with the picture and returned shortly, handing Rodman a photo. "I think you'll like this one better," he said. The picture, which he had signed, was a very formal portrait taken several years before. It looked as if it had been hastily removed from a frame in the next room. Brezhnev didn't like my shot but didn't bother to give it back to Peter.

During the Helsinki Conference, I took more pictures of the Soviet leader. His security force was immense: Standing rigidly against the wall, within a step or two of where Brezhnev was sitting with other heads of state, were no fewer than 14 K.G.B. guards, each one of whom looked mean enough to eat hand grenades. Just to the right of those huskies sat a well-dressed man who looked for all the world like a young businessman attending a convention. He was a U.S. Secret Service agent.

Romania: On August second and third, the President took a train ride through the land where Count Dracula is sup-

posed to have lived. The count wasn't in, but our whistle stop did give Terry O'Donnell an opportunity to drop his favorite line from Mel Brooks's movie *Young Frankenstein*: "Pardon me, boys, is this the Transylvania Station?" We visited an old castle that had been built exclusively of wood in the 19th Century; at any moment, I expected some sort of evil presence to step from the shadows. O'Donnell and I understood the original plans had included many secret passageways and bedrooms where the king kept his mistresses. We endeavored to find the hidden passages by looking into every bookcase and trying to locate hidden latches under railings. Alas, the only thing we found was some dried gum.

We also got our hands on a bottle of local brew that had been presented to the President by some officials. Knowing that the Secret Service would never allow Ford to touch it—never let the President eat or drink any food gifts—we drained the whole jug ourselves. For a while afterward, I kept a wary eye on O'Donnell to make sure he wasn't growing fangs.

Yugoslavia: At this point, it was the last of a five-country trip and the President was tired. He'd had one reception too many, and this one almost caused him great embarrassment. He had asked for a few minutes alone to review his notes before meeting President Tito, and was sitting in a chair in the middle of a huge room to which only members of his staff had access. There was a set of giant sliding doors that led to the area where his conference was going to be held, and suddenly those doors opened and President Tito—who was not used to waiting for anyone—entered with the whole Yugoslav delegation and made straight for the President's chair. To his horror, O'Donnell, who was responsible for keeping the President on schedule, noticed that he wasn't getting up to greet Tito. He was sound asleep, the notes for his speech in his hand. Just before Tito reached his chair, an alarm must have sounded in Ford's head; he stood up and stretched out his hand. Terry pulled out his handkerchief and wiped the cold sweat from his forehead.

People's Republic of China: I had been thwarted in 1972 in my attempt to photograph Chairman Mao, but I thought perhaps my new status as the President's photographer would impress the Chinese, and I figured I might have a chance of seeing the legendary Chinese leader.

We landed in Peking and were greeted not by Mao but by Teng Hsiao-ping, then China's Lilliputian vice-premier.

During his meeting with Ford, Teng, who is smaller than Napoleon, sat opposite the President in a large, overstuffed chair, his feet barely touching the floor, and chain-smoking. He also wore white socks.

The Chinese were very secretive about when the President would meet with



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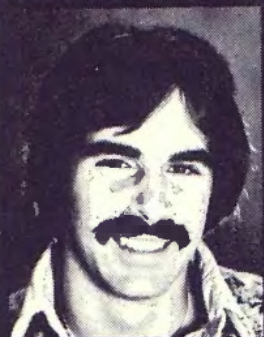
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Mao. They scheduled no appointment and traditionally came only at the last minute to collect whoever was to have an audience with the aging Chairman. When Ford's time arrived, I vowed to be in the motorcade that went to Mao's residence and tried everything I could think of to get on the official list. Kissinger also tried on my behalf, but he didn't offer me much hope. As the motorcade began to assemble, we were told that only those who were on the list could get into the cars. I was on no list, but I got into a car, anyway. The Chinese promptly threw me out. So much for *détente*. My final chance to see Mao, much less take his picture, was gone. It was a bitter disappointment. Dick Keiser, the head of the President's Secret Service detail, told me that even *his* men were stopped at the gate of Mao's house, and only the official party was permitted. "For all we know, they could substitute another man for the President," he said, a remark designed to get your sci-fi juices flowing.

Having a job at the White House can be likened to working in a mine field—one wrong step and you get blown to high heavens. It almost happened to me during Ford's 1976 primary campaign battle with Ronald Reagan. Something I had done privately threatened to become public in a way that might possibly have cost the President the nomination. Two months after I'd started the job in the White House, my dentist asked me if I could do a favor for one of his other patients. The patient, a secretary for Congressman Wayne Hays, was Elizabeth Ray. She wanted some pictures for her modeling portfolio. I shot the pictures, some seminude, at my home. That was at least a year before the revelations about Ray and her Congressman created a sensation and led to Hays's leaving Congress. I'd forgotten all about the session until I picked up a paper and saw her name. My first reaction on seeing the story was, Hey, I know that girl. It didn't take me long to wish I hadn't. The problem was not that I had taken the pictures but that I had naïvely sent the film to the White House lab for development. I had long ago reimbursed the Government approximately five dollars for the costs, but that wouldn't have made the slightest difference to those eager to exploit the situation. I could see Reagan supporters gleefully hoisting papers with headlines like "WHITE HOUSE LAB DEVELOPS NUDE PIX." I was a nervous wreck. I sought the advice of Dean Burch, an attorney who was an assistant to the President and a man I liked and trusted. "I'm going to resign before this thing hits," I told him, but Burch advised me not to be hasty. For three days, I went through hell, and when it finally appeared the story wasn't going to break, I felt enormous relief.

I managed to make it through the

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rest of the Administration without any major screw-ups, and after Ford lost the election, I re-entered private life as a free-lance photographer. It was tough at first adjusting to not being on the White House, but I soon got over that.

In July and August of 1977, I conducted my own version of a Kissinger shuttle. Egypt, Syria, Jordan, Lebanon and Israel were on the itinerary, and my assignment was to photograph each country's head of state for *Time*. I flew first to Cairo, where I made contact with President Anwar el-Sadat's staff and arranged to photograph Sadat at his summer home in Alexandria. Getting there involved a four-hour drive from Egypt's capital, so I hired a car and driver. I specified to the rental agency that I wanted a dependable Mercedes and a chauffeur who spoke English. I did not

want to break down in the middle of the desert. I was told that the driver would meet me in front of my hotel at six A.M. and, sure enough, he was right on time. He didn't speak any English and he was driving a 1960 Oldsmobile. It was too late to get another vehicle, so we set off.

It was late July, and it seemed that every Egyptian had gone to the seaside resort of Alexandria. I was staying at an old hotel with ceiling fans that turned slowly above several old waiters as they shuffled from one stained tablecloth to another in the dining room. A constant swarm of flies vied for each morsel on my plate, and I was constantly shooing them away. Outside was an esplanade that ran for miles along the water and teemed with hundreds of honking cars. Horse-drawn carts piled high with goods wove in and out of the traffic.

Amid this confusion stood President Sadat's quiet, orderly summer home in Maamoura, on the outskirts of Alexandria. The house itself was not opulent, but it was roomy, situated on several well-manicured acres and surrounded by tall bushes and many guards.

The day I arrived, Sadat was in the midst of intensive negotiations with Colonel Muammar el-Qaddafi of Libya. The two were not meeting face to face but were using Palestine Liberation Organization's leader Yasir Arafat as an intermediary. Arafat shuttled back and forth between Tripoli and Alexandria, trying to squelch the ill feelings that had arisen out of a border battle between the two countries a week before. Sadat granted me remarkable access. I was even permitted to sit outside the door while he met with Arafat. Had I been able to

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As a journalist and as the White House photographer between 1974 and 1976, David Kennerly developed the knack of being at the right place at the right time. This photo is by his colleague Ricardo Thomas.

understand Arabic. I'm sure the lively, sometimes loud exchanges would have been intriguing and possibly disturbing.

Sadat has many residences around Egypt, but his favorite is in his home village of Mit abul Koum, about 70 miles from Cairo. When meeting with residents of the village, he wears the long

native dress for men called a jellaba. As I photographed him, clad in a jellaba and standing behind his modest home, he looked up at a passing jet and frowned. "These planes never used to come over here," he told me. "Now it gets very noisy."

Remembering how Lyndon Johnson once prohibited all planes at National Airport from taking off during ceremonies on the south lawn of the White House, I said, "Well, Mr. President, you could change the air routes."

He pursed his lips and, looking back at the disappearing jet, observed, "You know, you're right. Maybe I should do that."

A couple of months later, Sadat announced his intention to visit Israel, and *Time* asked me to cover the historic event. I called an old acquaintance, Hamed Fahmy, the son of Egypt's foreign minister, and asked if he could help me get a seat on Sadat's plane. The overseas telephone link-up between Washington and Cairo was none too

good, but even so, Fahmy sounded uneasy and was very vague about what he could do. Not a surprise, really; his father resigned the next day to protest Sadat's trip. As Hamed put it later, when I saw him in Cairo, "My trying to get you on the plane at that state would have been about as easy as arranging a trip for Yasir Arafat to the Wailing Wall."

After I got to Cairo, I tried frantically to contact Sadat, even riding the 80 miles to Ismailia the morning he was to leave for Israel, hoping to get a note to him with my request. Sadat's place was totally sealed off by armed guards and I left the note with one of them. When I returned to my hotel, everyone was looking for me. Apparently, Sadat *had* received the note and, although there wasn't any room on his plane, he'd arranged for me to fly on a second aircraft, which was carrying the Egyptian press.

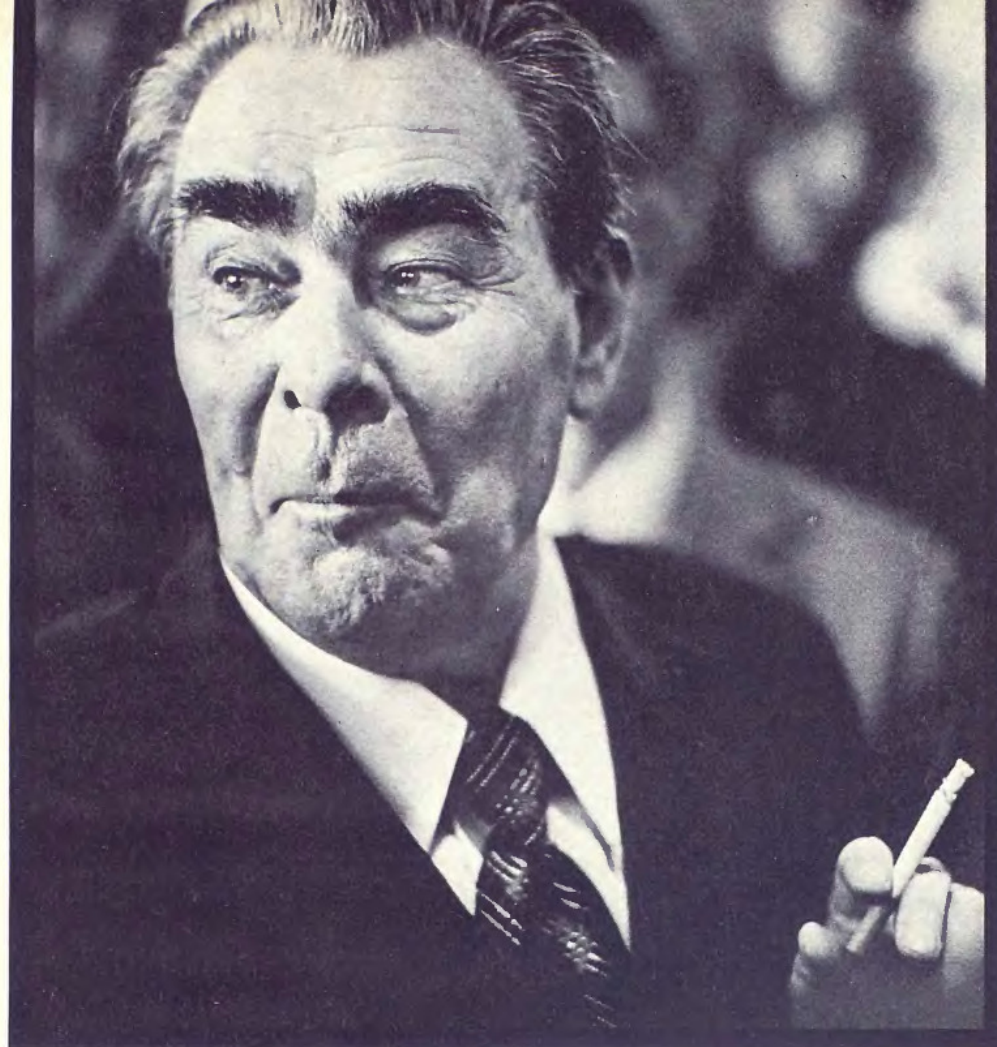
As we crossed into Israeli airspace, the reporters on board began to look out the window and point excitedly at the lights of Tel Aviv. It was one sight they never expected to see in their lifetime. We arrived ahead of the 707 bearing President Sadat, and when we deplaned, we encountered, lined up on a set of risers, more photographers and television cameras than I'd ever seen. This is going to be a rough one, I thought to myself.

When the Egyptian president's jet taxied up and the ramp was rolled to the door, the aircraft was still so far away that I realized I wasn't going to get any decent pictures of that monumental first greeting extended an Arab head of state on Israeli soil. But then neither would anyone else: There was such a crush at the foot of the ramp when Sadat descended to greet Begin that all of the photographers were blocked out.

The date was November 19, 1977. Sadat was going to stay in Israel for two days and I had the funny feeling I was never going to get another picture of him. Everything was so tightly controlled that only select "pools" of photographers were going to be able to cover the events. Because I'd come with the Egyptians at the last minute, they didn't have any press accreditation for me; and due to the fact that I'd arrived in Jerusalem at the same time Sadat did, the Israelis didn't have any for me, either. That meant I had to cover the biggest story of the past score of years, taking place under what the Israelis said was the "tightest security ever," with no piece of



Kennerly helped record the turmoil of the Sixties, as in this memorable photo of Bobby Kennedy moments after winning the California primary—and moments before being shot in a kitchen hallway.



Accompanying President Ford on his trip to Helsinki in 1975, Kennerly caught Premier Leonid Brezhnev in an unguarded moment. The Soviet leader seemed to recognize the ubiquitous photographer.

paper identifying me as press. To complicate things still further, I hadn't bothered to renew my Washington, D.C., press I.D. after leaving the White House. No matter. The closest I got to Sadat and Begin the following day was watching their motorcade move down the street.

On previous trips to Jerusalem, I'd spent a lot of time in a pub called the Goliath across the street from the King David Hotel. (It billed itself as being "just a stone's throw from the King David.") It was from one of its bar stools that I decided to watch history sweep by me, for the King David was where Sadat was staying.

Late the next afternoon, through the good offices of Alon Reininger, a fellow photographer and friend of the Begin family who was also shooting for *Time*, and Moshe Milner, the official Israeli photographer, I was able to secure a place on the pool covering the farewell dinner at the King David. Being in the bus with the pool would get me past the first barricade, and near the hotel, but without a press pass, there would be no way to get through the main entrance. While sitting in the Goliath the day before, I'd noticed that its paper coasters were the same yellow color as the official

press pass, and just for the hell of it, I stuck one in my pocket. And that's what I waved in the face of the guard at the door of the hotel. He let me by: Goliath had beaten David.

My photos of the dinner were some of

the best of the trip, and having gotten into the hotel, I decided I wasn't going to leave. That's why I was standing in the lobby when Walter Cronkite came rushing by. He had an interview with the two leaders after the dinner and I'd found out about it. "Mind if I shoot a few snaps during your interview, Walter?" I asked.

"Not at all," he said. "Come on." I followed him up the stairs to a room where the CBS camera was set up and, once again, I found myself watching Cronkite in action, which is always a memorable experience. During the course of their conversation, Begin mentioned that he and Sadat were going to conduct further talks in the Egyptian president's suite, and after the interview, I asked Sadat if I could come down and take a few shots of that meeting as well.

"For sure," he replied.

Those photos weren't great, but they were the only exclusive ones of the whole trip, and taking them gave me the opportunity to ask Sadat a crucial question: "Could I fly back with you to Cairo?"

"Only if you promise to pay your own way," Kennerly, Sadat joshed.

Figuring that nobody would believe me if I went out of the room and told one of his staff, "Oh, by the way, President Sadat has invited me to fly with him to Cairo tomorrow," I tried something else.

Gesturing at one of Sadat's aides, I



Kennerly was with Henry Kissinger during his last "shuttle" between Jerusalem and Cairo. This photograph of the brooding Secretary of State was taken at the King David Hotel.

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asked, "Would you like Mamoud here to make the arrangements?" I put my arm around Mamoud.

"Yes. Make sure that he gets on the plane, Mamoud," the president ordered. I walked out of Sadat's suite still unconvinced that it could possibly work.

The next morning, I arrived at the outer perimeter of the hotel, about 100 yards from the building itself, at the pre-arranged time. The guards, who were supposed to be informed of my arrival, wouldn't let me in, so I asked them to deliver a message to Sadat's party. I even tried calling Mamoud from the Goliath. It was now about 30 minutes before Sadat was due to leave and nobody had showed up for me. Twenty minutes before, and still nobody. I could see people starting to get into cars. At ten minutes to go, I thought I'd had it. Five minutes before departure, an out-of-breath Egyptian security guard came running up to ask why I wasn't in my car. "Ask Israeli security," I said. Without further adieu, he escorted me through the lines and to the car. Riding with me in the motorcade from Jerusalem to the airport to Tel Aviv was Sadat's interpreter. It was he who had provided the running English translation during Sadat's speech, capturing every inflection and pause perfectly, and I complimented him on a beautiful job.

When we arrived at the airport and leaped out of the cars, my lack of identification was again a problem. The cops wouldn't let me through, but the interpreter grabbed me and, speaking rapidly to the confused guards, pulled me to the ramp of the plane.

On the ramp were more security guards, and they didn't have my name on the list. The interpreter had a few words with them, turned to me and waved me on board. When Sadat climbed the steps of his plane, he turned and waved at the assembled crowd. Begin, who was at the foot of the ramp, saluted him. I stood right behind Sadat; with my camera held over my head for a better angle, I took a picture that showed him in the foreground and the Ben Gurion Airport sign behind. It also showed several hundred photographers lined up in the stands. Had they been selling David Kennerly voodoo dolls in the airport that day, they would have gone like hot cakes.

Shortly after we took off from Tel Aviv, two Israeli Kfir jet fighters appeared off each wing to escort us out of Israeli airspace. I immediately ran into Sadat's cabin, which is very similar to that of the American President's on Air Force One, and tried to get a shot of him looking at the fighters. But every time I got ready to shoot, the Israeli aircraft dipped just below the wing

tip. Sadat eventually tired of my saying, "Wait a minute, wait, wait. . . . There! . . . Missed it. . . . One more minute . . ." and he started to give me the what I now recognized as his "You better hurry" look. I finally got my shot, and although it wasn't the greatest picture, it did capture the moment.

As Sadat's plane rolled to a stop in Cairo, an NBC correspondent on the ground described the historic moment: "Sadat's jet has just taxied up. The ground crew is rolling the ramp to the plane. The door is now being opened from the inside. We see movement. Yes, someone is in the door. It's, it's . . . it's David Kennerly?"

The Middle East stories were nothing compared with Jonestown. Don Neff, *Time's* New York bureau chief, and I were on an assignment in Miami when we got the word that a U. S. Congressman and some newsmen had been murdered in Guyana. We chartered a Learjet and flew straight to the South American country. We arrived late Sunday night and couldn't get much information, but the next morning, November 20, the Guyanese government held a press conference at which it was reported that there had been a large number of suicides at Jonestown—possibly as many as 400. The authorities didn't have full details. Communications between Georgetown and Jones's camp, some 150 miles away, seemed negligible, possibly even nonexistent. It was nevertheless clear by then that something awful had happened. At the press conference, it was decided that, due to the lack of adequate transportation in Guyana, only a small pool of press people could go to Jonestown. Frank Johnston and Charles Krause of *The Washington Post* were selected. Neff and I were not, but we were determined to get in on our own. To complicate matters, a national emergency had been declared and no unauthorized aircraft were being permitted to fly over the Jonestown area. CBS, NBC and ABC all had chartered planes standing by, but those aircraft had been chartered outside the country; the government had specifically forbidden non-Guyanese pilots to fly into Port Kaituma. Neff and I began a frantic search for an aircraft that met the government's requirements . . . and found the only one in the country that did—the small Cessna that had been involved in the shooting. There were two bullet holes in its side and dried blood all over the inside, but it could fly. The pilot, the same one who had been present at the shooting, was Guyanese. The owners of the plane said we could lease it if the government gave us permission to land at Port Kaituma.

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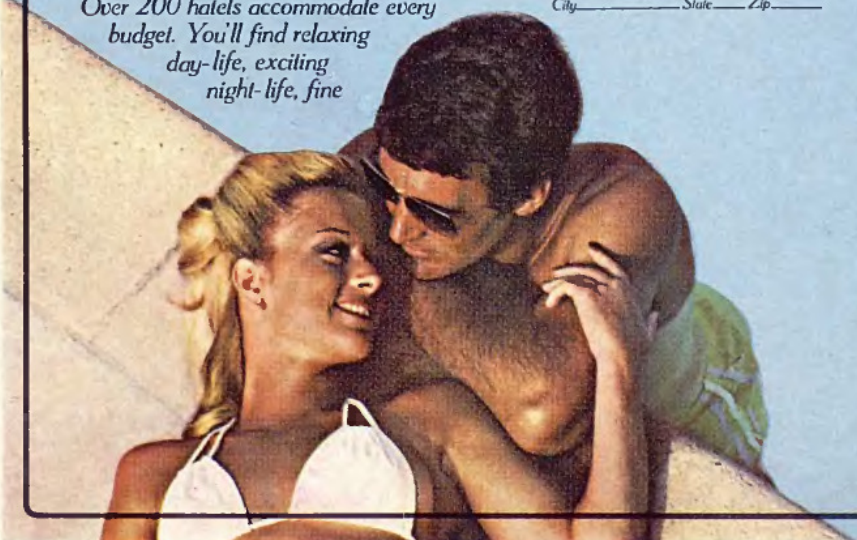
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information minister's office, trying to get her to call the director of civil aviation for official permission. Neff and I spent most of Monday imploring her, and late in the day she relented and called the aviation chief. All we now needed was a letter of permission, addressed by the information minister to the director, the only man who could give permission for an airplane to take off and, we understood, a real stickler for protocol.

To our dismay, the information minister departed without writing the needed letter. We thought we'd missed our chance. But during the course of the day, we'd become rather friendly with an extremely efficient secretary who worked for the information minister. Neff, in desperation, asked her to write a letter of authorization for us. Knowing that we had verbal permission from her boss, she agreed to do it—the letter she produced satisfied the aviation director.

At daybreak on Tuesday, November 22, we were winging our way to Port Kaituma. We had invited an NBC crew to join us. They had been unable to get in on their own and Don and I felt that because their people had been shot up,

they deserved a chance to cover the story.

Nothing I'd seen in my entire life, including wars, plane crashes and natural disasters, prepared me for the horror that was Jonestown. As our plane dipped low over the jungle clearing, we could see scores of small, tin-roofed buildings grouped around a much larger structure.

Encircling the pavilion at some distance were scattered pieces of what appeared to be brightly colored cloth. As we closed in, the cloth became dolls, strewn casually about. Closer in, the dolls appeared for what they really were—bodies, hundreds and hundreds of them. We circled twice, taking pictures, then headed back to Port Kaituma.

The twin-engine Otter was still on the airstrip, one of its tires shot flat. While we waited for a Guyanese army chopper to take us the six miles to Jonestown, Matthew Naythons and I explored the scene of the assassination. The bodies of the Congressional group had been removed two days before, but brain matter of our fallen colleagues remained on the airfield. Naythons, a medical doctor and photojournalist from San Francisco, helped me bury the remains by digging holes with a metal plate we

found. "Do you think we should say something?" Naythons asked as we finished the job.

"I think it's all been said already," I replied.

The government helicopter finally arrived and we boarded for the flight to the death site. What we had witnessed from the air prepared us in part for what we encountered when we entered Jonestown to cover the story close up.

We fashioned face masks from a towel I'd brought from our Georgetown hotel, then dashed cologne on it for good measure. The bodies we'd seen from the air had been out in the tropical sun for two and a half days, and the stench would be overpowering. "I think I'm going to get sick," a television cameraman remarked.

"If you think that before we get there, you've got a real problem," I told him.

Again we circled the area, then landed a few hundred yards from the main group of bodies. I walked apprehensively down the path toward the large building, took a deep breath and prayed I'd be able to go through with taking the pictures. The only other time I'd ever felt remotely that upset was in a brickyard in Dacca, where I saw dogs eating human bodies—and this was 100 times more disturbing.

I came upon the first body, a man hunched on his knees, his face in the ground. He was all alone behind a small structure. The main group was on the other side. Had it been a scene of obvious violence, it might not have seemed so surreal, but it was so tranquil. It looked as if most of them had simply lain down and gone to sleep. Most of them appeared to be family groups, face down with their arms around each other. The little feet of children stuck out from beneath those of adults.

I moved about mechanically, taking the pictures. While stepping over a dead dog, I noticed a big brown vat. Inside was the purple death potion that Jones's followers had consumed. I photographed that scene, container in the foreground and bodies strewn behind it—and *Time* chose that picture for its cover.

Dozens of crossbows were stacked nearby. We speculated that there must have been guards standing by, ready to shoot those who refused to participate in the ghastly rites. The field around the meeting place was covered with bodies. At the time, we were told there were 400; later we learned the total was more than 900. I didn't stop to count. Inside the pavilion were rows of pews. At the front was a chair, set up like a throne, from which Jim Jones had ruled Jonestown. It was surrounded by bodies. Jones himself lay just outside, a bullet hole in his head. His abdomen had been slit open and then crudely stitched closed by the



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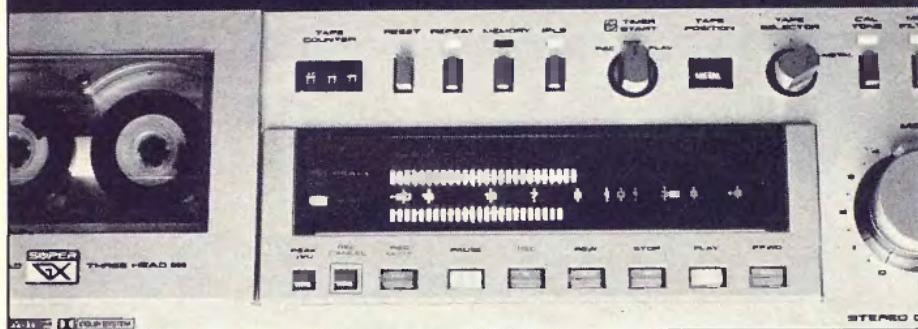
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doctor who performed the government-ordered autopsy on the cult leader.

As I walked among the dead under the big tin roof, I started getting the eerie feeling that one of those lifeless people was going to grasp me around the ankle—and I hightailed it outside to join my colleague. Naythons, for all his medical training, declared he could take no more, and neither could I. We headed back to the chopper.

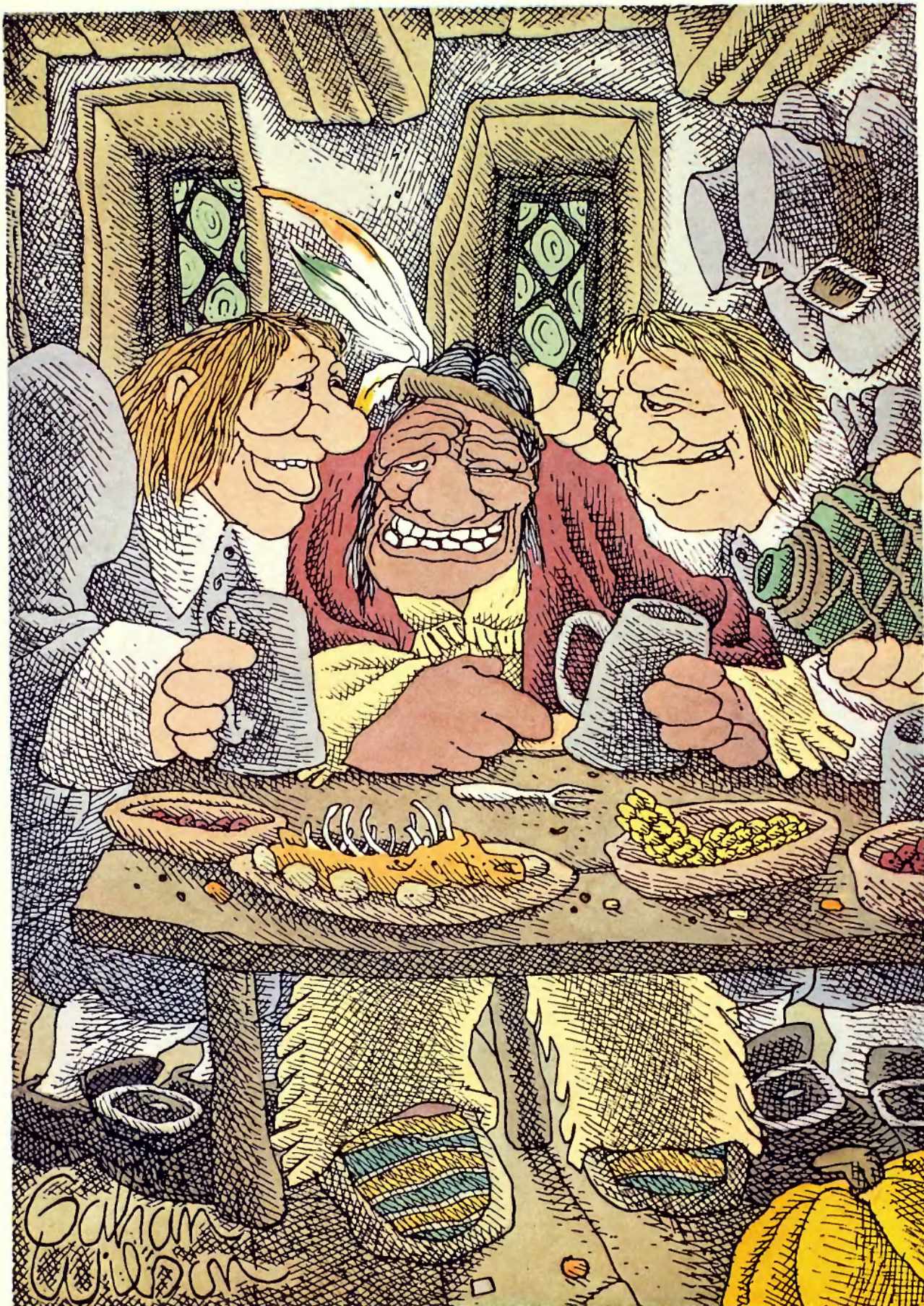
Neff and I shipped my film to New York on a chartered NBC jet. We departed the next day for Barbados, where Neff could use the better communications facilities to file his story—and we could put some distance between us and the horror of Guyana.

The wars I have covered, for all their violence and gore, have never given me nightmares. Somewhere in my subconscious is a safety valve that spares me that. Not so with Jonestown. A week after my departure, I woke up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat. I'd dreamed that I had walked into a room and encountered the bloated—but living—body of Jim Jones, seated on his throne. I turned to escape but found my path blocked by one of Jones's followers, flesh dripping from his bones. I twisted into wakefulness just as a rotting hand reached for my throat.

I often find myself thinking how lucky I am. From the age of 15, I've known what I wanted to do—and I've turned out to be good at it. There's no question in my mind that everyone has a talent for something, but it's sometimes tough to figure out what it is. Fortunately, I found out early what it was and have been able to pursue that talent ever since. There's nothing on this earth I'd rather do than take pictures, but there are drawbacks to the shooter's life. Its immediacy is what makes it so endlessly fascinating, but it is also what makes it frequently frustrating. You go directly to the very heart of history, record the moment and move on. And in doing so, you seldom see a story, a war, a life played to its conclusion. You tail an American Vice-President daily for weeks on end, then he resigns under threat of indictment and you never take his picture again. You dog the heels of his successor—even moving with him into the council rooms and private quarters of the White House—and then he is turned out of office and you are cut loose.

What you end up with are episodes of intense involvement but little in the way of sustained interaction. The curse of the shooter is that he is always an observer, never a participant. Unfortunately, that's the way it *should* be.

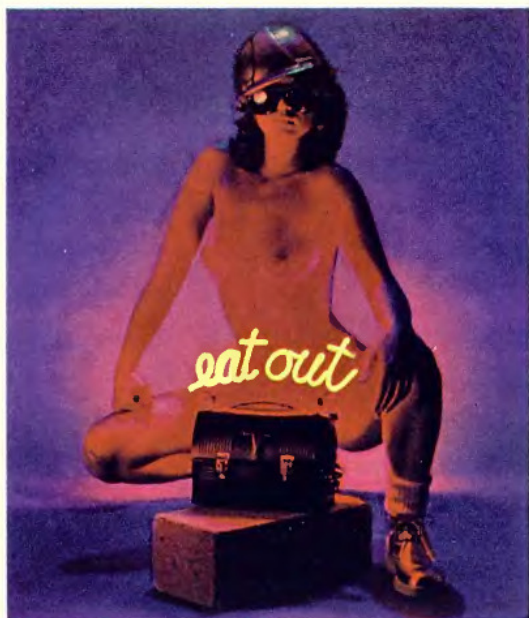




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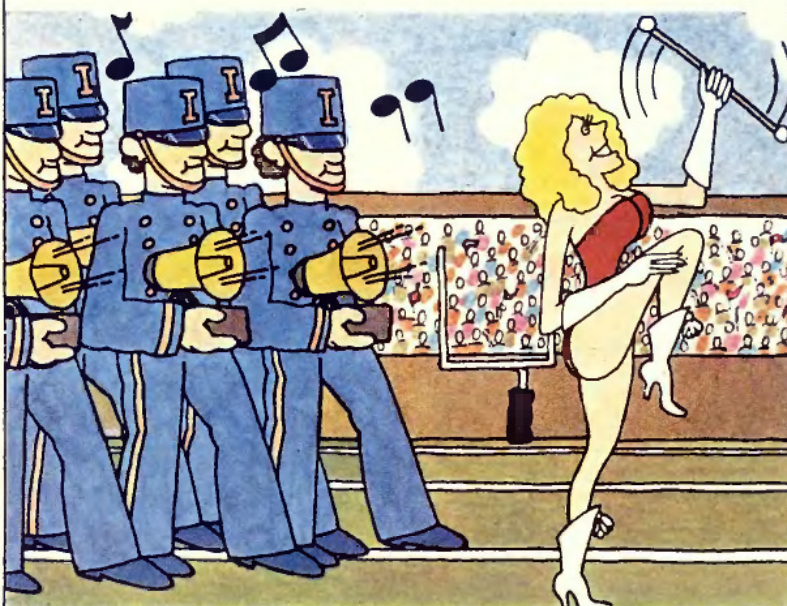


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Travel Smart is a monthly newsletter published by Communications House, 40 Beechdale Road, Dobbs Ferry, New York 10522, for \$23 annually that's devoted to supplying information on air fares, charter junkets and inexpensive hotels, plus much more. Want to know where to charter a Caribbean yacht? *Travel Smart* can tell you. Want to know where to find beautiful naked women to crew your yacht? Sorry, guys, the editors of *Travel Smart* are too smart to tell.

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For those who like to be heard as well as seen at sporting events, there's the Stadium Horn, a battery-powered gizmo that's been programed to play an entire tune at the push of a button. Maljack Productions, 15260 Rob Roy Drive, Oak Forest, Illinois 60452, which is selling the horn for \$49.95, postpaid, informs us that it's available in most college fight songs, plus *Dixie*. For kicks, play *The Eyes of Texas* at an Oklahoma game.



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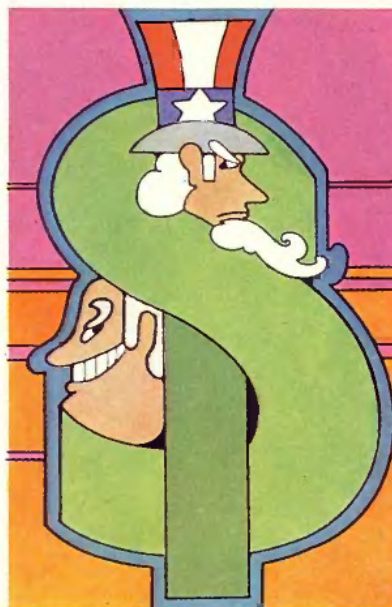


SOMETHING TO PULL FOR

Just \$4.25 sent to Jerryco, Inc., 5700 Northwest Highway, Chicago, Illinois 60646, will get you the world's largest rubber band, a humongous piece of black tubing 1/2" thick, with a 19' circumference. What can you do with it? Oh, fire huge spitballs over high-rise buildings with a single twang. Or hang in there for a lethal game of tug of war. It also will come in handy if you ever have to battle somebody named Goliath.

COPING OUT

Copeless People have tiny little hands, tiny little feet, a hang-dog expression; man, they sure look beat—and everybody who sees them says the same thing: "I know just how they feel." A 21"-high soft-sculpture man, woman or T-shirted students sells for \$15, postpaid, sent to Copeless, Box 918, Madison Square Station, New York, New York 10010. Or, if you're feeling *truly* copeless, there's the 52"-high male Copeless fellow who goes for \$45. Prop him up in your office chair the next time you're going to be late from a martini lunch and see if the boss even notices that you're gone.

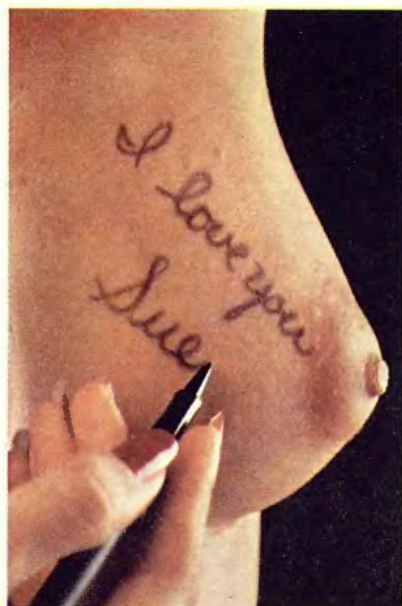


PLAYING TAX GAMES

We won't guarantee that a new board game called Ax Your Tax that was created by two retired IRS agents will improve your next year's Infernal Revenue return, but we do know that at least you won't go broke for real, even if you lose. The game that Howard Jarvis, famed founder of California's Proposition 13, calls "instructive and fun" is available for \$16.95, postpaid, from Ax Your Tax, Inc., 8383 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 1001, Beverly Hills, California 90211. It includes a playing board, an appeal wheel, decision dials, tax cards and lots of funny money, of course. Sorry, taxpayers, no GET OUT OF JAIL FREE cards are included.

WRITE ON!

The wisest \$1.95 you'll ever spend may well go for a copy of *Graphology for Lovers*, a just-published paperback by Frances A. Rockwell from Signet/New American Library. Flip through the book and you'll learn if bad writing means bad character; whether or not your lover is narrow-minded or broad-minded from the width of letters; how sympathetic someone is from the degree of word slant; and whether or not he's a spendthrift or a saver from the size of the margins. And there's even a chapter describing what you can learn from how someone addresses an envelope. That's all fine and dandy, but what if your girlfriend can't write?



CONDOMINIUM CONSPIRACY (continued from page 204)

"The banks are behind this process; they're underwriting it, pushing it, profiting from it."

making millions for not much service. Why should they make so much for doing so little, for running few risks? Five, don't let the developers buy a lot of units in their own projects. That perverts the supply-and-demand question. It gives the impression that the units are selling out faster than the public is actually demanding. It also lets the developer hold a large body of units for speculation, and can give him control of the condo association itself."

The developer concludes: "Selling condominiums is a slam dunk right now. It's easy. But it's the result of some deliberate, man-made decisions that created a middleman and hurt rental housing. *Taxes and credit are man-made.* Remember that. And now," he says, smiling, "after all I've told you, I guess you could make it hard for me to get my next loan."

Did you ever do everything right and still lose? Most of the people who lived in the lovely old apartment building on North Commonwealth Avenue in Chicago feel they did. They've moved out because their building is being converted from rental to condominium. It was sold last spring to a developer for a little over \$2,000,000. It will be sold to the public, if things go according to plan, for a little over \$4,000,000. That should make some nice profits for some of the professionals involved in condominium conversion. But it doesn't do much for the folks who were living there.

The funny thing is that when the people who were renting in the building got together in an attempt to buy it themselves, they did all the right things. They hired a good lawyer and kept communications open with the bank that was handling the sale and put down earnest money and made a very nice bid on the property. And when the bank, as representatives of the estate that owned the building, went ahead and sold to a professional developer anyway, the people tried to buy the building from him. No deal. So the people moved.

Sure, they could've stayed—if they had trusted the developer, and if they could've accepted the prices being asked when they compared those prices with their own appraisals. But the ex-residents of North Commonwealth had done their homework and they knew hyperinflation when they saw it. Now, after the fact, they're angry and discouraged, most of them, and they feel as if a system rolled over them without cause.

Robin Baugher watched her husband-to-be and his fellow tenants come to-

gether and grow as a community while they planned and worked carefully to buy the building. For a relatively young woman, Baugher has been around: graduate of Stanford, speechwriter in Nixon's White House, a former businesswoman; she's now a writer and publicist for Chicago's WTTW/Chicago Public Television station.

"We did everything right," she says. "*Caveat emptor?* We were wary. We checked everything out. Our attorney explained each step to us along the way, and he made it clear that he was in constant touch with the bank. But I don't think the bank ever took us seriously. We were all just crushed at the end. It was a blow to all of us—and to the myth that in America you can supposedly accomplish things through the system by hard work and cooperative planning. We got together; we were careful; we didn't want something for nothing; we were willing to bid more than anyone else for the property; but we lost."

Camille Weiss was one of the first people in the building to start organizing the tenants. She's still participating in the battle, along with Stan Hallett and others, from her new quarters in the same area. "We offered a bid with a floor of \$2,025,000 and a ceiling of \$2,325,000," she says. "We were ready and willing to top any bid up to the ceiling we placed. In addition, 30 out of the 42 apartments were presold—that is, that many tenants were willing to buy there and stay. And we had a list of more than 30 other people who were interested in buying the 12 units left. We gave the bank a certified check for \$25,000 as earnest money, and the bank assured us all the way along that our bid was in an acceptable form—until we were told that we would not be awarded the contract and that our bid was *not* in proper form. It seemed odd to us that a developer got the building for about \$2,210,000 when we were willing to bid higher. OK," says Weiss, "we felt we'd been treated unfairly, but we went ahead and offered to buy the developer out immediately, giving him a \$200,000 to \$300,000 profit. But we were turned down by him, too. It's been a calamitous event for every one of us involved."

Calamitous seems to be the right word to describe what the ex-Commonwealth tenants endured. One lady checked into a hospital the day after she moved—exhausted from the entire procedure. The wife of a couple who had lived in the building for 30 years said on her moving day, "It's like being evicted."

The list goes on and on: survivors of a small war, each feeling the effects in a personal way.

Mary Ann English moved after living in the building on Commonwealth for 28 years. At the age of 82, she's bouncy and strong, a lady who jogs and swims and speaks Italian and does volunteer work. She knew that her cash demands would more than double if she had to buy a condominium, and she knew the odds on an older person's trying to negotiate a 30-year mortgage. So she sold a lot of her valuable furniture—antique wigstands, a Duncan Phyfe table, old English china, pressed glass—and she left the building.

But not before a relative of the developer offered to take her antiques off her hands for bargain-basement prices: five dollars for some Japanese hanging screens worth at least \$500, \$50 for the Duncan Phyfe table. Mary Ann English declined to sell her life's collection that way. "I think they were just insensitive," she says. "But I do remember that every time I saw one of those real-estate people, they would smile and say, 'Don't forget to sell us your things.'"

In his book *The Builders*, Martin Mayer quotes Samuel LeFrak: "'On Wall Street, they have bulls and bears. In real estate, we have pigs.'"

Mayer's point has to do with profits: "There has been," he states, "entirely too much money to be made in real estate in America." In 1977, Mayer says, an estimated 150 billion dollars' worth of residential real estate changed hands. There were some 3,000,000 salespeople who made five billion dollars or so in residential sales commissions.

One year later, industry spokesmen report that the amount of residential property changing hands *doubled*, to 306 billion dollars. And that figure does *not* include sales of condominiums!

Where is all that money coming from? And what's going to happen to us if it continues that way?

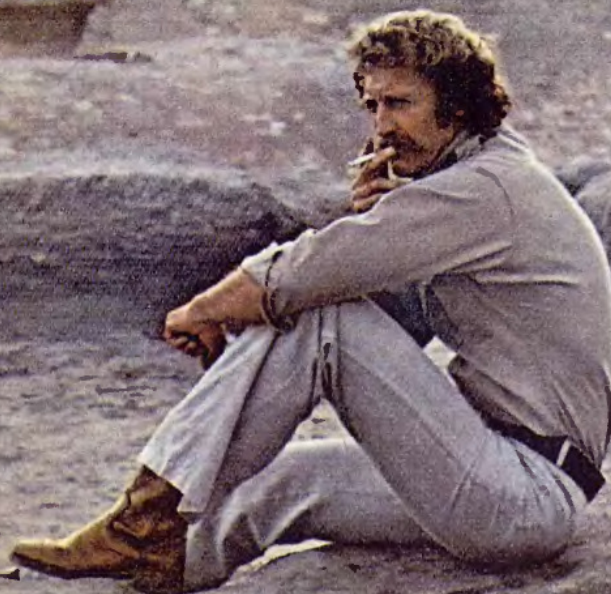
Gradually, a pattern emerges. Some of the developers admit certain facts: Yes, the banks and savings-and-loan service corporations lend most of the money; yes, sometimes they offer developers between 90 and 100 percent financing; yes, there are points on top of points and fees on top of fees; yes, "gap," or "bridge," loans—loans to tide a person over for a short time on a project—come with extremely high interest rates; yes, the end loans to consumers to help them buy their units are often highly leveraged at 80-90 percent of the purchase price; yes, those consumers are frequently steered to the particular bank that has helped finance the developer; finally, as everyone knows, yes, the interest rates to the public are high and people are locking themselves into expensive money for a lot of years.

"But if you attack bank underwriting,"

Discover Camel Lights satisfaction.

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This is where it all started. Camel quality, now in a rich tasting Camel blend for smooth, low tar smoking. Camel Lights brings the solution to taste in low tar.



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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

a highly placed real-estate executive advises, "you might be made to look foolish. It's hard to get adequate information. The banks won't disclose a thing. And if you try to suggest that their interest rates are too high on some loans, all they'll have to do is claim that the rates go according to the risk. Don't forget, in many states, there are no usury-law limits in loans to corporations."

"Who's talking about attacking bank underwriting?" you ask. "Consumers sometimes don't seem to understand how much it costs to get the condo conversion

financed. But the consumer ends up paying those costs. They are passed on to him. How about simply describing what's happening?"

The real-estate executive smiles. "In that case," he says, "shut the door."

With the world safely closed out, the man begins to tell how the condo-conversion process really works.

"The banks," he says, "are the culprits in this condominium thing. *Culprits* is a strong word, but I've got to use it. I've been in this business for 30 years and I've never seen anything like this. The

banks and savings and loans are giving 100 percent financing to their favorite developers. The moneylenders are making 18 to 20 percent on interim financing. Sometimes more. But what's their exposure? What's their risk? It bothers me that in a panic situation, when the risk is low, the banks still charge such high interest rates on their interim loans. They're essentially charging what the market will bear. And they're making end loans to consumers who're having a hell of a time keeping up with inflation. I really question whether people will be able to meet their payments as the cost of living keeps climbing."

He goes on to explain that when a rental building is being converted to condominium, the banks figure they'll get a minimum of 40 percent of the tenants in the building to buy. Those are forced sales, in a sense, because there's not much of a choice in high-occupancy areas. The tenants are somewhat captive. The bank gets 40 percent of the tenants and it can figure 20 percent on top of that sold to speculators. With 60 percent sold, the bank is going to get its money. But *still* they're charging very high rates on their loans.

"Listen, the profits in this conversion business are enormous," he says. "I could show you buildings we've done: millions of dollars in a few months. In and out. But what about the consumer who buys? Does he know what he's doing? I'm not sure. Consumers hear so much about the tax savings on condos that they forget to calculate the costs on a strict dollar basis, a cash-flow basis. What happens if energy and maintenance costs go way up, as they seem sure to? Will those people who buy into old buildings, or poorly constructed new buildings, be able to afford the monthly cash demands?"

"There should be," says the real-estate executive, "a limit to the number of speculators who can invest in a building: You know, some groups of investors buy 50, 60, 70 units at a time. Then they hold them—sometimes unoccupied—for price appreciation. That's got to go. It throws supply and demand out of kilter."

"I think there should be a law requiring 35 percent tenant approval before a building can go condo. And I think there should be a rule that nonresidents can't sit on a building's association. Sometimes these developers control a building by controlling the association. They have proxies, or they own units on spec. It can make life tough when you're living in a building and the association is controlled by the developer."

"One thing's for sure," he says. "The public needs to be educated. They need help. It's like anything else—there's good news and bad news. Until now, people have been hearing only the good news. Or no news at all."

Later that day, a haunted, furtive man,

"WHY I WON'T SELL CONDOS"

pay attention—here's a real-estate agent with a pitch you probably won't hear again

Something has to be said, and there's at least one person in the business willing to say it. He's a real-estate agent who used to work for a Chicago-based company, one of the biggest condo converters in the country. Now he's on his own in another city. He faced this question of condominiums before most of us had thought about them, because he had the chance to market condominiums for his former firm just as they were starting to take off in price appreciation. This man refused to sell condos.

"You must've been seen as really square," he's told.

"Oh, I was, I was," he says, smiling. "You wouldn't believe the profits in those condo sales. When we went into Cleveland, we were offered a free trip to London if we sold *two* units. There was more money floating around than the real-estate salespeople knew what to do with. But I thought then—and I think now—that condos are a risky investment when compared with other property. Such as owning your own single-family dwelling or a brownstone or three-flat or co-op. There's something safer and cleaner about owning your own property *in total*—land and building and all."

"The first big problem with condominiums is the assessments. Those are the fees charged for maintenance and management, repairs, energy costs, things like that. It's not unusual for a person to buy into a condo and find that the assessments go up very fast, often every year, with special assessments thrown in at times for major repairs to something like the roof or the boiler. Now, we're talking about cash out of your pocket, money already taxed, understand. The cash-flow demands for a condominium owner have to be at least twice what they are for a renter. Those assess-

ments can end up being many times what was originally estimated, and there are cases where people have already extended themselves to buy the unit and have trouble meeting those rising cash demands.

"There's another problem with the assessments. If you took that monthly assessment fee and multiplied it by 12 and put that money into your own house, you'd really be making some major improvements to your residence on a dollar-for-dollar basis. But a lot of the assessment dollars you pay in a condominium don't necessarily accrue to you as direct benefits. They go into the common elements of the building, or for security or management, and benefit you generally but not always specifically. And the timing of those assessments is not up to you exclusively."

"I think people have a very naïve vision of life in condos. It's too bad they aren't better informed about some of the problems. For example, it is not by definition easier living. It is not carefree. Far from it. You have to spend time, and lots of it, on management and budgeting, sometimes battling with your neighbors over who's to pay for what. It's often more complicated living in a condominium than in your own single-family house."

"In a high-rise condominium, every floor is a neighborhood. How do you control your environment? What happens if your floor happens to have some difficult people on it? Either you have to have an association that runs a building very tightly, in which case you might lose some of your freedom, or you have to live with renters and speculators and other people who may not have the interests of the building at heart."

"So I simply won't sell condominiums. They're just not as great as they're cracked up to be." —ASA BABER

a real-estate developer who has done substantial dealing with the big banks, describes the dynamics of one particularly memorable gap loan, a six-way real-estate deal that required \$1,000,000 for two days. For various reasons, the money could be borrowed only at a certain bank. That bank charged ten percent interest—*per day*. That's \$200,000 interest for the use of \$1,000,000 for two days. Calculate that on an annual basis and it comes to 3650 percent interest.

Could that be true? Those are Mafia juice rates. Bankers don't charge rates like that, do they? Banking is stolid and conservative, isn't it?

The question is put to someone in the very bank under discussion, a high-grade, high-legal-lending-limit officer. "Are those kinds of lending rates possible?" he is asked.

"Yes, they're possible," the man says. "There are no usury laws in business loans to corporations in this state. Those figures don't surprise me.

"We're a very aggressive bank when it comes to real estate. The man in charge of real-estate lending here has a legal limit of \$100,000,000—per loan application. Now, that \$100,000,000 legal limit applies to all the grade-nine officers in our bank. They're the highest.

"You have to understand that we are a very big bank. To give you some idea of our size, we purchase about three billion dollars in funds *every day*. That's a lot. And we're very positive on real-estate loans. We don't turn many down."

"Sounds like a case of a bank in step with the times: disco banking, go-go financing, doesn't it?" you say.

The man laughs. "It depends," he says, "on who you talk to."

One person well worth talking with is Julien Studley, experienced hand in real estate and president of his own realty company in New York City. Studley has some interesting remarks to make about banks and condominiums.

After first pointing out how the tax laws force the rental landlord to sell to a developer, Studley compares the condominium market to other examples of rampant speculation—tulips in 17th Century Holland, for example. Then he launches into straight talk about banks.

"Most banks are unsophisticated real-estate lenders," he says. "Just look how poorly real-estate investment trusts managed by banks have done compared with those managed by insurance companies. Banks usually put their foot in it on real-estate loans. A bank gets into a relationship with a developer, and if the guy doesn't default on his first loan, there's a geometrical increase in the loans the bank will give him. They push more and more dollars at him. In terms of sheer size and activity, it becomes uncontrollable. Banks can't stay on top of expanding real-estate companies. And

those real-estate companies quickly grow too large to be managed efficiently.

"Let me ask you: How do you as an individual businessman make smart, detailed decisions on 300 projects? You can't. Things expand too rapidly and you lose control.

"Condominiums in New York haven't really taken hold yet. We've got more protection against that kind of speculation here. We've got a 35 percent tenant-approval rule, and rent control, and two-year leases. And a lot of co-ops, which are more solid financially.

"You see, progressive government in the cities can make a difference. I'm one of those people who argue that controls work in favor of the honest developer as well as the consumer. You have a more orderly market. There's planning, not panic, and you protect the rights of the community. In the long run, the little guy is going to get hurt in a highly speculative market. Condos are here to stay, but I would hope there could be some controls over them for the sake of the consumer."

But after digging like a miner, after reading and researching and talking with literally hundreds of people, you finally begin to understand that the system is not set up for the sake of the consumer. There's too much money at stake.

A conversation from the first days of research keeps coming to mind, a conversation that took place during that ride with the real-estate saleslady along Chicago's condominium-studded Lake Shore Drive. She was asked to stop the

car in front of one particular construction project. "I hear the developer has a profit margin of \$100,000 per unit in this one," her passenger muses.

"That's what I heard, too," she says, nodding. "But I have to add that the average developer doesn't make that much per unit. We figure maybe 12 to 14 percent profit per unit on most of our conversions."

"That's big buildings and lots of units?"

"Yes," she says.

"And the big boys? There are five or six developers who get a great amount of the business. What are their profits?"

"I can't tell you," she says. Then, after a pause, she continues. "Let's put it this way: The big condo developer makes more than the highest-paid corporation president in the country."

It takes a moment for that last statement to sink in—time for the mind to thumb through memories of corporate compensation as listed in the business magazines. "Doesn't the highest-paid corporate president get something like \$2,000,000 a year?"

"Right," the lady says.

"And you're saying that each of the big Chicago condo developers makes more than that?"

"Yes. We're talking about the big boys now—the ones who do the major buildings in the best neighborhoods. It's the same in the other cities where condos are really big. There's a lot of money in this business."

A lot of money. Enough so that underneath, the forces at work in condominium conversions seem more—well, more



violent than they appear on the surface.

The concept of violence first comes to mind during a luncheon with a developer. The conversation at lunch isn't violent—that's not the point. The luncheon is almost comic in its politeness and understatement. The developer is relatively young—in his 30s—and carries hints of Old World elegance as he talks. He is well dressed and logical and totally self-satisfied. He smokes cigarettes with only slightly affected gestures as he tells about success stories in condominiums, about how much the consumers who bought at the right time have made on

their investments—a building that went from \$45 a square foot to \$165 a square foot in five years; another building bought for \$20,000,000 in 1974 that has appreciated to \$40,000,000 today.

At first, the talk is all about the profits of the individual condo-unit owners. No mention is made that those are mostly profits on paper or that equivalent property was going up at the same rate. Little is said of profits to the developers. And, as always, nothing is said of the risk that has been shifted to the public.

The developer is an apologist, pure and simple, and it is amusing to listen

to his rationale. This developer, for example, was a recent participant in a large condo-conversion project, a deal that involved the building's changing hands three times in one day, going from an initial selling price of \$39,000,000 in the morning, through another offer of \$41,000,000 midday, to a final sale of \$42,500,000 that evening. Monopoly for real. Pass Go and pass it fast. Trade buildings like kids trade marbles.

This developer has also paid some mighty high interest rates on loans from one special bank to his corporation. He understands the condominium market—

THE CONDO TAKE-OVER: A CITY-BY-CITY SURVEY

"There's been a big upswing in conversions nationally. Nobody knows the exact figures, but we do think it's making a bad rental-housing situation worse, and it's displacing increasing numbers of the young and the elderly."

The speaker is Phil Corwin, aide to Senator Harrison Williams of New Jersey, commenting on what was learned during the recent hearings on condominium and rental housing conducted by the Senate Subcommittee on Housing and Urban Affairs (and chaired by Senator Williams). As Corwin says, it's impossible at this point to be precise about the number of condominium conversions taking place around the country. Until the Census Bureau begins keeping track in 1980, the only remotely comprehensive figures available are those prepared by the real-estate industry itself—an unsatisfactory situation, at best.

Most of the following figures, then, are estimates—and probably conservative ones—taken from a study made by Advance Mortgage Corp. and Citicorp Real Estate, Inc., in conjunction with the Community Associations Institute of Washington, D.C. The estimates are projected through 1979. But even these figures from selected major markets make one thing abundantly clear—the condominium movement is already a national problem.

ATLANTA: The condo market started in early 1978, and several developers from other cities are already setting up operations here. The city has an estimated 6000–8000 condo units at present, and Citicorp reports that a 90-unit building sold out in 30 days, at prices of \$50,000–\$70,000. Prices increased \$8000 during that one-month selling period.

BOSTON: Almost all major downtown buildings have been converted, and a suburban mid-rise will sell out 150 units in six months at \$60 to \$70 a square foot. Rental occupancy (the

percentage of available rental housing that is occupied) is above 90 percent, and waterfront condo prices generally are between \$100,000 and \$200,000.

CHICAGO: The condominium capital of the country. Since 1973, an estimated 88,500 units have been converted in the city and nearby suburbs and more developers have filed declarations of intention to convert.

CLEVELAND: One of the next cities targeted by the major converters, with several high-rises in the better locales already going condo this year. Frank Kuznik, associate editor of *Cleveland Magazine*, says: "The developers are hitting this town like Gang Busters. I learned that in the buildings under conversion, the banks were sending representatives over to set up shop right there in order to provide end loans for the public."

DALLAS/FORT WORTH: According to the Citicorp study, only 3000 units have been converted from rental to condo. But other sources tell us that rental occupancy runs about 96 percent and that about 2000 condominium units have come onto the market this year alone.

DENVER: Citicorp estimates that about 12,000 units have gone condo since 1976 and some 6000–8000 units have been converted this year. Most of them have already sold out.

DETROIT: Detroit has an estimated 3500 condo units, all strictly suburban. But the word in the real-estate industry is that investors and developers from other cities will be invading the city soon, with plans to turn it into a major condo market.

HOUSTON: "Most good locations have converted," says Citicorp. That means an estimated 13,500 units since 1977, with high-rises selling out in eight months or less.

LOS ANGELES/ORANGE COUNTY: "Buying fever broke out in 1978," reports Citicorp. "Five-hundred-unit projects are fully reserved in one or two week-

ends, go up \$15 a square foot between weekends. . . . Long waiting lists, many speculator and 'double-escrow' buyers. . . . The most readily convertible buildings have been converted." Condos now make up approximately half the for-sale market.

MIAMI/FORT LAUDERDALE: Florida started condos early, went through a slump and now seems to be back with a hot market. Citicorp estimates only 4000 condo units in Miami/Fort Lauderdale, but that probably doesn't take into account a number of vacation and time-sharing sales.

MINNEAPOLIS/ST. PAUL: "Suburban market," according to Citicorp. "Running out of large buildings." An estimated 6500 units have been sold, with a possible new twist being applied by some developers: For not much money down, they'll sell buyers the airspace—and keep the land for themselves.

NEW YORK CITY: "Demand described as hysteria," reports Citicorp. "Manhattan conversions sell out when offering is filed. Good Manhattan buildings average 80 percent tenant purchase." Condos are big in the suburbs, but co-ops are a much bigger item in the city itself.

SAN DIEGO: Condos account for about 40 percent of the for-sale market, with many conversions selling instantly. An estimated 7500 units have been sold.

SAN FRANCISCO: There's enormous demand for housing as people want to come back to the city. "Prime downtown and BART locations go for up to \$200,000," reports Citicorp. Rental occupancy is up to 97 percent and approximately 10,000 units have been converted to condo.

SEATTLE: Rental occupancy is 98 percent. Condos sell out in two to four months; Citicorp estimates that 7000 units have already been sold.

—A. B.

and is preparing to get out of it now that public awareness is increasing.

The beat goes on as the man makes excuses for manipulative developers. He scoffs at the financial ignorance of the public. If they are gullible, that's their problem. Everything is softly said, but there is a violence behind the words that cannot be totally hidden.

"People only have one right—to survive," the man says. "That's it. Everything else has to be worked out. For example, there's too much talk about the displacement of the elderly in this condominium question."

"What about the lady who's lived in a rental building for 30 years and then gets condoed out?" he is asked.

"She should've thought about saving her money so she could buy a unit," the developer answers. "People have to learn how to handle their money." Other thoughts follow. Their bottom line is that no culture, community or people deserves much protection. "You know," the man says, "the Depression was good for people. It cleaned the system out. People started doing an honest day's work again."

The young man goes on pontificating. For a moment, his suit seems to change colors and a cap appears on his head and strange insignias like lightning bolts adorn his lapels. But, no, that's just the wine at lunch, isn't it?

This young man, a millionaire, darling of the banks, product of the tax system that created him and protects him from too much competition, a developer and converter and financial analyst, born to privilege and high circumstance—this man has one simple message: Base your economic system on human greed and let the chips fall where they may. Don't regulate or interfere or modify. Don't stifle your civilization with safeguards for the incompetent or the untutored. *Let money be made.*

Well, the condominium movement is about as pure an example of what that developer wants as you can find. There may be a few cities where condominiums have been regulated—San Francisco and New York, for example—but, in general, condos have hit fast and hard at the basic living arrangements of many metropolitan centers. The change has been rapid and thorough in certain neighborhoods. And no matter how you justify it, such change is violent to the people affected, to the ones who have to move out, to the ones forced to buy in order to live where they have been renting.

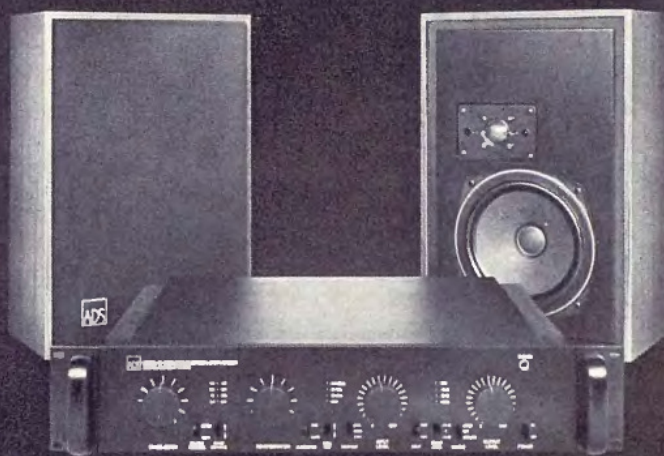
Viewed cynically, and perhaps also realistically, the advent of condominiums and the conversion of rental housing is one of the bigger scams of the century. Rental buildings that have run out of usefulness in terms of tax depreciation

and that will be costing more and more to maintain and heat and cool are being sold by privileged middlemen to the public. These middlemen exist because tax laws make ownership of rental property (and renting itself) less advantageous, discourage competition and inhibit rental landlords from converting to condos themselves. The middlemen turn the buildings over to the public at enormous profits, leaving the consumers with all the risks. A lot of money is borrowed, a lot of property changes hands, and all the responsibility is shifted to an unwary public that may very well be unable to afford such risks. To make matters worse, the public is being financed with

the same tactics that brought us the stock-market crash of 1929—high margins and small down payments.

"NEW AREAS SEEN 'RIPE' FOR CONDOS," reads a headline in the *Chicago Sun-Times* on June first of this year. The article quotes Richard Impson, resident vice-president of Chicago Title Insurance Company. He predicts that the condo-conversion glacier is going to spread to most mid-sized Midwestern cities, the sun belt and the mid-Atlantic states. "The developer who has mastered conversion techniques in one city," says Impson, "should find that they work equally well in other areas of the country." He suggests that money is there for the developer,

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*Quoted by permission, *Stereo Review*, April 1979, and *The Complete Buyer's Guide to Stereo/Hi-Fi Equipment*, November 1978.



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Impson's prediction seems to wrap up the question of whether or not condos are here to stay and whether or not they are going to touch our lives. It seems clear that the moneylenders will be financing certain developers to the hilt and that the condominium movement could sweep like a fever from city to city, region to region.

A conversation comes to mind—the conversation with the ex-newspaperman who mentioned the name of Diogenes. Now, after all the research, it makes perfect sense. There are a few honest people, to be sure—the very fact that this article was able to be written attests to that.

But after looking into the condo business, this Diogenes feels a great deal of cynicism. America does not seem unique or unspoiled or simple now. Whatever experiment was being conducted by Thomas Jefferson and company some 200 years ago seems to have been sullied by bigness, complexity, bureaucracy.

Despite our 20th Century surfaces, we are much like 16th Century Italy with its city-states, street violence, bright music and art, Machiavellian leaders and, most appropriately of all, brilliant financial advisors who seem to have had only their own limited interests at heart.

From *Power & Imagination*, by Lauro Martines:

The fiscal institutions of the Italian city-states were bewilderingly complex. They reflected the genius of urban politics, with its attendant stresses and deceptions, and they expressed the intricacies and expedients of the urban mind. Commune and city-state were a moneylender's paradise; this affected the institutions of public finance in their essence. Merchants and their many converts among noblemen wanted returns even on their tax disbursements. Whenever possible, therefore, taxes due were turned in large part into loans. By the middle of the 13th Century, credit and its mechanisms governed the fiscal proceedings of the larger communes; auditing and tax collection were centralized in the course of the 14th and 15th centuries; and the public finance of the modern state was born.

What this paragraph just said, of course, is that the vehicles of taxes and credit that confuse so many of us, and that have brought us condominiums whether we like them or not, have been around in sophisticated forms for several hundred years. We are up against a bewildering array of subtle and clever systems that have been used for centuries to control economies and help a few people make a lot of money. There's nothing new in that.

What is new for us as Americans, and

what we have such trouble dealing with, is that our modern-day Medici princes defend what they do in the name of "free enterprise." They claim to be protecting a system of private property. Yet, as we have seen with the condominium question, in a certain sense there is no more private property. Tax laws invade our privacy and legislate what we may or may not do with our resources. Competition is limited by rules. Creditors take advantage of these limitations (and may, indeed, have something to do with structuring them—but that's another story). The institutions that control us are shrewd enough to operate under the flag of freedom while they limit our options, hand us illusions and leave us with debts. And if we oppose the controls that are slamming down like guillotine blades all around us, we are then asked, How is it possible for us to challenge "freedom," and do we want to hand our lives over to a controlled economy? The argument is maddening.

If things are allowed to proceed as they have been, and if we are gullible enough to accept the definitions handed us, then maybe one day we will have to buy a table to eat at in a *restaurantinium* and a shelf to own in a *groceryinium* and a bed to die in at a *hospitalinium*; we will have the illusion of ownership and we will talk a lot about how much we are worth on paper; we will spend some of our private time, if there is any, wondering why a special class of middlemen has come and gone, leaving us to run things, and why the bankers seem interested only in prompt payment, and why the tax laws are so complicated and arbitrary; we will comfort ourselves with the belief that we are a people of property, but we will be calling the IRS every other day to find out what we can do with that property (the IRS, by the way, will not have to be responsible for the answers it gives us at the time or for the statements printed in its publications); we will be caught in the middle of markets that ride up and down like a roller coaster, but only the most expert among us will be able to predict the next rise or fall with any accuracy; and through it all, we will be told to just relax and enjoy the freedom that is our birthright.

Thomas Pynchon wrote about economic systems in *Gravity's Rainbow*: "A market need no longer be run by the Invisible Hand, but could now create itself—its own logic, momentum, style, from inside. Putting the control inside was ratifying what *de facto* had happened—that you had dispensed with God. But you had taken on a greater, and more harmful, illusion. The illusion of control."

That's not a bad description of the condominium market today.



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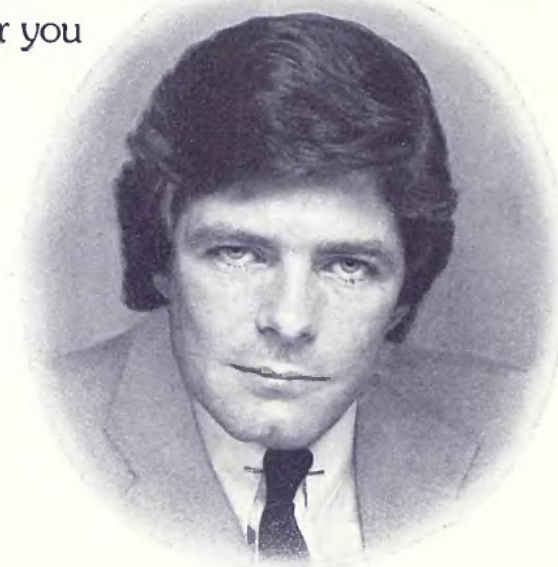


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P-119

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"When we first met, it took only two to tango."

LOVE ON THE LINE

(continued from page 171)

"No, no, I didn't mean to imply that I—"

"Don't mind me, Richard, I was just teasing." She paused. "I'm sorry. I guess I'm just a bit put off by not having gotten that job, that's all."

"I understand, Zoe." He cleared his throat. "Perhaps I can help. If you're free Friday evening, I'd love to ask you out for din—"

"Wait a second," she hissed. "What's that?"

"What's what?"

"I hear breathing."

"Ah, yes," I chimed in, "that must be me."

"Who's that?"

"My name is Harry. I seem to have ended up in the wrong conversation. Unless, of course, one of you happens to be Andy Reiman pretending not to be."

Zoe laughed. "I don't think so. My name's Zoe and that's Richard."

"I'm very pleased to meet you. This conversation is much better than talking to Andy, anyway." I paused. "I gather you're English."

"My mother is. But I've been in this country for the past seven or eight years, since I began college here."

"Excuse me, Zoe, I wanted to ask you—"

"Not now, Richard. We can talk about it afterward."

"Where'd you go to college?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm almost embarrassed to say."

"Finch," said Richard, maliciously.

"You mean the place where Tricia Nixon went?"

"No need to rub it in," said Zoe. "But there I was, a proper English girl, from a proper English family, so the situation did seem to call for a proper finishing school." She sighed dramatically. "So here I am, an unfinished woman, unable to find myself a proper job."

"Yes," I said, "I just heard about your last interview."

"It's awful," she said. "Until recently, I did have a job with one of the local television stations, but it was simply hateful, so I quit. Now I'm almost sorry I did."

"Which station?"

"Listen, Zoe," cut in Richard sullenly, "I'm getting off. Maybe we can speak later."

"Oh, OK, Richard, we'll speak soon." She paused a beat. "Are you still there, Harry?"

But at that instant, Richard placed his receiver back in the cradle and the line, *our* line, went stone-dead.

The woman in the placement office at Finch College was baffled by my

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request. "You want to see the college yearbooks for the past three years?"

"Yes, if I could."

"May I ask why?"

"Well, I'm not sure you'll understand." But looking at her sitting there, plump and grandmotherly, pink-checked and wet-eyed, I suspected she might, especially if I were kind to poor Richard in the telling. Ten minutes later, I was sitting at a table in the corner, poring over pages of photos of Finch graduates.

There were, if the photos were to be taken at face value, more than a few Finchies I'd have gladly pounced upon, but there were precious few Zoes among them. Indeed, I was well into my second yearbook before I found my first—but she appeared to have been worth the wait. Zoe Dickinson, posed primly over the legend I'VE COME A LONG WAY, BABY, was a knockout, in a blonde, clear-eyed kind of way; I could not imagine her speaking with anything *but* an English accent.

Still, with Woodward and Bernstein just then very much in the air, I felt compelled to press on. It was a wise decision, for toward the end of the third volume, I discovered a second Zoe. From her photo, which featured lively dark eyes and a mischievous smile, Zoe Ann Weinbaum appeared to be a good deal sassier than Zoe Dickinson. Indeed, that smile seemed to match perfectly the spirit of that wonderful disembodied soul I'd encountered on the telephone.

"Excuse me," I said to the lady in the alumni office, "I was wondering if you could give me some information on a couple of Finch graduates."

The woman, who looked alarmingly like Miss Grundy in *Archie* comics, eyed me severely. "And who might you be?"

So I smiled, charmingly, I thought, and repeated my story. "And so you see," I concluded, "there seems to be fate at work here."

"Young man," said Miss Grundy, "I

don't give a crap about fate."

"But don't you see—"

"I don't want to hear any more about it," she cut me off. "We try to protect our girls from people like you." She examined me with contempt. "Next you'll be asking for Tricia Nixon's file."

A quick examination of the phone book revealed, alas, that neither of my Zoes was listed, leaving me with but one option: There are nine television stations in New York, and I began with Channel 2.

"WCBS-TV," answered the operator.

"Yes, I'm trying to reach Zoe Dickinson-Weinbaum. She doesn't work there anymore, but I was wondering—"

"Dickinson-Weinbaum? What kind of name is that?"

"Well, it might be Weinbaum-Dickinson. It's a married name."

"Do you know what department she's in?"

"No, I don't."

There was a five-second pause. "I'm sorry, sir, I don't find a listing under either of those names."

And so it went at station after station. I tried the names in several permutations, as Zoe Ann Weinbaum, as Z. A. Weinbaum-Dickinson, as Z. Ann Dickinson-Weinbaum; once, with Channel 5, I summoned up my most casual manner and said simply, "Hi, is Zoe there?"

It wasn't until I was down to Channel 11, WPIX, that things broke for me.

"Hello," I said to the operator, "this is going to be very complicated. I'm looking for someone named Zoe."

"Zoe? She's not here anymore."

I sat bolt upright. "Do you know how I can reach her?"

"I'll switch you to the promotion department. That's where she worked."

The lady in the promotion department knew all about Zoe—everything but her phone number; apparently, Zoe had been much sought after by ardent young men (a good sign, that) and had felt obliged to get an unlisted phone (a very bad sign). "But," the lady added cheerily, "I do have an address for her."

Thus it was that two hours later, I found myself before the door of a ground-floor Upper West Side apartment, dressed in a French tweed suit, a bottle of Moët under my arm. I knocked, the door opened and there stood Zoe herself: Zoe Dickinson.

"Hello, Zoe. I'm Harry."

She smiled, not primly at all, but joyously, eagerly, even lasciviously, precisely as I had imagined Zoe Weinbaum would smile. "Oh, God," she exclaimed, "I wouldn't have believed it! Do come in."



"You seem familiar. Haven't we slept together or something, someplace?"

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EXECUTIONER'S SONG (continued from page 194)

"She was suddenly suspicious, and had to ask, 'Gary, where in the hell did you get a lot of cash?'"

They parked. He got shifty in his seat and said he would take a leak. Then she could see him rummaging in the back of the truck. Looked like another pair of pants to her. He went off to the men's room. To herself, April was saying, "The FBI look in on houses to see if people are committing crimes. Through the TV, you know."

She tried to watch the movie while Gary was gone, but it made her think of the night she was raped. That was after walking through the street in Hawaii with the black dudes and the first one of the three said there was a party going on. Cocaine, and they would all get high. She'd had LSD already, and so was fascinated with the high-class looks of their pad, although the red couches aggravated the problem of her odor. She sweated when she sniffed Lady Snow and the odor was very bad. The black boy named Warren told her she stank, and she turned purple inside from those red couches and all those black people. Started to dance around. They asked her if she wanted a shower. She said yes. Then she was in the tub and wet and streaking through the place. She was naked, and she was dancing. "I think I'm a nymphomaniac," she said.

"You're a maniac?" they asked. She said it again slowly and they asked, "Info with a maniac?"

She replied haughtily, "You are trying to make myself and my face black."

She danced with them right on the floor and they danced her down to the floor and hurt her pretty bad. She was bleeding all over the place. Like a whore. Warren was forceful on cocaine, awful mean. Even when he relaxed, he was hard on her. She was hallucinating so bad that the one called Bob made his face come together at the top and the bottom while his nose wib-wobbled from side to side. One time, two times, three times, intercourse. Then they turned a light on and Bobby was sitting on the floor and said, "Why don't you sit on the couch? Get high. Don't think of yourself so low, you know?" Then he was on top of her and she was screaming to the song. The twist they gave was vertigo and she was a turntable with the motor started and Satan could dance in the whirlpool the table made.

Suddenly, she could see the movie she had been looking at. It wasn't *The Sterile Cuckoo*. It was *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.

All the kooks she had ever lived with

in the hospital were on the screen. Jack Nicholson bothered her enormously. He had a numb spot under his nose like the numb spot under her own nose. That reminded her of the blood on Gary's pants—it was in the stiff way Jack Nicholson walked.

Now Gary came back. She said, "Let's blow this place. I hate the movie. Fuck-er's freaking me out."

Gary looked disappointed. "This is one movie," he said. "I want to see again."

"You insane fool," she said, "don't you have any taste?"

At 11 o'clock in the evening, a man drove into the Sinclair service station at 800 North, 175 East in Orem and served himself 12 gallons of gas and one quart of oil. He couldn't find an attendant, so he left his business card with a description of what he had purchased. A little later, Robbie Hamilton, who lived in Tooele, Utah, stopped off. After filling his tank with gas, he went to the open door of the grease room and hollered, "Anybody home?" No answer, so he went back to the car. His wife told him to knock on the bathroom door. When he received no answer there, he pushed the door open a crack and saw a lot of blood. He did not enter. He just called the Orem City Police Department. It took them 15 minutes to find it. Being from Tooele, Mr. Hamilton did not know what street he was on and had to describe the location in general terms to the dispatcher.

6

John was back from the hospital and sleeping on the couch again. Brenda was ready to go to bed. There was a knock on the door. It was cousin Gary, with this strange little girl.

He said, "This is Nicole's sister January."

The girl got mad. She came alive for the first time.

"It's April," she said. Gary chuckled.

Brenda said, "Well, April, May, June or July, whatever your name is, I suppose I'm glad to meet you." Then she said to Gary, "What's wrong with her?" This girl looked awful.

"Oh," Gary said, "April's having flashbacks from LSD. She took it a long time ago, but it keeps catching up."

"She's sick, Gary," Brenda said. "She's awfully pale." At that point, the girl said she wanted to go to the bathroom. Following her, Brenda asked, "Honey, are you all right?"

The girl said, "I just feel sick to my stomach."

Brenda came out to Gary and said, "What's going on?"

He said nothing in reply. Brenda had the impression he was nervous but careful. Very nervous and very careful. He was sitting on the edge of his seat, as if to concentrate on every sound in the silence.

April came back and said, "Man, you really scare me when you act like that. I can't take it."

"What scared you, honey?" Brenda asked.

April said, "Gary really scares me."

He drew himself up then. "April, tell Brenda I didn't try to rape you, or molest you."

"Oh, man, you know I didn't mean that," April said. "You've been nice to me tonight. But, man, I really get afraid of you."

"Afraid of what?" asked Brenda.

"I can't tell you," April said.

There was something so broken-assed about it that Brenda was getting ill herself. "Gary, what have you done?" she asked. To her surprise, he winced.

"Hey," he said, "let's drop it. OK?"

Gary said, "Can I talk to you in the other room?" When he got her in the kitchen, he said, "Look, I know John is just back, and you guys won't be getting your check right away from the hospital insurance, so listen, Brenda, could you use fifty?"

"Gary, no," she said, "we've got groceries. We'll make it."

Gary said, "I really want to help."

Brenda said, "Honey, you are generous." She knew what he was up to, but she was moved in spite of herself. Ridiculously moved. She felt like crying at the fact that even in this phony way he could think of her a little. Instead, she said, "Keep your money. I want you to learn to handle it." Saying that, she was suddenly suspicious, and had to ask, "Gary, where in the hell did you get a lot of cash?"

"A friend of mine," said Gary, "loaned me four hundred for my truck."

"You mean you stole the money?"

"That's not very nice," he said.

"If I'm wrong," said Brenda, "then it's not very nice."

He took ahold of her face and kissed her on the brow and said, "I can't tell you what's going on. You don't want to be involved."

"All right, Gary," she said. "If it's that bad, maybe you shouldn't involve us."

"OK," he said, "fair enough." He wasn't angry. He took April and went to the truck. Picked April up by the elbows, so to speak, ushered her out.

Brenda found herself following. He



Rowland B. Wilson

*"It's none of my business, your Ladyship, but I'd say
your horse is about to throw a shoe!"*



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At camping, sporting goods and housewares stores.

had a half gallon of milk in the back of the truck and a bunch of clothes with a rag wrapped around them. She said, "Gary, you'll tip your milk over. Let me fix it."

He said, "Don't touch it. Leave it alone!"

"All right," Brenda said, "spill your milk. See if I care." After he drove off, she kept wondering what there was about the bunch of clothes that he hadn't wanted her to see.

Back on the road, Gary said to April, "No more riding around. I want a fancy place to sleep like the Holiday Inn." He turned onto the interstate and bore down the two miles to the next exit.

"I'm not going to fuck you," April said. "I'm feeling too paranoid."

"I've got to work in the morning," Gary informed her. "We'll get two beds."

III—THE MOTEL ROOM

1

At the far end of the bedroom, to one side of the far wall, was the only window and it looked out over the swimming pool. The window was sealed. Thus, there was an air conditioner installed beneath. On either side hung drapes made of a green-blue synthetic fabric. They were drawn apart by white vertical cords that passed around milk-colored plastic pulleys. Two black-leatherette barrel chairs and an octagon-shaped synthetic-walnut table sat in front of the window, and next to the table was a TV set on a swivel stand. Its chromium ball feet were set in plastic casters which buried themselves in a blue shaggy synthetic-fabric rug.

The beds on the opposite wall had headboards of synthetic walnut and their coverlets were of green-blue synthetic fabric. They gave off the same smell as the room. It was the odor of old air conditioners and old cigars.

Between the beds was an end table with a lamp and an octagonal glass ashtray that carried the green logo of Holiday Inn. A red light for messages kept flashing on the phone. Since it was on by error, it did not go off. Neither did the air conditioner. After a while, its hum vibrated in the bowels.

A strip of white paper was looped around the seat of the toilet bowl to certify that no one had sat there since the strip was placed in position. The toilet paper from the toilet-paper holder in the wall to the left of the toilet seat was soft and very absorbent, and would stick to the anus.

2

"April," Gary said, "are you going to tear that strip off the toilet, or do I have to?" She glowered at him and

threw the paper at the wastebasket.

"The world makes you work," she said, "because of the rich. Every organization is rich, you see."

"Man, you sure can talk," said Gary. He walked over and gave her a kiss.

She said, "Sissy. Sissy wouldn't like this." He walked away from her and took out a stick of pot. "I want some," said April.

He laughed and held it out of her reach. "Give us a kiss," he said.

"I can't kiss you because of Sissy," she said. "Sissy has vampires."

Gary lit the stick and took a puff. "A toke?" he asked. But when she came near, he held it out of her reach again.

Walking around the room, she started taking off clothes. She felt as if they were congesting her. First her peasant blouse, then her Levis. Walking around in her bra and her panties, she felt better. "Did you ever get up at four in the morning, Gary, and make cookies?"

He was lying on the bed and taking his time on the marijuana. He just waved a hand. Then he sat up and burped. A look of pain came over his face, and he reached for the milk and took a swig. "Hey, kid, let's unwind," he said. "I'll give you a massage and you give me one."

"The FBI," she said, "look in on houses to see if people are committing any crimes. They do it through the TV, you know." She lay back on the bed and the room was spinning. It was like a motel room she had gone to with a rich man. She had felt so alive that night because the plastic was so dead.

"Gary," she said, "give me a toke. I'm kind of messed up." He passed her the stick and she sucked in. She must have taken a trip, because there was Gary kissing her face, waking her up. "Leave me alone," she cried. When he gave her another kiss, she said, "Gary, you and Nicole were meant for each other."

"Nicole can get fucked."

Gary was sort of giving her a massage, walking behind her, right behind her, his legs locked with hers as if they were in prison lock step, and they walked around the room that way, with his thumbs massaging her shoulders and the back of her neck. After a little while, she began to feel very close to him and whispered, "It isn't very good for us to do that. Sissy wouldn't think that was very good." Gary would smack her from behind, or finger her panties, then he would growl in her ear like a lion. She'd think of rich men in motels and knock off his hand with her elbow. "Fuck you," she said. "Let me go to bed."

"We're sleeping standing up," he replied.

They were a king and a queen and she began to get pleased at the thought

of them sleeping each in a separate bed, but she knew she would go down into a sleep that gave a very heavy feeling, like pictures she had seen in the Bible of demons coming out of dark space to torment people on this planet and really tear us apart limb from limb. She could picture thousands in the sky coming down like eagles on mice.

Now she knew there was something wrong with the back massage. Gary had changed his personality. Gary, who was always so manly around her, more manly even than her father, had turned female and was crawling on her from behind with this back massage. If she would turn around and look at his face, she would see a woman. He was feeling her in order to feel his own breasts, his own belly. April could feel a woman behind her. That turned her off cold, man.

"Let's go to sleep," she said. He didn't fight. He got into his bed and she got into hers, and he turned out the lights and she lay down in the dark and looked up at the ceiling. The spackled plaster had sparkles of glass embedded to look like a thousand stars. She couldn't stand the smell in the room and turned on the lights. On the wallpaper just back of her was a landscape of palm trees and the ruin of a stone arch and, on a hill, an old Italian house. Long, skinny people wearing capes were walking around that countryside.

Gary said, "Turn off the light. I need my sleep."

She lay there some more, and he came over to her bed in the dark and tried to make her. She didn't know if he was serious or not. They just scuffled in the dark and he tore her underwear, but she held the pieces together and said, "No." She said, "Gary, I don't feel like doing this." She said, "Gary, you're losing your mind." She said, "Sissy. Sissy. Sissy wouldn't think this is very good." At last he gave up and she lay there in the dark. The room started coming back to her. She saw the room very clearly, like she was looking through a magnifying glass. "It's just one more night in a prison cell," she said to herself, "and I've been in prison all my life."

3

Deep down in sleep, the first thing Colleen knew was that somebody was knocking lightly on her door. It left her startled. She didn't know what time it was until she got up and passed the kitchen clock and saw it was two in the morning and Max was still away. Then she turned on the porch light and looked out the little window that was set in the door. What she saw made her very scared.

Outside were five men, and the first of them was President Kanin of her Stake.

He put his arm around her shoulder.

"Colleen," he said, "Max won't be home tonight."

She received a feeling that Max might never be home again.

"Is he dead?" she asked.

All five nodded.

She cried for a minute. It wasn't real to her.

At this point, one of the two men she didn't know said to President Kanin, "Will she be OK with you?" When the answer was yes, these two strangers left. She realized they were plainclothes policemen.

President Kanin helped her dial home. No one answered. She remembered her parents were camping and had left that morning, so she dialed Max's parents. They had also gone camping. Colleen thought of her cousins who lived across the street from her parents in Clearfield. They were home and said they'd drive right over. That would take an hour and a half.

President Kanin now asked her if there was somebody who could stay with her until the cousins arrived. She said there was a girl in the ward who lived two trailers down. They called and she came over. The three men left.

The girl stayed nearly two hours. They lay down beside each other on the bed and talked. Monica stayed asleep and Colleen was numb. She had no desire to see where they had taken Max's body. She did not feel like saying "Let me go to him." She just talked to her neighbor and it all seemed unreal. They would talk for a while, and then it would come back. It was a quarter to five when her relatives knocked on the door.

4

April had taken out her earring, and in the dark she was using it to stick herself. She had this dream that one day she was going to take an injection and end it all. She wanted to know what it felt like. So she kept trying the point of the earring post against her neck.

In the morning, while it was still kind of dark, Gary moved over to her bed again and tried one more time. Not that hard. Then he drank more milk. It certainly was love he needed more than sex, but April knew she could not let Sissy down, 'cause Sissy still loved him.

By 6:30, when Monica awoke in the dawn, Colleen was saying to herself that she was alive, and her baby was still alive, and the baby had to be nursed. It



"I hope the court will not consider it sexist of me to preface my motion with a reference to your Honor's charm and grace."

would be terrible to totally upset the baby. So she went in and greeted Monica with "Good morning" and picked her up and loved her and gave her a bath and got her ready for the day.

When the light came through the window, April and Gary dressed and he drove her home. As he dropped her off, he said, "April, whatever last night was like, I want you to remember that you'll always be my friend and I'll always care about you."

She went in the house and nobody was there. Kathyryne was off driving Mike to work and April started sweeping the floor. Right in the middle of it, she said out loud, "I'll never get married, never."

Kathyryne had stayed up all night waiting for Gary and April. By five, she must have fallen asleep, and then the alarm went off not long after. She had to take her son Mike up the canyon every morning to where he worked for the Forest Service, a 20-mile trip up twisting roads, and after a day and night of cigarette smoke, the fear in her lungs felt ready to whistle a storm with every breath. Then she came down the canyon to her house, walked in the door, and there was April enthroned like a zombie in the kitchen chair.

"Where in the hell have you been?" April did not answer. She just sat and

stared. "Were you," Kathyryne asked, "with that dirty crumb all night?" For all the easing of her fear, there was still no relief. She just felt sick. My God, April was in a trance. "Damn it," Kathyryne shouted, "did you stay with Gary all night?"

Suddenly, April screamed. "Leave me alone! Can't you leave me alone? I know nothing." She ran into the bedroom. "You're nosy," she cried from the other side of the door.

"I can't do anything about it," Kathyryne said to herself. She was just thankful the child was home. It was one more wall Kathyryne was holding up with her life.

IV—DEBBIE AND BEN

I

Debbie was five feet tall and didn't weigh a lot more than 100 pounds. Ben was 6'5" and weighed 190 when they were married. Two years later, he weighed 290 and looked big and fat and fine to Debbie. He was always going on a diet or splurging. He would lift barbells to try to keep in shape.

For a young Mormon couple, they lived well. They had steaks in the freezer, and loved to go out and get pizzas. They learned to make even better pizzas at home. Ben would cover every square inch with meat and cheese. They also

dressed well and they managed to meet a \$100 payment each month on their Pinto. Ben could have been the huge man who gets out of the little car in the TV commercial.

They worked hard, however. Ben kept trying to get back to his courses in business management at Brigham Young University, but it took two to three jobs a day, plus Debbie's managing a day-care center, in order to keep abreast of what they spent living happily with each other. So they hardly needed friends. They had their baby, Benjamin, who was their first priority, and they had each other. That was all of it. It was enough.

Debbie didn't know about matters outside the house. She knew a lot about plastic pants and disposable diapers and just about anything to do with children in the day-care center. She was terrific with kids and would rather mop her kitchen floor than read.

Before Benjamin was born, there was one stretch when Ben used to get up at four in the morning and drop Debbie at the day-care center at five. She would get play materials ready for the children who came in at seven, and by then, Ben would have driven to Salt Lake, where he managed a quick-food restaurant. That work began at six A.M., and he wouldn't get home until eight at night.



Then he got another job that began at noon in a chain called Arctic Circle. He would get home at two A.M. In the winter, it was rough when the roads were icy. Ben began to get a bad feeling about doing that 45-mile drive in each direction day and night.

When the position of manager at the City Center Motel came open, Ben leaped to take it. The job paid a minimum of \$150 a week, plus an apartment, but the business was there for him to build. It was not a new motel, and not on a highway, but at capacity, he could end up drawing as much as \$600 a week. In addition, they could have all the time together they wanted.

Their clientele was mostly parents coming up to visit their kids at BYU. If occasionally a couple looked like they weren't married, Debbie didn't exactly approve of it and tried to give them a nice noisy, dirty room.

The busiest time was at nine A.M., getting the maids out to work. They used to keep four chambermaids, who each had a certain number of rooms to do in a given time. If it took six hours but should have taken two, they got paid for two. Of course, if there was an extra mess, Ben made an adjustment. He was fair.

After a while, Debbie began to enjoy

motel work more than she'd expected. There was lots of time together. The job, however, was a little confining. They couldn't, for instance, leave the motel together unless they made arrangements in advance. That interfered with going out to a restaurant. It also rushed their dinner hour. Sometimes they had to eat a little too early.

All the same, time went by well. Ben got what social life he needed by going around town to drum up business. He wanted to get the name of the City Center Motel well known, so he worked out special arrangements with a few of the larger places. City Center was always the first small motel to put out a NO VACANCY.

Nor were they ever afraid of being robbed. Once in a great while, they talked about what they would do if they had to face a gun, and Ben would shrug. He said that a little bit of money wasn't worth, you know, risking your life for. He would do what the robber asked.

2

Craig Taylor heard about the service-station murder on the radio next morning while driving to work. His first thought was that Gary had done it. Then he thought he heard the announcer say Jensen had been killed with a .32. That gave him hope. The Browning Automatic was a .22.

At work, Gary seemed normal. It wasn't that he was relaxed, but he had been on edge since the day he broke up with Nicole. This morning he was just normally on edge.

Later that morning, Spencer McGrath got a call from a lady who said she had an apartment in Provo for Gilmore. If he was going to take the place, he had better come by around noon and give a deposit. Spencer felt that if there was any chance left for the guy, it was to get out of Spanish Fork and learn to live by himself. So he told Gary to take the afternoon off. It was the sad truth, Spencer decided, that he was happier when Gary wasn't around.

Craig didn't have a chance to talk about anything until right before the lunch break. But as they were slowing down about a quarter to 12, Gary said, "Want to pitch pennies?" With that, he pulled out a handful of change. It sat there in his palm, a mountain of change. After Gary left, Craig couldn't help but wonder if that was money from the service-station murder.

Gary stopped at Val Conlin's to thank Rusty Christiansen. She had pretended to be the landlady with an apartment for Gary. Val took the opportunity to remind him that he had to get the money for the truck.

Later that afternoon, Gary showed up

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at V. J. Motors carrying a pair of water skis. "I don't want those slats," Val Conlin said.

"They're worth," Gary told him, "a hundred and fifty dollars."

"Hey, Gary, I don't have a goddamn boat. What do I want water skis for?" When Gilmore set them down in a corner, Val said, "When are you going to take your personal shit out of the Mustang so I can sell it?"

"Take a look at these water skis," Gary said.

"Hot?" Val asked.

Gary said, "What difference does it make?"

Val said, "I'm not a hock shop. I don't want hot merchandise. I sure as hell don't need new problems."

"Well," said Gary, "it's a good buy."

"Not worth a turd without a boat," said Val. "Where's the boat? Just remember you owe me four hundred as of tomorrow."

"I'll have it."

"Gary, you son of a bitch," said Val, "you better understand this and understand this good. If I don't have the goddamn money, you walk. You won't even know you had wheels."

"Val, you've been good to me, and don't worry. I'll have it."

"OK," said Val. "Fine."

In the silence, Val picked up a newspaper and began reading. After a bit, he put the paper down and exploded. "Judas priest, can you believe this murder?" he asked. "What kind of idiot would do it? Guy gotta be nuts, just shooting a guy in a gas station. For nothing." It really upset him. He slammed

the paper on his desk. "You know, I can understand a son of a bitch shooting somebody if you can't get the money. But anybody that would take the cash, and then put the kid in the back room and lay him on the floor and shoot him in the head twice has got to be a psycho-maniac son of a bitch! They ought to string up that bastard."

Conlin heard himself raving even as he was saying it, and Gilmore looked him back in the eye and said, "Well, maybe he deserved to be killed."

The expression on his face was so blank that Rusty decided Gary knew something about the killing. Had he sold a hot gun?

Val was yelling, "Oh, Gary, come on, for Christ's sakes, to shoot a kid in the head? You got to be crazy, man. Nuts!"

Gary just said, "Well. . . ." He got up and asked if Val wanted a beer.

Val said, "No, we got some. Take it with you, Gary." Maybe it was drinking all that beer so early, but there was definitely a pall on the afternoon.

3

On Tuesday afternoons, Gary had his weekly session with Mont Court. On this hot Tuesday in July, it lasted for over an hour. Gilmore had finally begun to confide, and the parole officer saw it as his opportunity to reach him.

Gilmore was talking about drinking and how much he wanted to cut it out. As he saw it, that was the only way to get back with Nicole. He had to get back.

Court found out that Nicole had left because she was frightened. That dis-

turbed Gilmore. He didn't want her to think he was a violent person. Court listened politely, but he thought Gary was being unrealistic. You couldn't turn somebody's fear around by your desire that he not be afraid. Court did think, however, that Gilmore was being realistic in understanding how much he needed Nicole, and that his chances of getting her back might be better if he cut out drinking.

Of course, he hardly looked like a teetotaler now. His goatee was on the way to becoming a beard and his clothing looked sloppy.

It was the nearest they had ever come to a real talk. Gilmore sat there forlornly, saying in a flat, sad voice that he thought he had problems as a lover. That carried their relationship a step forward, Court thought.

Gary spent the next few hours looking for Nicole around Orem and Provo, then in Springville and Spanish Fork.

That evening over the newspaper, Johnny said to Brenda, "Hey, they had a shooting over here." He waited for her to read the account and then said, "It has all the earmarks of Gary Gilmore."

Brenda said, "I know he's an asshole, Johnny, but he's not a killer."

Johnny said, "I'm afraid he is."

4

All day at the motel, Debbie Bushnell had been nervous. All afternoon, she kept calling her friend Chris Caffee. That was most unusual. Chris had used to work for her at the Busy Bee day-care center and they got along well, but they weren't exactly close friends. Debbie was so restless this Tuesday afternoon, however. Chris finally said, "Debbie, I have five hundred things to do. I don't have anything more to say."

Debbie couldn't help herself; she phoned two hours later. "What are you doing?" she asked.

Chris said, "Nothing. Why are you calling?"

Debbie had been having a strange feeling from Sunday on. It continued all day Monday and was worse on Tuesday afternoon. Same with Ben. They had gone to visit his best friend, Porter Dudson, up in Wyoming on Sunday, a rare Sunday off from the motel, and Ben couldn't sit all day. Rushed poor Porter and his wife, Pam, through the meal and everything. Now he was over whatever was bothering him. He had spent part of Tuesday afternoon working on his weights and then took a nap. It was Debbie at this point who didn't know what to do with herself.

When Ben got up, she fixed him a steak and a salad. Benjamin was already bathed and asleep and finally it got dark. People started coming in for rooms and



*"I like to dress up in old ladies' clothes
and eat little girls!"*

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Ben turned on the TV in the office and began to watch the Olympics. After a while, Debbie left him alone to handle incoming guests and went back to cleaning the house. But this stupid fear just kept crawling in her stomach.

Gary stopped at a gas station on University Street and Third South, a block and a half from Vern's house. Gary knew a fellow named Martin Ontiveros who worked there and, in fact, had put in some time that week painting Martin's car. Now he stopped off to ask Ontiveros if he could borrow \$400, but was told by Martin's stepfather, Norman Fulmer, who ran the gas station, that they'd just bought 6000 gallons that day and didn't have a dime to their name.

Around nine o'clock, Gary stopped at a store, and the motor wouldn't start. The truck had to have a push. So he pulled in again at Norman Fulmer's gas station to complain. Not only did he have trouble starting, he told them, but, in addition, the motor was overheating. "Well," said Norman, "just put it in the bay. We'll change the thermostat." Gilmore asked how long it would take and when Fulmer said 20 minutes, Gilmore said he would do a little visiting.

As soon as Gilmore was gone, Martin got into the truck, turned the key and pressed the starter. The motor turned over with no trouble.

In the middle of washing the couch cushions, Debbie Bushnell went out to the front office and asked Ben to go to the store and get some low-fat milk. She was also hoping he would bring back some ice cream and candy bars, and began to giggle at the thought she must be pregnant again. She had certainly felt telltale cravings. Ben, however, didn't want to go. He was interested in the Olympics.

Washing the couch cushions proved to be a job. She couldn't get it done to her satisfaction with a damp cloth. So she decided to unzip the covers, wash them, dry them, put them on again. In the meanwhile, she was planning to vacuum out the corners of the couch, but when she started to turn on the Kirby, she couldn't bring herself to press the switch. Three times in a row she just kept looking at the vacuum and not turning it on.

Then she heard Ben talking to somebody in the front office. She thought maybe there was a child there, because she heard a balloon pop. So she went out to talk. No reason. Just felt like talking to a kid.

As she went through the door from the apartment to the office, a tall man with a goatee, who had been about to leave, turned around and came toward her. The craziest word went through her head. "There's poop-doo," she said to herself. Quickly, she turned around and

went back to the apartment, closed the door.

She actually retreated into the farthest corner of the baby's bedroom. In her mind, she kept seeing that man looking her square in the face from the other side of the counter. She had an ice-cold feeling in her heart. That man was after her.

Then she got herself together and came through the living room into the kitchen and peeked into the office. She got there in time to watch the strange man walk out the door. Then she walked in.

Ben was on the floor. He just lay there face down, and his legs were shaking. When she bent over to look at him, she saw his head was bleeding. She had had first-aid courses once and they told you to put your hand to a wound and apply pressure, but this was awful heavy bleeding. A wave of blood kept rising out of his hair.

She sat there with the phone in her free hand, ringing the operator. It rang five times, and ten, and 15 times, and another stranger came into the office and said he had seen the fellow with the gun. The phone was ringing the 18th, and the 20th, and the 22nd, and the 25th time. There was still no answer. She said to the man, "I need an ambulance." The new man didn't speak very good English, but he held the phone, and the operator still didn't answer. The man went out to call the police.

Now she called Chris Caffee. It was easy to remember that number after calling her four times that afternoon. Then Debbie just sat there with her hand on Ben's head and time went on for a long time. She couldn't tell how long before help came.

V—ARMED AND DANGEROUS

I

Peter Arroyo was coming back to the City Center Motel from the Golden Spike Restaurant, where he had gone with his wife and his son and two nieces for supper around 9:30 that evening. It was now close to 10:30 and they were returning to their rooms.

As they passed the front window of the motel office, Arroyo could see a strange sight. He had noticed, while registering, a large motel attendant with a small wife. Now neither of them was visible. Instead, a tall man with a goatee was stepping around the counter just as Arroyo came along the street. The man had a cash drawer in his hand. Arroyo could see that he also had a pistol with a long barrel in the other hand.

The kids observed nothing. One of Arroyo's nieces even wanted to go into the office to get stamps. Arroyo said,

"Just keep going." Out of the corner of his eye, he could see the man turn around and go back to the counter. Arroyo looked no more but continued walking to his car. He kept hoping that what he had seen was somebody fooling around with a gun. Maybe there was a simple, legitimate explanation.

Now the man with the gun came out of the door, turned left and went up the street on foot. Arroyo went right back to the office.

He could see the motel manager on the floor, and the man's wife next to him with a phone in her hand, and blood all over the place. The man on the floor didn't say anything, he just made noises. His leg was moving a little. Arroyo tried to help the woman turn him over, but the footing was slippery. The man was very heavy and lying in too great a puddle.

2

Walking away from the motel, Gary put the money in his pocket and discarded the cashbox in a bush. About a block from the gas station, he stopped to get rid of the gun. Took it by the muzzle and pushed it into another bush. A twig must have caught the trigger, for the gun went off. The bullet shot into the soft meat between the thumb and the palm.

Norman Fulmer took a bucket of water and threw it over the walls of the bathroom. He took a big sponge and washed the tile and scrubbed the floor. Then he went out to see how the work was going on Gilmore's truck. Instead, he saw Gary walking real fast right past him to the men's room that Fulmer had just finished cleaning. There was a trail of blood following Gilmore. "I don't know," Norman said to himself. "I guess he ran into something." And he just mopped up those big drops right there on the bay floor.

The scanner box was overhead, and Fulmer heard the police dispatcher talking about an aggravated assault and robbery at the City Center Motel. Norman began to listen real hard. He was in the habit of paying attention to the scanner, anyway. It was more interesting than music. The dispatcher was now saying that a man got shot and another left on foot.

Fulmer went back into the bay and saw with one look that Martin Ontiveros had also heard the scanner. He hadn't even removed the old thermostat, but right now he started putting a bolt back in, and Fulmer screwed in the other, and soon as that was done, they slammed down the hood, even as Gary came back through the men's-room door and said, "Got it done?"

Fulmer said, "Yep. I got it all done."

Gilmore went in from the shotgun side

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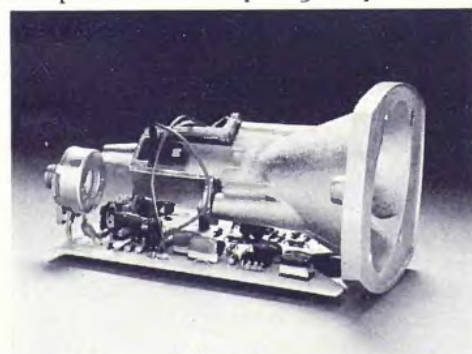
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and slid all the way over to the driver's seat. He was hurting, Fulmer could tell. Had to lean all the way over to the left of the steering wheel in order to get the key in with his right hand. When he finally got it started, Fulmer said, "Hey, take care," and Gary said, "All right," and backed out, and sure enough, he slammed into the concrete pole that was there to prevent people from hitting the drinking fountain. "Oh, God," said Fulmer to himself. Gilmore wasn't moving the truck now, and Fulmer was thinking Gilmore still had a gun, but he went back out and slapped the side of the door and said, "Hey, looks like you're a little wasted. You ought to get some Zs."

Gilmore said, "Yeah, I'm gonna go crash."

"All right," said Norman, "see you tomorrow."

As he drove away, Fulmer got the license number. He noticed that Gilmore turned west on Third Street, and called the police, and told them what kind of truck Gilmore was driving. The dispatcher said, "How do you know it's the right man?" He told her about the bloody trail. Then she asked how Gilmore parted his hair.

Fulmer said, "Down the middle. He's got a little goatee."

The girl said, "That's him." Somebody else must have given a description already.

3

That night Vern and Ida had been sitting in their living room next to the motel and never heard a sound. *Perry Mason* had been on television, then *Ironsides*. After which, the sirens began to sound right in front of their house. Naturally, they went out in the street to see what was happening. Vern was wearing slippers, and Ida, an orange robe. She was actually barefoot. That's how sudden the police were.

Ida had never viewed a scene to compare with it. Patrol cars were coming in every moment with their blue lights turning and that awful siren going. Loud-speakers kept making different kinds of noises. Some were blasting orders to the cops, others kept droning the same remark over and over to the bystanders, "Would you keep the sidewalk clear, please? Would you keep the sidewalk clear, please?" Ida could see blazes of light, and pools of light, and now an ambulance came up and paramedics started running out. One great big white light was circling, as if to look for the guilty party. The sirens were frantic. Every 30 seconds, a new police car came screaming into the motel compound. There was more noise than if the town of Provo was burning down.

Tactical Team. Two teams of five, one after the other. Moving around in dark-blue two-piece fatigue uniforms, with black high-laced jump boots, they looked like paratroopers. Except the word POLICE was spelled out in big yellow letters on their shirts. They were certainly carrying heavy stuff—shotguns, .357 magnums, semiautomatic rifles, tear gas.

In the courtyard of the motel, one guest kept shouting, "I saw somebody run in there." He was pointing to a downstairs room, 115.

It wasn't easy to break in on an armed killer. The police were sweating plenty as they axed the door down. Then they Maced the hell out of the interior. Put on their gas masks and jumped through the mess of broken plywood. Nobody was in the room. The smell of Mace, so close to the odor of vomit, drifted out into the courtyard of the motel. For the rest of the evening, everything smelled of vomit.

Outside, people kept rushing up to the office window. Kids would come tearing along, look in at paramedics pounding away on the chest of Bennie Bushnell and take off. The office looked like a slaughterhouse.

Paramedics kept running back and forth between the office and the ambulance. They wouldn't let Chris and David Caffee inside. Chris still felt half unconscious. When the phone rang, she and David had been asleep and woke up to hear the sound of Debbie screaming, "Ben's been shot."

Chris had said out of her sleep, "You know, this isn't a real good joke for late at night. This isn't funny." Half-asleep, after being completely asleep, nothing made sense. They had rummaged around the house, trying to find what to wear, then rushed over to the motel. Hours later, she would notice David's zipper was still down.

Chris worked her way to the front door of the motel and yelled, "Debbie, I'm here." She could see that Debbie, whose head barely came over the top of the counter, had heard her voice, for she left the office to go back into her apartment, then emerged from the private door. Debbie had little Benjamin wrapped in a blanket and was carrying a large plastic bag of diapers. Debbie now threw the baby on her. Just dumped him over. Like he wasn't real. Debbie wasn't screaming, but she looked weird.

Debbie said, "Ben's been shot in the head, and I think he's going to die."

Chris said, "Oh, no, Debbie. Remember when my mom fell down the steps in D.C. and cracked her head open? Her head bled a lot, but she's all right now. Ben'll be just fine." She didn't know what to say. How many times did some-

body get shot in the head? She really didn't know what it meant.

Debbie went back in the house, and David looked at Chris and said, "If he's been shot in the head, he's already gone."

About this time, Chris began to notice that the baby was acting very odd. Benjamin usually recognized her. Chris had worked so often with Debbie in the day-care center that little Benjamin had seen Chris nearly every day of his early life. He was usually very lively and perky with her. Now Benjamin lay there like he was dead. His eyes were completely still. Just flopped in her arms and didn't move.

4

Vern had known Bushnell slightly. They would chat while Vern sprinkled his lawn and Bushnell watered the motel flowers. One evening a pile of scrap lumber got left in the Damico driveway and had to be brought to Bushnell's attention. He apologized and said he'd get after the carpenters. Next morning the mess was gone. It gave Vern the impression of a conscientious man.

Now Martin Ontiveros came up to Vern and said, "Gary did it."

Vern said, "Gary who?"

The kid said, "Gilmore."

Vern said, "How do you know Gary did it? Did you see him do it?"

"No," said Martin Ontiveros.

"Then how do you know I didn't do it?" Vern asked. "You didn't see it happen."

Vern said, "Go tell an officer. If you think it was him, go tell." Ontiveros now said Gary had just been up at the station, and there was blood all over his pants.

Vern thought, Well, it has to bear looking into. He grabbed a cop who was married to a niece of Ida's, Phil Johnson, and asked him to check. Some talk went back and forth on a police radio. Then Phil came back and said, "It must have been him, Vern."

"Do you think he did it?" asked Ida.

"Yeah, he did it, the stupid shit," said Vern.

Glen Overton, who owned the City Center Motel, had just finished listening to the TV news when Debbie called. He lived in Indian Hills at the other end of Provo and came over fast in his green BMW, running every red light on the way.

When he arrived, the street was in chaos. Nothing but police and spectators jamming the sidewalk and all over the road. There was an unheard sound in the air like everybody was waiting for a scream.

Before he even tried to get into the office, he saw Debbie standing all alone outside her apartment. She seemed to be in total shock. He put his arm around



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her and held her. She kept asking, "Is Ben going to die?" Glen finally asked her to wait outside a minute.

The police were making chalk marks on the carpet and photographing an empty cartridge on the floor. When Glen saw a paramedic giving Ben heart massage right there, the heel of the man's hand thumping in brutal all-out rhythm against Ben's chest, he knew Ben was dead, or near it. Heart massage was a last resort.

Now a detective asked Glen to count the receipts and estimate the loss. Glen told them straight out that they never kept much more than \$100 in the cashbox. Any greater amount would be concealed in the apartment.

At this point, the medics got ready to take Ben to the ambulance. Glen Overton found Debbie and as soon as the ambulance took off, he put her in his BMW and followed.

On the drive, Glen sat behind the wheel trying to digest the irony that Ben had wanted this job because it would safeguard his life.

On the day Glen first interviewed him, Ben had said he was working in Salt Lake but hated the drive. Said he had the feeling he was going to be killed on that drive. Somehow, Glen felt Bushnell's conviction. There had been a number of good applicants at Ben's level, but the intensity of his feeling that he had to get off the road got him the job. Glen didn't regret it. In fact, he had never known a manager who was so anxious to do more. Ben had kept talking to him about getting his life in order. It obsessed Ben a little that he hadn't finished college yet and a new baby might be on the way.

Ida was on the phone to Brenda. "Honey, somebody shot that dear Mr. Bushnell next door." Ida started to cry. In between sobs, she said, "Somebody seen Gary running away. They've identified him."

"Oh, Mom." Brenda had been walking around all evening with a sense of disaster.

Ida said, "He'll come to you. He always does."

Brenda knew the police dispatcher in Orem, so she called and said, "This is nothing more than a suspicion, but I think I'm going to need help with my cousin. Catch Toby Bath before he goes off duty."

Toby was her neighbor. It was like having your own private police force.

Then they locked the doors and Johnny got out his .22 rifle. They had no more than done this when the phone rang. It was Gary. "Brenda," he said, "is Johnny home? Can I talk to him?" Brenda thought, That's different. He usually

wants to talk to me first.

"Johnny," he said, "I need some help."

"What's the matter?"

"I've been shot," said Gary. "I'm hurt real bad, man. I'm over at Craig Taylor's, and I need your help."

At the hospital, they put Debbie in a little office. She sat there thinking she had to believe in something. So she kept thinking Ben was going to be all right. Then she realized that the doctor had come into the room with Bishop Christiansen, and they had both been sitting there. Why wasn't the doctor with Ben? Then another doctor came in. They were all sitting there. It came in on her slowly. They were waiting to get up their nerve.

Bishop Christiansen looked at her and whispered gently. She didn't hear it. She kept looking at his silver hair. The doctor said that if Ben had lived, he would have been a vegetable. That thought went all the way in. That thought cleared her head. Debbie said, "If Ben had lived, he would have been warm, and I could have fed him and taken care of him." She had never felt more certain about what she knew. "At least," she said, "I would have had him with me."

5

She had met Ben at the Mormon Institute near Pasadena City College when she was 21. She had never dreamed of going out with him. He was big and very good-looking, with a high pompadour of nice dark hair, and she was just a pint-sized ex-tomboy with a big, broad turned-up nose and a slightly receded chin. Still, she made a point of sitting behind him. She wanted to keep her eye on him.

It took a while for Ben to ask her out, but on Christmas Eve of 1972, he did, and they went to church. Debbie didn't remember any of the bishop's talk, she just sat by Ben. They saw each other every night after that. Took their happiness from looking at each other. They hadn't been going together a week before they decided to get married.

Glen Overton happened to be with Debbie when they brought her in to see Ben. That was the hardest part of the evening for Glen. He was looking at a person he had spoken to three hours previously. Now that person was stretched out, face blue, mouth open. Glen had seen a boy killed in an avalanche. This was worse.

A sheet covered Ben up to his neck, but Debbie walked forward, put her arms around him and hugged him. She really threw her arms around him. They had to sort of pull her away. She held on. They let her stay for 30 seconds more before they asked her to come out. Then they had to pull her away after all.

A doctor took Chris Caffee aside.

"Would it be all right if Debbie went home with you? She doesn't have anyone in Provo."

Chris said, "Well, yeah, if the police'll check my house every minute on the minute all night long." They certainly hadn't found the murderer yet.

On the way out of the hospital, a nurse followed them to the car and handed over a paper bag with Ben's bloody clothes, his valuables and his watch. The nurse said, "Do you want his wedding band?"

Debbie looked at them and asked, "Do I want it?"

David said, "Well, why don't you take it?"

Chris said, "If you decide you don't want it, you have it put back on him."

They stood there waiting while the nurse went in, and came back out and said, "We can't get his ring off. He's too fat. Do you want us to cut it off?" She was terrible.

They said, "Leave the ring." Debbie was getting wimpy now. She wasn't crying hysterically or anything, but she kind of collapsed.

6

Julie Taylor had come home from the hospital that day, and was sleeping with Craig in their double bed, when the knock came. Gary was standing on the porch. Just like that, he said, "I've been shot." Made a point of showing a bleeding hand.

He didn't ask if he could come in the house and Craig didn't feel exactly ready to let him in. Didn't know why, just didn't want to ask him. Julie being out of the hospital, he didn't want blood all over the house, and her having to clean it.

Gary, however, didn't seem to care. Just said he needed help. He had to have a set of clothes. And he wanted Craig to take him to the airport.

"I'll take you to the hospital if you like," Craig told him.

"No," Gary said from the other side of the screen door, "I can't do that." He wasn't the least bit boisterous. Just moved his mouth, then said, "Call Brenda, then."

When Craig heard her voice, he passed the receiver out the window. From the corner of his eye, Craig could see that Julie had already gone back to sleep.

Even as Johnny was talking to Gary on the phone, Toby Bath and his partner, Jay Barker, drove up and motioned for Brenda to come out. Right away, she heard an all-points bulletin on their radio. A voice said, "Gilmore is considered armed and extremely dangerous. Be prepared to shoot on sight."

Brenda started to bawl. "Come on in," she managed to say. "Gary's talking to us."

Johnny handed the phone to Brenda. She got herself together and said, "How

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are you doing, Gary?"

He told a story about a man robbing a store. There he was, getting shot while trying to prevent it. It was a shitty story and he was a shitty liar. He really was.

"Will you come to me?" Gary asked.

"Yeah," she said, "I'll come to you. I've got some codeine and I've got band-aids. Where are you?" He gave the address. She said it out loud for Johnny to write down. Toby Bath and Jay Barker stood there in their uniforms and also wrote it down.

It hardly improved matters that Gary was at Craig Taylor's. Craig had a wife and two children. Brenda could see the shoot-out. Soon as she hung up, the cops proposed that Johnny go in his truck. They would hide in back.

If Gary discovered that Johnny had brought cops with him, everybody would get wasted. Johnny found himself lighting one cigarette right after putting the previous one, just lit, in the ashtray, and he said, "I don't want to go over." It was about as good a fear as Johnny ever felt. On reconsideration, the police agreed it was too risky.

Brenda said, "I'll go. I don't think Gary will hurt me. Just let me take care of his hand."

Johnny said, "You're not going."

The cops said no. Flat-out.

Brenda didn't know if she were relieved or miserable.

Johnny went down to Orem police headquarters with Toby Bath and Jay Barker. A minute later, the Orem police chief called Brenda. "Stall Gilmore as much as you can," he said. "We need time." They agreed that Brenda would keep her telephone line open for Gary, and communicate by C.B. with the police.

Before long, Craig was calling again. He said, "Gary's getting kind of nervous. How long has Johnny been gone?"

"Tell Gary," Brenda said, "that, as usual, Johnny's out of gas again." This might pacify him for a few minutes. Johnny was famous as the family character who never had gas when he needed it. On the street outside her house, police cars were screaming around the corners.

Craig called again. Brenda told him Johnny had probably gotten lost. People who lived in Orem, she explained, only had to deal with a checkerboard arrangement for their streets. It got them spoiled. They didn't know what to do with the weirdly curved roads in Pleasant Grove, where Fourth North didn't mind getting its ass skewed around Third South.

She called the police to tell them that Gary was getting impatient. Brenda felt like a traitor. Gary's trust was the weapon she was using to nail him. It was true she

wanted to nail him, she told herself, but she didn't want, well, she didn't want to have to betray him to do it.

Craig had gone outside to be with Gary. They sat in the dark on the bungalow porch. Craig didn't know about any killings this night. He was still worrying over last night but didn't feel ready to ask outright. Did say, "Gary, if I knew you had anything to do with that fellow Jensen's murder, I'd turn you in right now."

Gary said, "I swear to God I didn't shoot the guy." Looked him straight in the eye. He had a powerful knack of staring right into you.

Again, Gary asked him to call. Craig went inside, picked up the phone, talked to Brenda once more. She was nervous. Craig could more or less sense she had called the police. She didn't say anything such to Craig, she just asked if he and his family were all right, and if Gary was being decent, and Craig said, "We're all right. He's fine."

He went back to the porch.

Gary said he had friends in Washington State and believed he would go underground. He mentioned Patty Hearst. Said he could connect with her old network. Craig didn't know if Gary really knew her or was bragging. Craig asked once more if he wanted to go to the hospital. Gary said he was an ex-con and the hospital wouldn't understand.

They sat out there half an hour. Gary spoke about April. Said she was a slick chick. Said she was "real nice." The longer they sat out there, the calmer Gary got. He was almost despondent. Then he said that when he was settled, he would send Craig a painting. He also said, "I'll write you my new address."

To himself, Craig kept saying, "Come on, Johnny, you son of a bitch, get here."

7

When the Caffees got home, they discovered that Debbie was covered with blood. Chris had to take her into the other room to change. Then Debbie wanted to make phone calls. She telephoned her mom, and Ben's sister, and all her own brothers and sisters, and Ben's friend Porter Dudson up in Wyoming. She just called and called. She would start crying and say, "Ben's been shot and he's dead." It was like a recording.

Chris opened their sofa bed in the living room, and she and David lay there while Debbie sat in the rocking chair and rocked Benjamin.

Now it was Gary on the phone. "Where's John?" he asked.

"He should be with you by now," said Brenda.

"God, man," said Gary, "he's not."

"Well, honey, calm down," she said.

"Cousin, is Johnny really coming out?" Brenda said, "He's coming, Gary."

She had a flash. "Gary, what was the house number, seventy-six or seventy-nine?"

Gary said, "No, it was sixty-seven."

"Uh-oh," said Brenda, "I gave him the wrong one."

"Will you get it right this time?" he snapped.

"OK, Gary," she said meekly. "Johnny's got the C.B. in the truck, and I have one here. I'll plug him into the right address. Just hang tight." She took a breath. "If you feel kind of faint," she said, "or kind of badly from the wound, why don't you go out on the porch, where the air is cool, and take some deep breaths? Turn the light on so Johnny can find you."

"How stupid," said Gary, "do you think I am?"

Brenda said, "Excuse me, stay inside."

"All right," he said. He still must trust her.

Soon as she hung up, she began to bawl again. It seemed so wrong to do it this way. But she called the police department and told them, "He's getting very impatient."

To Gary, who soon called again, she said, "Listen, I know you're in pain. Hang loose. Just stay put."

Brenda's C.B. was now patched in with the police in Provo, Orem and Pleasant Grove. She could tell from what the dispatchers were saying that the houses around Craig Taylor's were being quietly evacuated. The police were moving into position.

Just then Gary called back again. "If John ain't here in five minutes, I'm splitting."

"My God, Gary," she said, "are you on the run or something?"

Gary said, "I'm leaving in five minutes."

She said, "Be careful, Gary. I love you."

He said, "Yeah." Hung up.

To the police, she said, "He's coming out. I know he's got a gun, but for God's sake, try not to kill him." Brenda added, "I mean it. Don't fire. He doesn't know you're there. See if you can surround him." She didn't know if she was reaching anybody.

After the last call, Craig talked to Gary through the window, until finally Gary said, "Stick your head out and let me see your face."

Now Gary shook hands with Craig and said, "Well, they're never coming, so I'm leaving." They shook hands, thumbs up, pretty good handshake, Gary still looking Craig in the eye. Then he went

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out to his truck. Craig watched him go down the road.

For a while, Brenda got the play-by-play. Over the special channel on the C.B., a voice said, "Gilmore's leaving. I can see the truck. He's pulling out now. He has the lights on." Then she heard he was heading down to the first roadblock. She didn't know what happened next. He seemed to have driven around that first roadblock. He was out. He was loose in Pleasant Grove.

She heard somebody from the police say, "I've got to cut you off now." Cut her off they did. For an hour and a half. It was all of that before she knew what had happened.

Craig called Spence McGrath and said Gary was in trouble and might try to get over to his place. Craig thought the police were after him. Spencer said, "Wow, that's kind of wild," and got out his deer rifle, and had it lying right next to the door.

Lights shone through the window, and the cops were shouting at Craig Taylor, "Come out with your hands up." They searched the house. Julie appeared in her bathrobe, but the cops weren't all that courteous. They told Craig to drive down to Provo and give a statement. He was up all night.

8

A SWAT team from Provo, five officers from Orem and three from Pleasant Grove, a couple of county sheriffs and

some highway patrol had all met at the Pleasant Grove High School, where an impromptu command post had been established. Since there was every chance of a shoot-out, they had cleaned out the area around Craig Taylor's house. It meant tiptoeing from door to door, waking people up, leading them out of the neighborhood—it took time. In the meanwhile, they set up roadblocks.

When word came down that somebody was driving away from Craig Taylor's in a white truck, everybody expected a vehicle to come barreling through. What fooled them was that the white truck drove at a moderate rate of speed, slowed down and went right around. It hadn't been that heavy a roadblock. Just a barrier across one half of the two-lane, with a police car parked to the side. After the guy in the white truck went past, it was reported that he had a goatee. Then it registered. That was him. Two of their vehicles took off.

A couple of the cops stayed right where they were. They were thinking this fellow might have been a decoy passing the roadblock in hopes everybody would chase him. Then Gilmore could walk right on out.

One trouble with a roadblock is that it could start a lot of guns firing. So Lieutenant Peacock, who was running the operation from the command post at the Pleasant Grove High School, had told his people that if there was any doubt, they were to let a vehicle go through.

Next thing, he got the news. The driver did fit Gilmore's description. Then Peacock could actually see the white truck, just a few hundred yards away from the high school, driving east toward the mountains on a street called Battle Creek Drive. Going along at no great speed, in fact. Maybe five or ten miles over the speed limit, which was only 25 miles an hour there. Peacock radioed for somebody to follow, but when he heard that all vehicles in the vicinity were tied up, he got into his unmarked patrol car, a plain four-door '76 Chevelle, and proceeded after Gilmore. Within a few blocks, he got near enough to see the truck again. Since he had been calling in his position, another car driven by Ron Allen soon came up behind.

The white truck started going down an empty country road at the edge of Pleasant Grove. There were just a few houses on either side, but he was heading back toward population. At that point, still another patrol car had pulled in line, and Peacock decided he now had sufficient assistance to make a stop on the truck. While the road they were on was not wide, it would still be broad enough for three cars to get abreast. So, at that point, he radioed for the other two to come up on his left-hand side, and as soon as they did, all three turned on their spotlights and their overhead revolving red lights.

Over the P.A. system, Peacock cried out: "Driver in the white truck, stop your vehicle, stop your vehicle." He could see the truck waver, slow down, come to a halt. Peacock opened his door. He had a Remington 12 gauge shotgun in the front seat, but, instinctively, he came out with his service weapon.

The white truck had stopped in the center of the road. Peacock stood behind the protection of his open door. He could hear Ron Allen commanding Gilmore to put his hands up. Right there in the driver's seat he was to put his hands up. Lift them so he could be seen through the rear window. The man hesitated. Allen had to give the order a third time before he finally raised them. Next Allen told him to put those hands outside the driver's window. The driver hesitated again. Finally obeyed. Now he was told to open the door by the outside latch. Once that door was open, he was told to get out of the truck.

By now, Peacock had walked around in back of his Chevelle and was standing behind the headlights, on the right-hand side of the road, where it was dark. He had his weapon ready. He knew the suspect couldn't see him. The man's eyes would be blinded by the lights of the car. In turn, the other officers were standing back of the open doors of their patrol cars.

On command, the man took two steps



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away from his vehicle. He hesitated. They told him to lie down on the road. He hesitated again. At that moment, his pickup truck started to roll away. He kept hesitating. He didn't know whether to run after the truck and set the emergency brake or to lie down. At this point, Peacock hollered, "*Let the truck go. Lay down immediately. Let the truck go.*" The man finally did as he was told and the white truck rolled farther and farther away from him and picked up speed going down that road, which sloped all the way into town.

Slowly, gently, almost thoughtfully, it coasted off the shoulder, broke through a fence, ran through a pasture and came to rest in the field.

Now all three officers, weapons out, moved forward along the blacktop. Peacock and the next officer were holding service weapons. The third had a shotgun.

When they reached the man, Peacock put his gun away and frisked him right there on the ground. Simultaneously, Officer Allen began to read off the Miranda.

"*You have the right to remain silent and refuse to answer questions. Do you understand?*" asked Allen. There was a nod. The man didn't speak.

"*Anything you say may be used against you in a court of law. Do you understand?*" asked Allen. A nod.

While the rest of the Miranda was being read, Lieutenant Peacock was putting handcuffs on him.

"Be careful of that hand. It's been hurt," said the man.

Peacock fastened the restraints, turned him over and began to go through his pockets. The fellow had upwards of \$200 in change and small bills in various shirt pockets and pants pockets, and he certainly had a wild look in his eye. What am I going to do now? said his expression. What's my next move?

Peacock had the feeling that the prisoner did not stir a hair without looking for the possibility of escape. Even though he had him handcuffed, Peacock remained on guard. It was as if he was still capturing the fellow. There was such resistance in the way this fellow hesitated whenever a command was given. He looked like a wildcat in a bag. Temporarily quiet.

A number of people had begun to come out of nearby houses and they stood in a circle, staring at the captive.

9

For hours before this capture, Kathrynne had been spending a fearful evening. April had taken off again, and the weather was hot beyond belief all day. They left the doors open, and the windows, and kept waiting for April to come

back. Watched television. The tension in the house got so great they couldn't even sleep. Nicole had come over with the kids and tried to bed down with them on the floor of their room because it was cooler.

Then, all of a sudden, a floodlight went right across the windows. A huge loud-speaker boomed in, a huge loud-speaker. "*You in the white truck,*" it shouted.

"Crazy Gary" jumped instantly into Kathrynne's mind. "Oh, my God, it's that crazy Gary."

Then she heard the loud-speaker say, "*At the count of two, put up your hands,*" and Kathrynne hit the floor. She could have been a soldier, she did it so instinctively. The bedroom flared with light. Police beacons were turning in a circle. When she dared to raise her head, she could see three policemen walking up the road carrying guns.

Then someone yelled, "They got him."

Nicole woke out of a crazy dream and started screaming. Kathrynne was holding onto her, shouting, "Sissy, don't go out there. You can't go out," which was all Nicole needed to break loose and she was out and in the crowd that was standing on the road staring at Gary on the ground. With all those lights on him, he didn't seem to know what was going on.

The police wouldn't let Nicole up close. She stood a distance away, and one of the cops began to question Kathrynne and asked, "Do you know him?" When Kathrynne said, "Yeah," the cop said, "Well, he was right about up to your driveway when we got him. You were lucky."

Then another cop said, "We think he killed the fellow last night, too." That's when panic hit Kathrynne. They still hadn't found April.

Nicole didn't know whether she wanted to go up to him or not. She just stood there, watching them point those guns. There was nothing in her.

Back inside the house, however, she was shaking and screaming and crying. She took Gary's photograph and threw it in the garbage. "That crazy son of a bitch," she shouted, "I should have killed him when I had the chance!"

Later that night, she went through all kinds of changes. She lay there and words went through her mind like a broken record. Things they had said, over and over.

Toby Bath called Brenda. "We've got him," he told her.

"Is he OK?" asked Brenda.

"Yes," said Toby, "he's fine."

"Anybody else get hurt?" asked Brenda.

"Nope, nobody got hurt. Did a good clean job."

"Thank God," said Brenda. She had never been in a more shattered state. She couldn't even cry. "Oh," she said, "Gary's going to hate me. He's not too happy with me anyways. But now he's going to hate me." She was more worried about that than anything.

10

Chris Caffee couldn't sleep at all and Debbie kept saying, "I can't believe Ben's dead. I can't believe it."

They were all feeling pretty paranoid. Chris got up once to take a shower but started shaking when she realized there was a window in the bathroom and the killer could come through it. While the water was running, she wouldn't hear a sound. It was like the movie *Psycho*.

Then she got back in the living room, and almost gave a yip. Some big person with a flashlight was walking in the front yard. But it was only a policeman. He had noticed their car door was open and a cat had taken up abode in the back seat. They invited the man in, and that was how they learned a suspect had been caught. They didn't know if it was really the killer, but at least the police had somebody.

Debbie kept saying things you couldn't answer any more than you could talk back to your TV set. "When I was a kid," she announced, "I used to play touch football with the boys. I liked to swing off the roof on ropes." She said that sitting in the rocking chair, holding Benjamin.

"Yeah, that's great," said Chris from the studio bed.

"Ben took a lot of classes in bookkeeping and business administration, but his main interest was working with people," Debbie said, "and advising them."

"That's true," said Chris.

Debbie said, "We never had any time to play tennis or water-ski, because there was no recreation time. We were working all the way."

Holding Benjamin and rocking in the chair, she looked straight ahead. She had dark-green eyes, but they looked flat and black now. "It was Ben," she said, "who wanted to have the baby by natural childbirth. I went along because we always had the same idea about things."

"Yes," Debbie said, "Benjamin weighed seven pounds when he was born. The delivery presented no problem at all. Ben was with me at the hospital. He had a doctor's white outfit on. I could feel his presence all the time. That was a nice time." She paused. "I wonder if I am pregnant now. Yesterday, I told Ben I thought I was. I think he's happy about it."

Debbie was in the rocking chair all night and Benjamin was in her arms. She



Buck Brown

"What the hell is the big deal? You ran outa gas years ago."

kept trying to get the new thing together, but there had been too many breaks. Seeing the strange man in the motel office was a break in her understanding. Then the instant when she saw Ben's head bleeding. That was an awfully large break. Ben dead. She never went back to the motel.

Next afternoon, Debbie's mom came, and people from the ward, and the bishop. Things never stopped moving. Debbie stayed with Chris and David for three days before she went back to Pasadena. It was the first time she traveled on an airplane in her life.

VI—CAPTURED

1

Nicole was staying in Springville with her ex-husband Barrett when the police came. They didn't phone or anything. Just a cop to ask her to get ready. A little later, a lieutenant named Nielsen was there in a car. He would drive her over to see Gary.

She didn't know how she felt, and she didn't know if she cared how she felt. It had been a real hang-up listening to Barrett. The last couple of days he had been coming on as the wise man, talking all the time about her bad judgment.

Like she had picked Gary Gilmore, a middle-aged murderer, all for herself.

On the way, Lieutenant Nielsen was nice and polite, and he laid it out. They were going to let Nicole talk to Gary, but she had to ask if he had done the murders. Nicole was about to get mad at the suggestion, except she figured Nielsen needed a reason to justify bringing her over. She was sure he wasn't so dumb as to think Gary was going to answer her question while a bunch of cops was listening.

That was how it turned out. Nicole walked into this funky one-story jail, went down a couple of short corridors, passed a bunch of inmates who looked like beer bums, then a couple of dudes who whistled as she went by, twirled their mustaches, showed a biceps, generally acted like the cat's ass. Two cops and Detective Nielsen were right behind her, and she came to a big cell with a table in the middle of it, four bunks she could see and thick prison bars in front of her.

Then Gary came toward her from the back of the cell. His left hand was in a cast. It was only three days from the night she had seen him arrested and lying on the ground, but she could feel the difference. He said, "Hello, baby," and, at first, she didn't even want to look at him.

With her head down, she muttered, "Did you do this?"

She was really whispering, as if, should he say yes, maybe the cops wouldn't hear

the question. He said, "Nicole, don't ask me that."

Now she looked up. She couldn't get over how clear his eyes were. There was a minute where they didn't say any more. Then he put one arm through the bars. She wanted to touch him but didn't. However, she kept feeling the impulse. More and more she had this desire to touch him.

It was close to a spooky experience. Nicole didn't know what she was feeling. She certainly wasn't feeling sorry for him. She wasn't feeling sorry for herself. Rather, she couldn't breathe. She could hardly believe it, but she was ready to faint. She knew it didn't matter what she had said about him these last couple of weeks. She had been in love with him from the moment she met him and she would love him forever.

It wasn't an emotion so much as a physical sensation. A magnet could have been pulling her to the bars. She reached out to put a hand on the arm he extended through, and one of the officers stepped forward and said, "No physical contact."

She stepped back, and Gary looked good. He looked surprisingly good. His eyes were more blue than they had ever been. All that fog from the Fiorinal was gone. His eyes looked into her as if he was returning from all the way back and something ugly had passed through completely and was gone. All through these last couple of bad weeks, it was like he had been looking a year older every day. Now he looked fine. "I love you," he said as they said goodbye.

"I love you," she said.

In the same hour that Nicole was going to and from the jail, April went berserk. She began to scream that someone was trying to blow her head off. Kathyryne could do nothing. First she had to call the police, and then she decided to commit her to the hospital. It was horrible. April had slipped out completely. Kathyryne even had to keep the children out of the house all those hours while it was being decided.

2

About the second time that Brenda went down to the jail, which was on Sunday, a week and a half after his arrest, Nicole had also shown up. When Gary heard she was outside, the expression on his face, Brenda had to admit, was beautiful. "Oh, God," he said, "she promised to come back and she did."

However, he explained, it didn't mean he could visit with her. She wasn't allowed on his list just yet. Brenda said, "Let me see what I can do." She went up to a big tough Indian guard at the door, a confident-looking fellow, and said, "Alex, could you put Nicole Barrett in

for the last five minutes of my time?"

"Well, now," he said, "we really shouldn't bend the rules."

"Bullshit," said Brenda, "what's the difference if it's me or Nicole? He ain't going to go nowhere! Why, Alex Hunt, you mean to tell me," she asked, "you can't take care of this poor man with a busted-up hand? What's he going to do with his one hand? Tear you apart?"

"Well," said Alex, "I think we can handle Gilmore."

While Nicole was visiting, Brenda walked over to Nicole's sister-in-law, who had also come. It was hot that day, and Sue Baker was holding her newborn baby and perspiring in volumes. "How is Nicole doing?" asked Brenda.

The sun didn't stir on the black cinder gravel back of the jail.

"She's pretty broke up," said Sue.

Brenda said, "Gary's not going to get out of this one. If Nicole gets all hung up, it's going to ruin her."

"She won't quit," said Sue, "we already tried."

"Well," said Brenda, "she's in for a lot of hurt."

When Nicole came out, she was weeping. Brenda put her arms around her and said, "Nicole, we both love him."

Then Brenda said, "Nicole, why don't you think a little about giving up the ship? Gary is never going to get out. You'll spend the rest of your life visiting this guy. That's all the future you're going to have." Now Brenda began to cry. "Tuck those beautiful memories in your heart," she said, "tuck them away."

Nicole muttered, "I'll stick."

She was feeling an animosity toward Brenda she didn't even understand. Nicole heard herself thinking. As if I owe her a million dollars for giving me five minutes of her visiting time.

3

There was a preliminary hearing on August third in Provo and Nicole drove over, but they let her visit with Gary for only a moment. It made her dizzy to see him in leg shackles. Then they only gave her time for one hug and a tremendous kiss before pulling him away. She was left in the hall of the court with the world rocketing around her. Outside, in the summer light, the horseflies were mean as insanity itself.

On the drive back to Springville, she was dreaming away and got in a wreck. Nobody was hurt but the car. After that, all the way home, her Mustang sounded like it was breaking up in pain. She couldn't shift out of second.

It became a crazy trip. She kept having an urge to cross the divider and bang into oncoming traffic. Next day, when the mail came, there was a very long
(concluded on page 288)

PLAYBOY'S INFORMED SOURCE



*if the real you seems
to get larger as the
weather gets
colder, listen up*

STAYING IN SHAPE DURING WINTER

IT'S SNOWING. You become lethargic. Build a fire and go into hibernation, curled around a bottle of cognac. It's too cold outside to do those things that you would normally do in summer—the kind of things that naturally keep you active and fit. You succumb to cabin fever. You gain weight. You finally get around to reading *Gravity's Rainbow*. Your once tanned body becomes pale and flabby. You get a growing sense of dread that when spring comes around, you're going to look in the mirror and realize you need an enormous amount of work to get yourself back into shape. What follows is a guide to how to avoid letting yourself languish into physical turpitude—and to get a running start on spring.

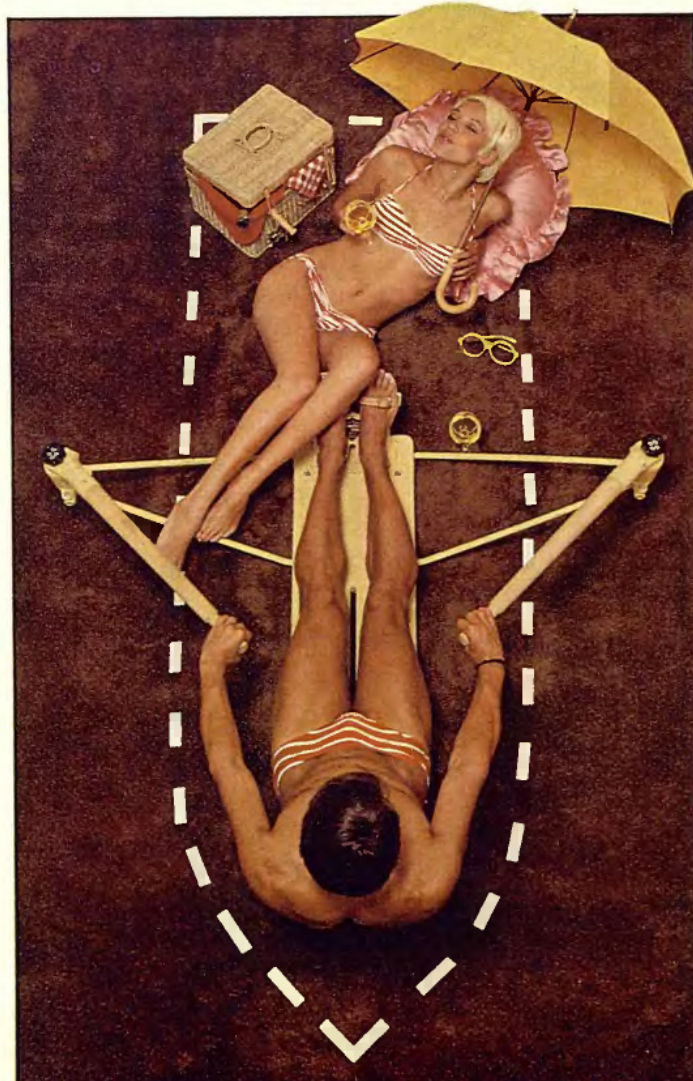
MINIMAL EXERCISE IS THE BEST REVENGE

First, some basics. This guide will not tell you how to get into shape for marathoning or cutthroat tennis. Fitness is not the same for all people. Being fit means you are able to do what you want to do. You should aim for the level of body conditioning most conducive to good health and sufficient to meet the demands of your workday and leisure activities. As a rule of thumb, it takes 30 minutes of some kind of strenuous activity three times a week to keep yourself in fairly good shape.

We define strenuous as any physical activity that makes you sweat. How and when you exercise is up to you. The easiest thing, of course, is to join a gym during the winter and use its pool, weight room and running track. At least you'll have the companionship of other masochistic fitness faddists, thereby adding encouragement in numbers. On the other hand, some people find gyms boring and sterile and many feel uncomfortable with any kind of regimented activity. Besides, most gyms are not coed, which makes them even more boring.

Wherever you choose to exercise, warm up first. That can mean taking a five-minute walk, taking a shower—doing any kind of minimal movement that gets your body warm. Next, stretch your muscles gradually, so that you won't pull or damage one when you start cooking.

In winter, the best way to maintain fitness is through aerobic exercises—those that concentrate on improving and strengthening the cardiovascular system by jacking up your heart rate to 60 to 90 percent of its maximum. (Looking at Miss November is a good example of an aerobic exercise.) Find out from your



Working out on a rowing machine needn't be dull.

Invite her along. Have her bring a lunch. Sing *Indian Love Call* together. Or have her call out, "Stroke, stroke." Put your back into it.

Pencil pushers can become pedal pushers with a stationary bicycle. Just plop your secretary on the handle bars and start dictating.



Below, we see an excellent form of casual exercise—running up stairs. Far those of you who need a reason to run up stairs, here's a very good one. Right: Making love is an excellent form of aerobic exercise, especially if you do it a lot and for a long time. It tones the tummy, works out the lower back and, unlike many other exercises, leaves you with a smile.



Stretching is important before you start vigorous exercise. Not only does it get some of the kinks out of your muscles but, if you do it like this, it'll be easier to get the lead out.

doctor what that rate is for you. Swimming, running, basketball, handball, racquetball are all good forms of this exercise. However, you can alter your daily habits so as to incorporate some aerobic activity as a matter of course. For example, avoid elevators whenever possible. Instead, run up the stairs. Make a habit of it. Even walking up stairs is good. So is jumping rope or working out on a rowing machine.

The key to any fitness program, as Michael O'Shea, director of the Sports Training Institute in Manhattan, emphasizes, is consistency. It doesn't do any good to merely exert yourself once a week. Remember, in choosing your own particular regimen, it will have to be interesting enough for you to continue with it.

If you're concerned about gaining weight in the winter, plan carefully for how you take it off: If you just diet, you lose 25 percent of the weight as muscle and 75 percent as fat. If



bibliography

Aerobics, by Kenneth Cooper. Classic guide by the aerobic-exercise pioneer. Describes the sustained, high-heartbeat strategy that has become the essence of most modern fitness programs.

The Sports Medicine Book, by Gabe Mirkin and Marshall Hoffman. A complete owner's manual for the athlete who cares about his body. Contains sections on everything from how your muscles work to sex and sports, plus an exposé of sports-medicine myths.

Total Fitness in Thirty Minutes, by Laurence E. Morehouse and Leonard Gross. Conditioning for the average man or woman, based on what you need, not on what Franco Harris or Bjorn Borg needs. Program can be done any time, anywhere, with no special equipment. Especially good for desk-bound beginners.

Sports Without Pain, by Ben Benjamin. How to warm up and work out without doing more harm than good. That means understanding that straight sit-ups can cause injuries (by straining your back and tearing muscles).

Richard Smith: FITNESS THROUGH SEX

An indoor program of exercise and weight control from the noted sex researcher and author of "The Dieter's Guide to Weight Loss During Sex" and "The Bronx Diet."

During the winter, when you can't run as much as you'd like, my alternative for keeping fit is sex. In fact, I've found that if your partner is a good sport and you both want to keep trim, there's no reason you can't totally eliminate all outdoor activity.

In most positions, you can actually pound down most

bumps or cellulite on your body. You also tone up your pelvis. Many men mention that if they have sex in the morning, their pelvises will vibrate until lunch. In addition, your upper arms can get much larger if you consistently use the missionary position. This also can occur when you are hanging on to a door and your partner moves it back and forth rapidly during sex.

How does sex compare with other kinds of winter exercise? Well, a complete sexual act, which I define as any dis-

FITNESS MEANS WORKING UP A SWEAT



you gain the same amount of weight back without exercise, it will come back as fat, and you're worse off than when you started. If the weight you gain is settling around your stomach, here are three exercises to help. First, for you minimalists, contract and relax your stomach muscles while showering. For those who can endure more pain, try an incline sit-up. Lie on your back, heels on a chair. Lift shoulder blades slightly off floor on one count. Bend forward until elbows touch knees. Return shoulders to just above floor. Relax. Repeat ten times. Also, lateral leg lifts can keep the tire around your middle in check. Lie on your side, lift both legs six inches off the floor in sets of 20 or so, and on each side. Sit-ups are also good for strengthening the stomach muscles, but touch your right knee with your left elbow and vice versa, rather than straight-on sit-ups. The criss-crossing action affords a more complete stomach workout. OK, now that you know all this, make it interesting, keep at it and, by spring, you'll look so good it will all have been worth it.

play of skill involving frontal nudity, burns 124 calories. (Dorsal sex, by the way, uses just four calories.) While it's true that cross-country skiing burns up about 540 calories per hour, a man capable of multiple orgasms—say 20 in an hour—will burn 800.

Music can help set the pace for sex. If you make love for the entire duration of Ravel's *Bolero*, you will burn off 312 calories. That's if you do it scrupulously—and don't stop to change the needle or make comments on the phrasing. Of course, that applies only if you're listening to Georg Solti's Chicago Symphony version. There is an obscure Peruvian version that is played on a harmonica and comes on a six-inch record. Sex while listening to that version burns only three calories.

The net-weight-loss effect of oral sex depends upon your partner. If she's a squeamish shut-in with an overbite, you're going to lose only four calories. If, however, she's an aroused Wagnerian soprano, you can count on getting rid of at least 60 calories.

Sexual trauma can burn calories, too. Just the anxiety of entering a singles bar burns 16 calories right off the bat. If you try to look casual, add 79. Approaching any woman will consume 82 more. If she laughs at you, that's another 174. If you're also wearing cuff links with a short-sleeved shirt, add another 45. Premature ejaculation can burn 80 calories if it happens while you're being introduced to a woman. In short, even moderate sexual activity can keep you slim and fit.

WINTER NUTRITION

In the winter solstice, you may experience unnatural cravings for extra carbohydrates, particularly in the form of rum cake and Tom and Jerries. But you don't need them. If your body is well insulated and moderately active, you won't burn many extra calories in the cold. Properly bundled, you'll need only enough extra energy to carry your heavy winter jackets and gear—a modest two-to-five-percent caloric increase. That comes to less than a one-inch fudge square a week. American diets aren't notably healthful at any time of the year, but particularly in

winter, it is a good idea to increase your intake of fresh fruits and vegetables. When fresh produce is not available, frozen vegetables are preferable to canned. It's OK to eat some starch, but stick with the high-protein combinations such as beans and rice or pasta.

But remember, when you settle down with that stack of beach reading you didn't get to last summer, your metabolism will do a slow burn at 85 calories per hour—compared with the 250 calories per hour you spent strolling after dinner last summer. Be vigilant or be fat.



IF ALL ELSE FAILS

If all the preceding fitness tips still leave you wallowing in the winter of your discontent, simply find a nicer place to work out. Our suggestion this winter is Tahiti. Pan Am or Air New Zealand will fly you there from the West Coast and put you up for ten days on Tahiti and Mooréa for just \$798. It's called the Tahitian Escape and your travel agent can book it for you. You may not escape the rigors of your fitness program, but at least you can work up a sweat in more pleasant surroundings.

EXECUTIONER'S SONG (continued from page 284)

"I had a nitemare about being beheaded. But it was more than just a dream. More like a memory."

letter from Gary that he had begun to write soon as they took him back to jail from the hearing. So she realized he had been saying these words to her at the same time she had been driving along with the urge to smash into every car going the other way.

Now she read Gary's letter over and over. She must have read it five times and the words went in and out of her head like a wind blowing off the top of the world.

August 3

Nothing in my experience, prepared me for the kind of honest open love you gave me. I'm so used to bullshit and hostility, deceit and pettiness, evil and hatred. Those things are my natural habitat. They have shaped me. I look at the world through eyes that suspect, doubt, fear, hate, cheat, mock, are selfish and vain. All things unacceptable, I see them as natural and have even come to accept them as such. I look around the ugly vile cell and know that I truly belong in a place this dank and dirty, for where else should I be? There's water all over the floor from the fucking toilet that don't flush right. The shower is

filthy and the thin mattress they gave me is almost black, it's so old. I have no pillow. There are dead cockroaches in the corners. At nite there are mosquitoes and the lite is very dim. I'm alone here with my thoughts and I can feel the oldness. Remember I told you about The Oldness? and you told me how ugly it was—the oldness, the oldness. I can hear the tumbrel wheels creek. So fucking ugly and coming so close to me. When I was a child . . . I had a nitemare about being beheaded. But it was more than just a dream. More like a memory. It brought me right out of the bed. And it was sort of a turning point in my life. . . . Recently it has begun to make a little sense. I owe a debt, from a long time ago. Nicole, this must depress you. I've never told anybody of this thing, except my mother the nite I had that nitemare and she came in to comfort me but we never spoke of it after that. And I started to tell you one nite and I told you quite a bit of it before it became plain to me that you didn't want to hear it. There have been years when I haven't even thought much of it at all and then something (a

picture of a guillotine, a headmans block, or a broad ax, or even a rope) will bring it all back and for days it will seem I'm on the verge of knowing something very personal, something about myself. Something that somehow wasn't completed and makes me different. Something I owe, I guess. Wish I knew.

Once you asked me if I was the devil, remember? I'm not. The devil would be far more clever than I, would operate on a much larger scale and of course would feel no remorse. So I'm not Beelzebub. And I know the devil can't feel love. But I might be further from God than I am from the devil. Which is not a good thing. It seems that I know evil more intimately than I know goodness and that's not a good thing either. I want to get even, to be made even, whole, my debts paid (whatever it may take!) to have no blemish, no reason to feel guilt or fear. I hope this ain't corny, but I'd like to stand in the sight of God. To know that I'm just and right and clean. When you're this way you know it. And when you're not, you know that too. It's all inside of us, each of us—but I guess I ran from it and when I did try to approach it, I went about it wrong, became discouraged, bored, lazy, and finally unacceptable. But what do I do now? I don't know. Hang myself?

I've thought about that for years, I may do that. Hope that the state executes me? That's more acceptable and easier than suicide. But they haven't executed anybody here since 1963 (just about the last year for legal executions anywhere). What do I do, rot in prison? growing old and bitter and eventually work this around in my mind to where it reads that I'm the one who's getting fucked around, that I'm just an innocent victim of society's bullshit? What do I do? Spend a life in prison searching for the God I've wanted to know for such a long time? Resume my painting? Write poetry? Play handball? Eat my heart out for the wondrous love you gave me that I threw away one Monday nite because I was so spoiled and couldn't immediately have a white pickup truck I wanted? What do I do? We always have a choice, don't we?

I'm not asking you to answer these questions for me, Angel, please don't think that I am. I have to make my own choice. But anything you want to comment on or suggest, or say, is always welcome.

God, I love you, Nicole.

This is the second of three installments of "The Executioner's Song." Part three will appear in the December issue.



"Very nice, but I said your tongue, Mr. Marten, stick out your tongue."

EARLY TIMES. THE WAY IT WAS, IS THE WAY IT IS.



1870. The first transcontinental train trip.

On May 23, eight of the most elegant train cars America had ever seen steamed out of Boston for the Pacific Coast, with 129 distinguished guests aboard.

And when they gathered to celebrate in the mahogany-paneled smoker, what other Kentucky whisky would have been more appropriate than Early Times?

Today, its smoothness is just as prized. Because we're still slow-distilling it the same way we did in 1860. So you don't have to look back to the good old days. You can look forward to its great taste tonight.

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1860

TODAY

Enjoy the taste of country fresh Salem.



Country fresh menthol.
Mild, smooth and refreshing.
Enjoy smoking again.

Also available in 100's.

KING: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, BOX: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine,
100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL EIDER

IT HAS BEEN SAID IT'S GETTING SO EVERYBODY IS GOING TO BE FAMOUS FOR AT LEAST FIVE MINUTES. WELL, IT'S ALSO GETTING SO EVERYBODY IS GOING TO BE A SWINGER FOR AT LEAST FIVE MINUTES. IT'S HAPPENING ALL OVER... AND MAINLY IN NEW YORK'S VENERABLE HOTEL INSOMNIA, AT A CLUB CALLED PLUTO'S RETREAT. AND HERE COMES OUR INNOCENT, ABOUT TO GET HER FIVE MINUTES.



- I CAN'T COME NOW, RALPHIE. I'M NOT EVEN DRESSED.

EXCUSE ME. I'M LOOKING FOR THE PLUTO'S RETREAT CLUB FOR SWINGERS.

...UNDERSTAND?

...SWINGERS?

FOLLOW US, HONEY.

NOT TO WORRY!

AIN'T NOBODY HERE BUT US SWINGERS.



THIS COUPLE'S OK.

THIS COUPLE'S OK.

THIS COUPLE'S NOT OK.

TAKE ME IN, LADY.

I LOST MY MOMMY. TAKE ME IN!

MAY I JOIN YOU SWEET-HEART?

ME-

ME!





What paradise tastes like.

Ahh...Exotic Cocktails. Tropical temptations. The essence of wild cherries. Zingy apricots. Juicy guavas. Nature's flavors. Already mixed with brandy, Gin. And secret blends of rum. This is what paradise really tastes like.

A Singapore Sling. A Zombie. Dr. Funk. And Navy Grog. All tropical dreams blended to send shivers through your taste buds. They're marked with mystery and postmarked paradise. So prepare yourself. Few experiences will be as exotic.



Exotic Cocktails. New from Heublein.

Singapore Sling, Navy Grog, Dr. Funk, Zombie, 35 Proof © Heublein, Inc. Hartford CT

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

STYLE

THE INDUSTRIAL MOVEMENT

In these no-nonsense times, men's wrist watches have taken on a rugged look that's truly macho, man, often featuring hefty stainless-steel cases, solid-link adjustable bracelets and even tiny exposed screws around the face. Although these watches

look as though they've just come off the wrist of a Grand Prix racer or a deep-sea diver (the Royal Oak is water-resistant to 300 feet), they're at home in an executive board room with a three-piece pinstriped suit as well as with eveningwear. That's tough to beat.



KEN FRANTZ

Top left: Stainless-steel and electroplated 18-kt.-gold quartz watch that's accurate to within 60 seconds a year, by Concord, \$680. Top right: Bulova's Accutron quartz watch features day, date and a sweep second hand, \$160. Center: Baume & Mercier's handsome 18-kt.-gold and stainless-steel quartz model also stays accurate to within 60 seconds a year, from Trabert & Hoeffler, Chicago, \$950. Bottom left: An ultrathin day/date quartz watch, by Seiko, has an English/Spanish calendar, \$235. Bottom right: Audemars Piguet 18-kt.-gold and stainless-steel Royal Oak watch with a matching band, \$4700.

FASHION

SKINNY TRIP

It had to happen. When jacket lapels stretched to the shoulder, when the shirt collar became so long that it curled back on itself and when the necktie took on the proportions of a bib (with a knot the size of a hangman's), someone was bound to rebel. That someone was Italian designer Giorgio Armani—he being the first to make a complete about-face and drastically shrink lapels, narrow ties and reduce collar sizes. While the extremes he went to met with resistance (not unlike going from

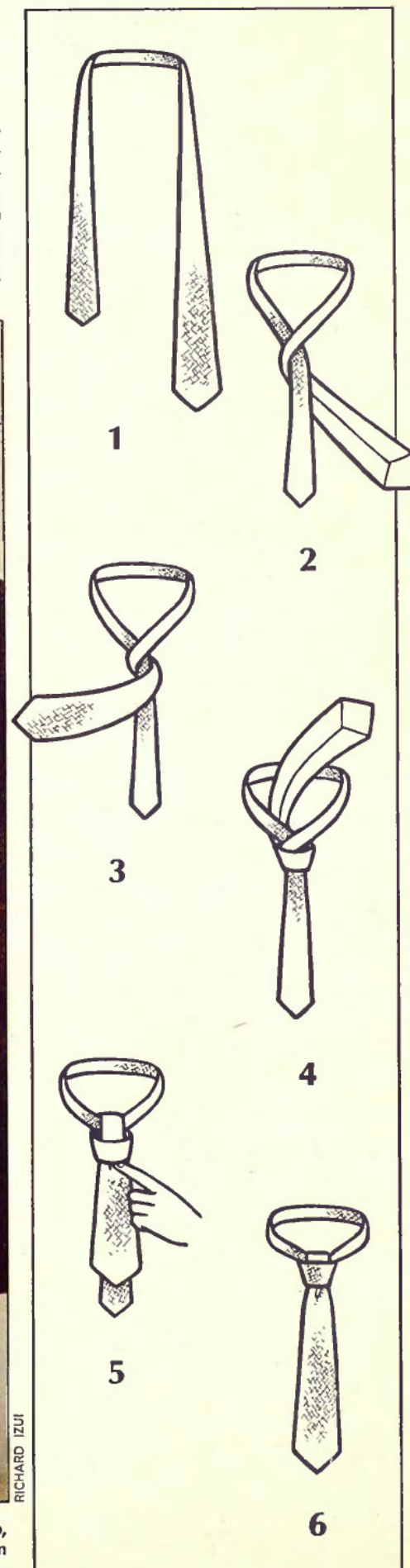
ankle-length dresses to miniskirts in one season) and may partially have been done for shock value, the results were that the outsized look was dead. One happy offshoot of the paring down is that you no longer have to struggle with half and full Windsors, as the four-in-hand (illustrated at right) is the knot to tie. And because it no longer requires the skill of an eagle scout to knot up, neckwear is being worn with all levels of dress, from very formal to easy-going casual. It's a tie game—but everyone wins.—DAVID PLATT



Above left: A pinstriped polyester/cotton button-down shirt with barrel cuffs and a patch pocket, from Equipment by Henry Grethel, about \$25; has been teamed up with a multicolored silk tie, by John Henry, about \$14. Next to it is a striped cotton/polyester shirt with contrasting collar and cuffs, plus an under-collar tab, patch pocket and barrel cuffs, from Brigade by Arrow, about \$19; worn with a striped silk tie, by Michel Cravat, about \$14.

HOW TO TIE THE FASHION KNOT

Assume our illustration is a reflection in a mirror and (1) Start with the wide end of your tie on your right extending about a foot below the narrow end. (2) Now cross the wide end over the narrow end and bring it back underneath. (3) Continue bringing the wide end around, passing it across the front of the narrow portion of the tie once more. (4) Now bring the wide end up and through the loop you've just made. (So far, this isn't so hard, is it?) (5) Holding the front of the knot loose with your index finger, pass the wide end down through the loop in front. (6) Remove your finger and tighten the knot carefully. The four-in-hand looks best loosely knotted, but if the occasion dictates, of course, you can tighten it even more by holding the narrow end and sliding the knot up snugly.



Third from left is a solid-color cotton shirt with a round collar, by Oscar de la Renta for Excelllo, about \$35; and a wool tie, by Kelly 1, about \$10. Last, a block-plaid flannel shirt with a medium collar, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, about \$38; and a leather tie, by Vicky Davis, about \$23.

RICHARD IZUI

CAMEL TASTE. NOTHING ELSE COMES CLOSE.



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The result is taste and satisfaction, and it's the reason Camel smokers stay Camel smokers.

"I'd walk a mile for a Camel."

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

25 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

GADGETS

SILENT SERVANTS



Left: The Coachman attaché, made of rich Sierra belting leather, has brass corners, 24-kt.-gold-plated hardware, three expanding files and features a release sensor connected to a digital lock that can be set so that when you press the sensor button, latches simultaneously open, by Ventura Travelware, \$250.

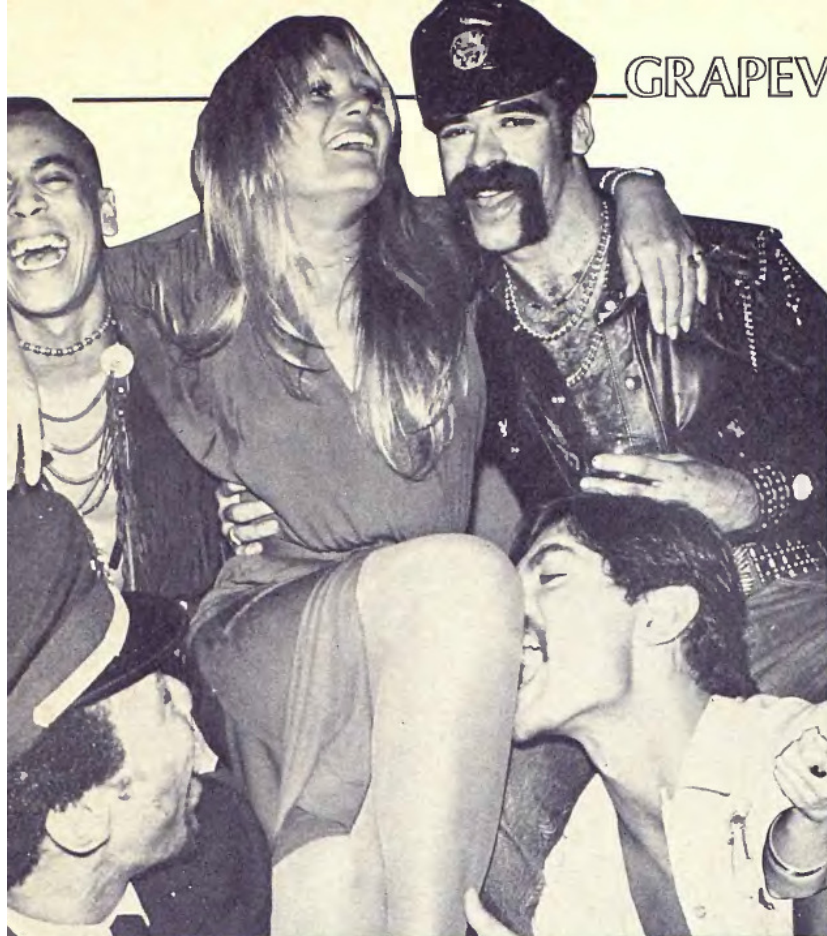
Right: This Model RC 5000 clock thermostat operates with electronic precision to control an area's temperature; integrated within the circuitry is a timer that adjusts the room temperature at four predetermined times every 24 hours, by Rapid-circuit Corporation, \$100.



Below: The Midex 55 home burglar alarm puts out a 50' x 20' pattern of microwaves that forms a trap zone; if anyone enters the zone, Midex 55 sounds off for eight minutes, then re-sets itself, by Solfan Systems, \$199.95; optional blast horn shown, \$39.95.



Above: The thermostatically controlled British Butler pants presser measures 40½" x 19¼" x 3½"; to operate, just hang a pair of pants in the unit and a few minutes later, they're pressed, by Searco Corporation, \$149.95. (No, nervous types, it won't damage delicate fabrics.)



Just a Couple Of Dancin' Fools

So you think stars should glitter? Oscar winner JON VOIGHT isn't kidding when he tells interviewers he's just a regular guy: His sneakers are even grubbier than ours. Voight and friend STACEY PICKREN prove you don't have to be chic to boogie.



MIKE NORCIA / SYGMA

If You Feel My Thigh, You'll Get Me High

Not your typical night out with the boys, but then, these aren't your typical boys: VALERIE PERRINE and the VILLAGE PEOPLE are filming the extravaganza *Discoland, Where the Music Never Ends*. P.S. Valerie passed the taste test.

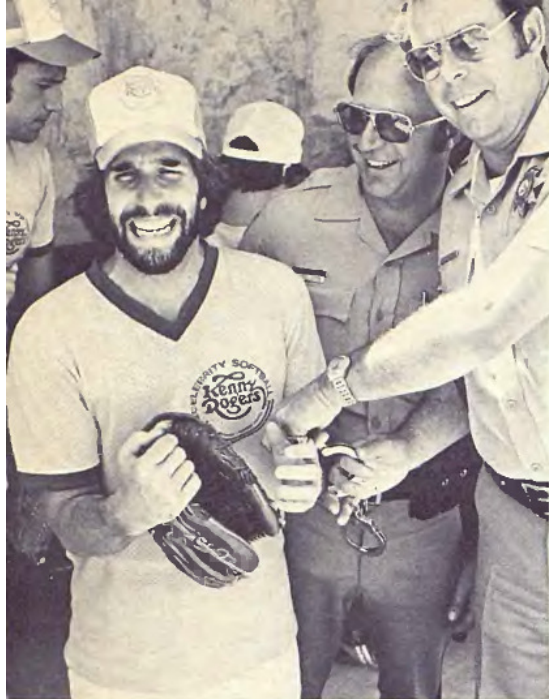


PAT BOOTH / CAMERA PRESS LONDON

Baubles, Bangles and Boobs

Will it ever end? Do the Jagers *plan* these pictures? Here's the missus dressed for success: a court date, disco nights or Red Cross work. We don't know whether or not the jewelry's by Halston, but we do know the breasts are all BIANCA's.

BETTINA CIRONE © 1979



BRAD ELTERMAN

The Fonz in Bonds

These Las Vegas policemen are arresting HENRY WINKLER at Kenny Rogers' Celebrity Softball Game for impersonating himself. Everyone knows The Fonz wouldn't be caught dead playing softball. Stickball, *maybe*.

MELISSA HILL / LYNN GOLOSMITH INC. © 1979



Double Exposure

Greetings from the Land of Rock: On the left, face obscured, is TODD RUNDGREN; on the right, with *nothing* obscured, is CHAKA KHAN. It's obvious to us observant editorial types who has the better body.

Angel Cake

Nature did just about an A-plus job on actress/singer CHERYL LADD. So why is she looking so downhearted? When Ladd was billed as Charlie's newest Angel, she got a lot of fancy treatment. This year's newest Angel is Shelley Hack, which leaves Cheryl not exactly out in the cold but toting her own blanket—the perils of showbiz.

NANCY BARR



MICHAEL CHILDERS / SYGMA

Here's Looking at You, Kid

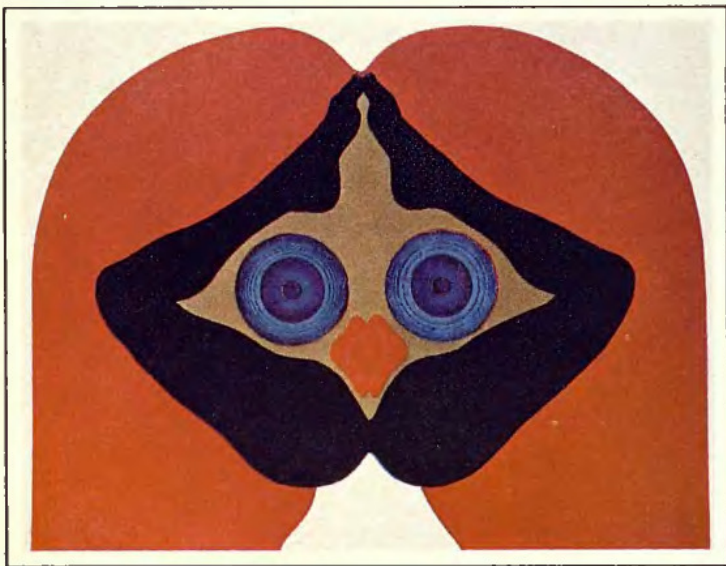
This beauty is ANN TURKEL, sometime actress, sometime singer, full-time keeper of wild and woolly husband Richard Harris. She's also a photographer, but she ought to spend more time having her picture taken. The camera never lies; in her case, it doesn't even need to fib. Oh, yes, any resemblance to Carly Simon is purely coincidental.

PLAYBOY'S ROVING EYE

Japanese Shunga, circa 1850s, \$420



Lang Chen Shen, *Lips*, \$20



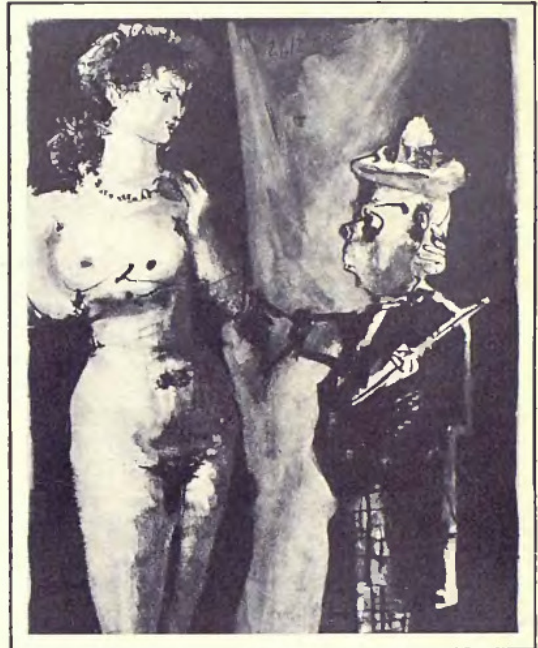
Frank Cierciorka, *Flower Child*, \$100



Wanna Come Up and Buy My Etchings?

A few months ago, noted sex researchers Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen decided to auction off their world-famous collection of erotic art. On the block at New York's Phillips Gallery were 349 excuses to get a girl up to your apartment, ranging from Picasso lithographs to a George Grosz painting that brought in \$6000. The bidding was spirited, as the prices noted here indicate.

Pablo Picasso, *Clown et Femme*, \$700



Lord Krishna and Lady, mid-18th Century, \$900



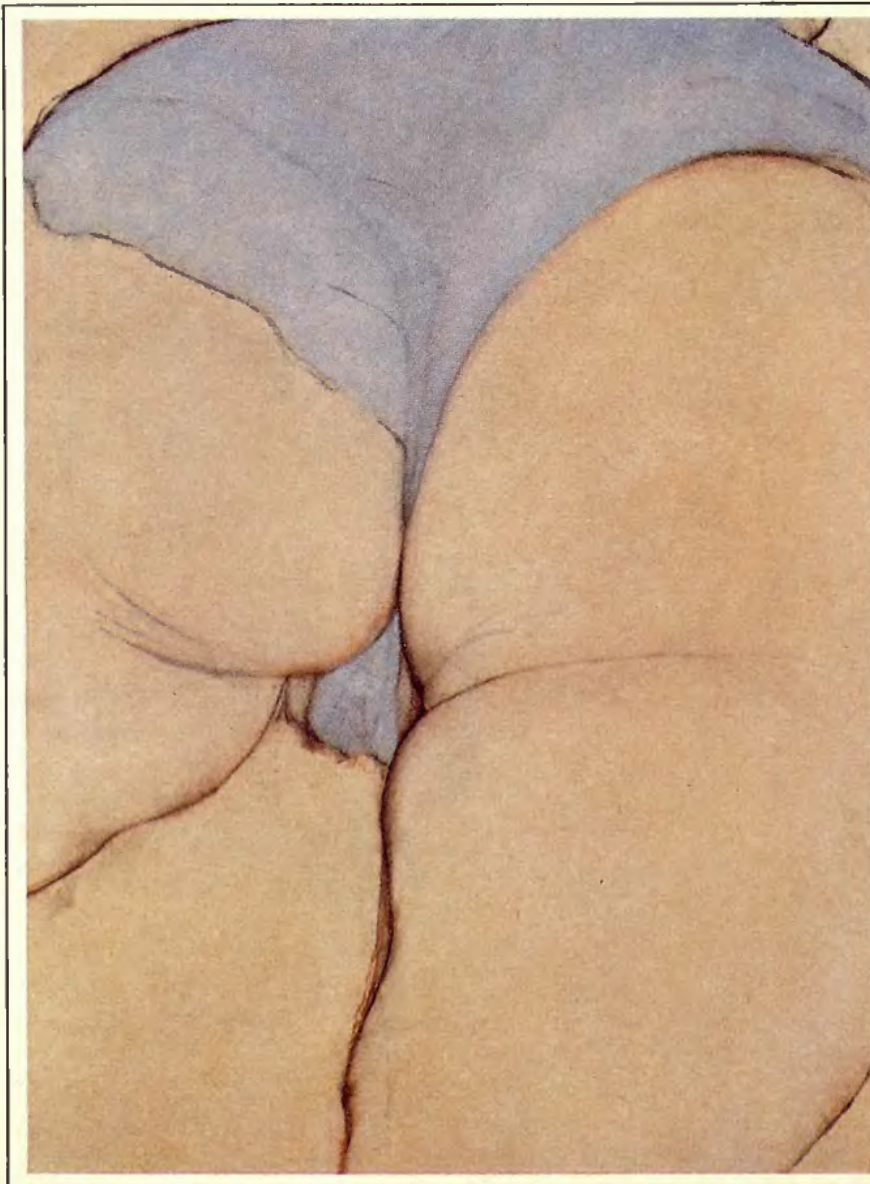
Anonymous color etching, Germany, circa 1900, \$30



Heimrad Prem, *Taking a Dive*, \$100



Charles Stark, *Rear View*, \$50



Pablo Picasso, *Couple Au Lit*, \$2200



NOTHING TO SNEEZE AT

We can see how it could happen. You finally meet your dream woman. You know her—she's read Doctorow and Dostoevsky, dances like Tina Turner and just inherited controlling interest in a major U. S. corporation. You



BILL ARSENAULT

Bondage for beginners? These fur-lined restraints are called Snugglers. How quaint. The cost, \$20 a pair from The Pleasure Chest, 20 West 20th Street, New York, N.Y. 10011.

have sex—fireworks, you both see the white light. Then 15 minutes after coitus, she starts itching and panting and breaks out in hives. It turns out dream woman is allergic to sex. This

could only happen to Woody Allen, right? Unbelievable as it may seem, doctors at three large American medical facilities are researching an uncommon reaction to sex among women that appears to be an allergy. Characterized by itching, hives, shortness of breath and lowered blood pressure, the symptoms become progressively worse every time the allergic woman has sex. It's not clear whether the victims react to a protein in the seminal fluid or to something their sex partners have ingested. Actually, so little is known about the rare affliction that researchers are hoping it will imitate some other allergies and just go away after a few years. We hope she's worth the wait.

MOTHER TRIED TO TELL YOU

How many gonorrhea bacteria can live on the head of a pin? Beats us. But according to a new report about gonorrhea transmission, they can live up to three hours on a toilet seat. The findings dispute the widespread medical belief that gonorrhea is contracted by sex alone. You can pick it up on a toilet seat. Fortunately, only direct genital contact with the bacteria will result in the clap. But watch out; contaminated toilet paper is a greater risk than toilet seats because of its access to the genitals. You've heard of this type of disease transmission—one-hand clapping? Listen to Mr. Whipple and don't squeeze the you know what.

WON TON WOMEN

Prostitution is thriving in Peking amid flak from the powers that be. Dozens of hookers, dubbed "roadside chickens" by detractors, have been arrested for hustling at Peking's weekly dances. At the dances, a sex is created by foreign businessmen and dents looking

ready market for by foreign business-exchange stu- for action. Low

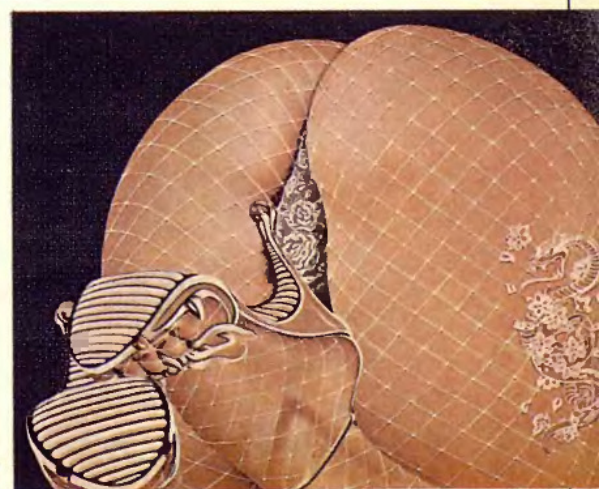
prices keep Peking chicken in demand, too—for a mere \$6.30 (U. S.), a customer can take a woman back to his room. Perturbed officials first forbade dancing between Chinese women and foreign men. Then, when Chinese



GARRICK MADISON

November's T-shirt carries sage advice. Speaking of catfish (aren't we?), we hear they're finger-licking, lip-smacking good.

men took up the challenge, forces of law and order banned all Chinese from the dances. In a barrage of official disapproval, antiprostitution posters showed up on Peking's Democracy Wall warning, BEWARE OF DANCE FEVER. (Is that anything like rocking pneumonia?) It seems the People's Republic considers prostitution a throwback to feudal society, which, nostalgia buffs will recall, fell into disrepute in 1949, when Communists closed the brothels. 

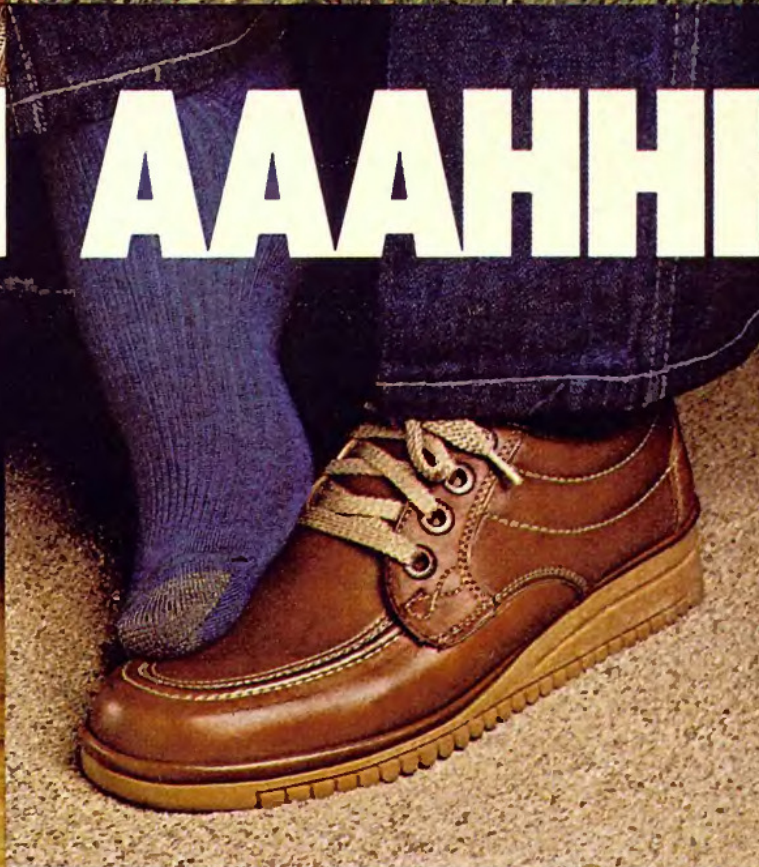


Sealed with a kiss, these nifty cards should help fan the flames of your long-distance love affair. They're sold in a set of 19 for \$16 in boutiques and from O Card Company, P.O. Box 541, Midtown Station, New York, New York 10018. Too bad the only thing you get to lick is the stamp.

MMMM YEAHH



OOHHH AAAHH



Street Cars are built for comfort. Slip into foam inner-soles wrapped in soft, flexible leather, surrounded by durable leather uppers, set atop a great looking rugged sole. Whether

it's denim or dress slacks, nothin' looks or feels better at the bottom than Street Cars. The shoes your feet get off on. Pick up a pair of Street Cars at leading shoe and department stores.

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Many pass judgment
on an imported gin
before trying all three.



To decide on one of the great imported English gins without sampling all three is like marrying the first man or woman who comes along. It might work out, but what might you have missed?

We'd hate you to miss out on the gentle gin. But, rather than invest in an entire bottle, order your next drink made with Bombay.

Judge for yourself.

If you still prefer another, what have you lost? But if you favor Bombay, think what you might have lost.

Bombay
The gentle gin

One of the 3 great gins imported from England.

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BARRY FARRELL, **PENELOPE McMILLAN** AND **JAMES WOHL** FIND THAT THERE'S STILL A CASTING COUCH IN LOTUSLAND—BUT NOW IT'S LIKELY TO BE IN THE POWDER ROOM—IN THE FOURTH OF OUR SAMPLINGS OF U.S. CITIES: **"SEX IN AMERICA—LOS ANGELES AND HOLLYWOOD"**

FREDERICK FORSYTH, AUTHOR OF *THE DAY OF THE JACKAL*, DOES IT AGAIN WITH A SUSPENSEFUL MURDER MYSTERY, **"USED IN EVIDENCE"**

STEVE MARTIN WAXES SERIOUS ABOUT THE NEW DIRECTIONS HIS CAREER IS TAKING IN A SURPRISING **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW

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STEPHEN BIRNBAUM, *PLAYBOY*'S NEW TRAVEL EDITOR, TAKES US ON A ROMANTIC WEEKEND: **"TO PARIS, VIA CONCORDE, WITH LOVE"**

ERICA (FEAR OF FLYING) JONG POINTS OUT THE FALLACY OF MAKING LOVE WITHOUT HUMOR IN **"YOU HAVE TO BE LIBERATED TO LAUGH"**

JOHN LE CARRE CALLS AGENT GEORGE SMILEY OUT OF RETIREMENT TO INVESTIGATE THE DEATH OF A RUSSIAN GENERAL IN AN EXCERPT FROM HIS SPINE-TINGLING NEW NOVEL, **"SMILEY'S PEOPLE"**

ALVIN TOFFLER, **RICHARD RHODES** AND **GEORGE SULLIVAN** LOOK AT THE COMING DECADE: **"FACING THE EIGHTIES"**

NORA GALLAGHER TAKES US TO BAGHDAD BY THE BAY, WHERE GAY IS STANDARD, STRAIGHT IS ODD: **"THE SAN FRANCISCO EXPERIENCE"**

CAPTAIN KIRK, **MR. SPOCK** AND ALL THE CREW OF THE ENTERPRISE RETURN, THIS TIME ON THE WIDE SCREEN. TUNE IN TO **"THE MAKING OF STAR TREK: THE MOTION PICTURE"**

DAN GREENBURG, AFTER WEEKS WITH NEW YORK'S FINEST ON SOME OF THE SLEAZIEST STREETS, EXPLAINS WHY **"NOBODY LOVES A COP"**

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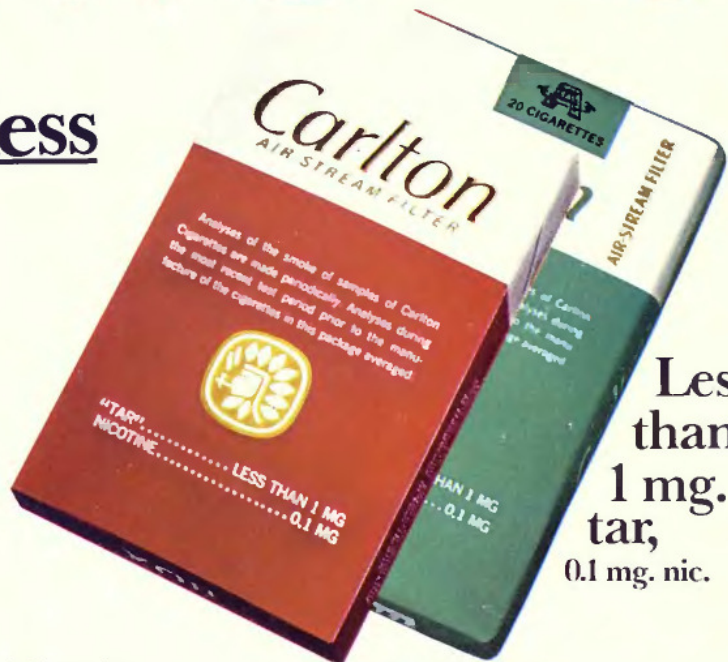


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Carlton is lowest.

Box or Menthol:
**10 Carlton have less
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	tar mg./cig	nicotine mg./cig
Kent	12	0.9
Marlboro Lights	12	0.8
Merit	8	0.6
Salem Lights	10	0.8
Vantage	11	0.8
Winston Lights	13	0.9
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
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Less
than
1 mg.
tar,
0.1 mg. nic.

Of all brands, lowest... Carlton Box: less than 0.5 mg. tar
and 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

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Filter & Menthol
**The lighter
100's.**



Only
5 mg.
tar,
0.5 mg. nic.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar," 0.05 mg. nicotine;
Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar," 0.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78. 100 mm: 5 mg.
"tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.